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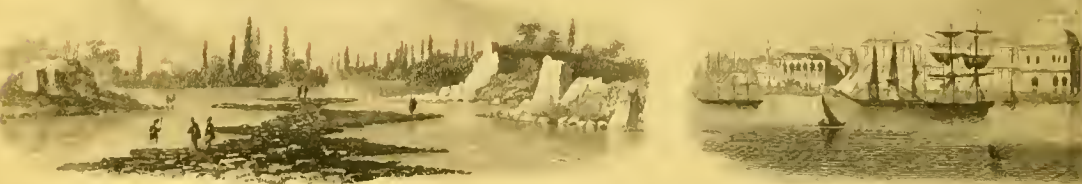
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Vol. 1.

PARLIAMENTARY

OF THE

COMMONS





SEVASTOPOL,
BEFORE
ITS INVESTMENT BY THE ALLIES





THE PRESENT EXPEDITION

AGAINST

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION IN THE EAST.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

"Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in mine ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues."—*Paradise Regained*.

THE English nation has entered upon a struggle of paramount importance and of peculiar interest. After nearly forty years of repose it has engaged in a war which involves the peace of Europe. But the question is of still larger import; for if the interest of Europe is bound up in it, the destinies and future condition of Asia actually depend upon it. The power of Russia, growing with a startling rapidity, and ever exercised in the support of conquest and despotism, has excited the greatest apprehensions in the cabinets of Europe. Russia is essentially a military power, and aggression on the territory of its neighbours is almost coeval with its history as a nation: the designs of its rulers upon the possessions of the Ottoman, have descended from one sovereign to another as a sort of political heirloom. The conquest of Turkey, by fraud or force, or by a combination of both, was a matter never to be lost sight of, until opportunity should serve for its accomplishment.

Barbaric Russia, with its enormous territorial possessions both in Europe and in Asia, and its rapidly-increasing population, is already a dangerous neighbour. Divided Poland fell before it. Its ambitious emperor is intoxicated by the possession of unlimited power in his own dominions, and entertains the Napoleonic dream of universal empire. What would Russia be, if her arrogant despot succeeded in acquiring another territory, almost as large, and infinitely more fertile and productive than his own? If he became lord of the East, would the freedom of the West long repose in security? With Turkey in his grasp, the independence of Austria and Prussia would have cause to tremble. Not only would the balance of power between the great European states be destroyed, but

the liberties of nations might be torn up by the roots, or washed away in crimson seas of blood. The prospect, however remote, is an awful one. In the judgment of those statesmen, to whom the English people have entrusted the guidance of their affairs, and the support of their national honour and freedom, there is but one alternative: a solemn one, it is true,—an alternative which taxes the endurance and self-denial of Englishmen, and which may lead to a sad loss of life and treasure on the one hand, or national humiliation on the other. In a word—WAR, or submission to a barbarous power, and the possibility of beholding the liberties of Europe trodden beneath the feet of the Cossacks. Unless we raise a hand of iron against the encroachments of the czar, and forbid his progress with the thunder of our cannon, another generation may behold the sight we have alluded to. His power, made stronger by success, and bolder by conquest, may, to quote the language of our great republican poet,—

"—————he like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth;
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world."

The question of the war is a complicated one. "Three centuries ago," said an able writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "the first vow of Christian statesmen was the expulsion of the Turks from the city of Constantine, and the deliverance of Europe from the scourge and terror of the infidel. In the present age, the absorbing desire of the same cabinets is to maintain the misbelievers in their settlements; and to postpone, by all known expedients of diplomacy and menace, the hour at which the Crescent must again give place to the Cross." The reasons for

this political paradox will become apparent to those who peruse our introductory chapter on Turkey and Russia. A glance, swift and sweeping, of the history of the past is necessary to a justification of the belligerent powers of Europe in the present. Many people, indeed, are surprised, if not shocked, at our alliance with a Mohammedan power against a Christian one. Some have even condemned it as an unnatural association, and an unnecessary war. Politicians, who do not belong either to the Cobden school or the Peace Society, have concurred in the latter censure. In a debate upon the Eastern question in the imperial parliament, Earl Grey blamed the ministers for having allowed themselves to be drawn into the quarrel between Russia and the Porte. "I agree in all that has been said," exclaimed the earl, "in condemnation of the conduct of Russia towards Turkey in this case; but it does not follow, because Russia had done wrong, that it was expedient or proper for us to undertake the defence of Turkey. It is no part of our duty, as a nation, to undertake (like knight-errants of old) the general redress of grievances, and to protect every weak state which may be oppressed by a more powerful neighbour. We have no business to interfere in the disputes of other nations, unless we are called upon to do so, either by some engagement which we have contracted, or by some great interests of our own which are involved."

The noble earl added, that it was universally admitted that we were not bound by any treaty to assist Turkey, and that an enlightened regard for our interests counselled us to abstain from interference. As to maintaining the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, he denied that we could sustain that which had no real existence. The state of avowed and lamentable weakness to which Turkey had been reduced, her financial embarrassments, and the gradual diminution of her population, had destroyed her independence, and made her lean for support on such states in Europe as felt disposed to assist her. He also considered the prevalent apprehension of Russia to be a delusion. "A nation of slaves," he truly exclaimed, "never can have the energy, intelligence, or wealth of a nation of freemen; and, in modern war, it is not the mere brute strength of so many millions of men which is really effective: intelligence and wealth enter into the conflict more effectually than mere numbers; and that is becoming more apparent every day."

It is certainly not our imperative duty to act like the generous knight-errants of old, who rode about the world to destroy its giants and oppressors; but the interests of England are involved in the present question, and must ever be concerned in every question which threatens to overturn the equilibrium and peace of Europe. The affair is less one of Turkey than of Russia; and the former must be supported, unless it is determined that it shall fall a prey to the latter. Such an event as that, or a near approach to it, must be regarded as a step which casts an ominous shadow over the tranquillity and civilisation of Europe. Russia is now strong enough to threaten the subjugation of Turkey, and to offer "*her protection*" to such powerful states as her neighbours, Austria and Prussia. What, therefore, may she not be, when her gigantic resources shall be more fully developed, and when her present scanty but rapidly-increasing population shall be doubled? The war certainly might be deferred; but if we avert it, the struggle will fall with increased severity upon our children. Evils that are evaded instead of being wrestled with, ever return with a more alarming aspect. Russia now, as a civilised nation, is but a youth: let us, by a seasonable check, prevent its manhood from becoming dangerous. To quote the language of the Earl of Clarendon:—"Certainly, we might have avoided the state of things which now exist and aggravates men's minds, by allowing Russia to assume a protecting power over eight to ten millions of the sultan's subjects; but such a course would have placed the throne and empire of the sultan completely at the power of Russia. Then, at any moment, do what you like to prevent it, she might have become the mistress of Constantinople. Afterwards, directing all her energies to the increase of her naval force, nothing could have prevented her (after becoming a great Mediterranean, as well as Baltic, naval power) from giving the law to Europe, but such an amount of naval superiority on the part of this country as it would have been a constant drain on our resources to maintain."

We hasten to bring these few introductory remarks to a close. The question, we have said, is a complicated one; and, in order that it may be clearly understood, we shall lay before the reader a brief and rapid glance at the past history and connexions of Turkey and Russia.

CHAPTER I.

TURKEY—ITS EXTENT, NATURE, AND POPULATION

THE dominions of Turkey comprise a portion of three-quarters of the earth—Europe, Asia, and Africa. Altogether, it is estimated to contain 35,000,000 inhabitants, and to embrace a surface of upwards of 600,000 square miles. The subjects of the Turkish empire consist of many nations and races. According to the census of 1844, there were—Ottomans or Turks, 12,950,000; Greeks, 2,000,000; Armenians, 2,400,000; Jews, 150,000; Slavonians, 6,200,000; Roumani, 4,000,000; Albanians, 1,450,000; Tartars, 66,000; Arabs, 4,700,000; Syrians and Chaldeans, 250,000; Druses, 30,000; Kurds, 1,000,000; Thureomans, 90,000; Gypsies, 214,000: making a total of 35,500,000.

TURKEY IN EUROPE is 910 miles in length, 760 in breadth, and contains 182,560 square miles. It is situated between 16° and 32° east longitude, and between 36° and 49° north latitude; is bounded on the north by Russia, Buckevina, Transylvania, and Slavonia; on the east by Little Tartary, the Black Sea, Marmora, the Hellespont, and the Archipelago; on the south by the Mediterranean; and on the west by the same sea and the Austrian dominions. The Turkish empire is divided into cjalets or cyalets—that is, large provinces; in the same manner as England is divided into counties. European Turkey contains fifteen of these cjalets.

TURKEY IN ASIA is 1,120 miles in length, 1,010 in breadth, and contains 470,400 square miles: it is situated between 26° and 45° east longitude, and between 28° and 44° north latitude; is bounded on the north by the Black Sea and Circassia; on the east by Persia; on the south by Arabia and the Levant; and on the west by the Archipelago, the Hellespont, and the Sea of Marmora. It is divided into eighteen cjalets.

TURKEY IN AFRICA contains only three cjalets; namely—Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis. Algiers was also a Turkish province; but it now belongs to the French, though the sovereignty has never been ceded to that nation by the sultan.

Constantinople (formerly called Byzantium, and then the chief city of that moiety

of imperial Rome familiar to us as the Empire of the East) is the Turkish capital. It is situated on the banks of the Bosphorus, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, on the verge of the narrow channel separating Europe from Asia, and is considered one of the finest harbours in the world. It is the residence of the sultan, the mufti, the ministers, and of all the dignitaries of the empire. The city is built upon an undulating declivity, and three-fourths of it face the sea. Seen from a little distance, it presents a noble and beautiful appearance. Its mosques, cupolas, and minarets, interspersed with dark waving cypresses and gaily-painted houses, surrounded by luxuriant gardens containing mulberry, acacia, palm, and fig-trees, together with the placid sunlit sea, on which ride thousands of vessels and gondolas, produce an effect not to be seen in any other city in the world. On entering Constantinople, however, you see the reverse of the picture. Internally, it consists chiefly of a labyrinth of crooked, ill-paved, and dirty lanes, and a crowd of low-built and small houses, formed of wood or roughly-hewn stone. The streets are cleared of filth and offal by an immense number of dogs, which constantly parade them, and act as scavengers. Constantinople contains fourteen imperial mosques, and 332 others; 183 hospitals, thirty-six Christian churches, several synagogues, 130 public baths, 500 fountains, and eighty bazaars. The extreme point of the city is occupied by the scraglio, or private domain of the sultan, which comprises an area of about three miles in circuit. Within it are the divan, the hall of justice, the arsenal, and all the state-offices. The court is entered from the city by a large and heavy gate, called the *Porte*, a name which has thence been applied to the divan of the Turkish sultan. It was an ancient custom of eastern monarchs, when administering justice, to sit, as the scriptural expression runs, "at the gate." The term "gate" thus became synonymous with court or office; and for the sake of distinction, the sultan's court was called the *Exalted* or *Lofty Gate*. This phrase, in the transla-

tions of the Dragomans, who were mostly Italians, became *La Porta Sublime*, whence the title of the *Sublime Porte*. Scutari, situated on the Asiatic shore, and just opposite to Constantinople, is regarded as a suburb of that city; so also is Pera, on the European side. The harbour of Constantinople, called "The Golden Horn," is so constructed, that ships may anchor close to the houses.

It is necessary also to mention the other principal cities and towns in European Turkey. Adrianople is the second metropolis of the empire, and possesses 160,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-half are Turks; the other, Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. Still Adrianople is considered the most essentially Turkish town in the empire. It is beautifully situated on the Maritza river, in the centre of a country possessing great natural wealth. Around it is Tschirmen, with 8,000 inhabitants; Dschir Mustapha, on the banks of the river Maritza, with 200 inhabitants; Demotika, with 15,000 inhabitants, and the seat of a Greek archbishopric; Kirkhilissi, with 16,000 inhabitants; Burgas, a little town on the Black Sea, containing only 7,000 inhabitants, but possessed of a harbour, which renders it important in time of war.

In the interior of Roumelia (that division of the empire containing Constantinople) is the large town of Philippoli, containing 80,000 inhabitants, and important manufactures of silk, cloth, and cotton: also the towns of Tatar-Basardschick, with 10,000 inhabitants; Eski-Sagra, near the Balkan Mountains, with 20,000 inhabitants; Kasanlik, at the foot of the Balkan, with 10,000 inhabitants; Selimnia, situated near that important pass of the Balkan called Demir-Kapu, or the Iron Gate, containing 20,000 inhabitants, a considerable manufactory of arms, and one of the most important fairs of the empire; Urudschowa, possessing an important fair and a considerable trade; and Enoss, a port with 7,000 inhabitants.

Gallipoli, now rendered famous by the present contest, is also situated in this important province. It stands on the peninsula of Gallipoli, at the entrance of the Dardanelles, across which the ancient poets tell us that the love-inspired Leander swam, night after night, to meet the beautiful priestess of Venus. It has a harbour, an extensive trade, a victualling magazine for the supply of the Ottoman fleet, and 70,000 inhabitants.

Kilid-Bahr, the most important fortress on the European side of the Dardanelles, has 155 cannons; the opposite fortress, Sultani-Kalessi, in Asia, has 196 cannons. The batteries on the European shores number 332 cannons and four mortars: those on the Asiatic coast have 814 cannon and four mortars: making, together, 1,497 cannons and eight mortars.

Rodesto is a flourishing commercial town, and the residence of a Greek archbishop. It contains 35,000 inhabitants.

The principal town in Macedonia is Salonica, its capital, which possesses a very imposing appearance, with its domes and monuments, and is second only to Constantinople in commercial importance. The others are Sedes, a village possessing mineral baths; Jenidsche-Vardar, a town with 6,000 inhabitants; Karaferia, a manufacturing town with 20,000 inhabitants; Vodina (the ancient Odessa), containing 12,000 inhabitants; and Seres, with 30,000 inhabitants. Near to the latter is Mount Athos, which has sixteen monasteries, and more than 300 chapels, cells, and grottos, containing as many as 4,000 monks.

Thessaly is a mountainous region with deep valleys, such as Tempe, and plains that appear like dried-up lakes. Its capital is Larissa, containing a population of 20,000. It is the residence of a Greek archbishop.

Albania is a picturesque region, and has been the theatre of incessant revolutions, in consequence of its having been divided into several independent pachalics. Much of it is only nominally dependent upon the Porte. The Albanians mostly profess to be Christians of the Greek or Roman churches; but many of them are Mohammedans. In the north and on the table-lands, maize and potatoes are grown. Smoked mutton, sheepskins, wool, cheese, tallow, bacon, wax, and live-stock are sent to Cattaro in return for wine, spirits, salt, oil, iron, and manufactured goods. The climate is exceedingly beautiful, though very hot in the summer; but destructive storms are frequent in the south. The olive, orange, and citron thrive in the maritime plains of Albania. Its chief town is Janina, a meanly-built place, with a population of 36,000 inhabitants. Its principal edifice is the fortress, containing the palace of the pacha. Mezzova, Delvino, Suli and Paramithia, Argyrocastro, Ochrida, Dukagin, Perserendi, Alessio, Croja, Dulcigno, Antivari, and Scutari are the other important towns. The latter is a wealthy

and flourishing town, containing about 40,000 inhabitants. Immediately adjacent is a lofty height, crowned by a citadel, and containing the residence of the governor, with an arsenal and barracks. Scutari has a large bazaar, many mosques, Greek and Roman Catholic churches, several bridges, yards for building coasting-vessels, and manufactories of cotton goods and fire-arms.

Bosnia is a partially mountainous district, and the soil is in general not very well suited for cultivation, except in the valley of the Save. On the north slopes of the Dinaric Alps are extensive forests, yielding valuable timber; and the pasturage is excellent. The mountains contain mines of gold, silver, mercury, lead, and iron; but the government only permit the working of the two latter. Bosnia-Serai, the capital, has 70,000 inhabitants, and a considerable trade; indeed it is one of the principal industrial towns of Turkey. The other most important towns are Travnik, Vraduk, and Maglai, Zivornik, Mostar or Monastir, Bihaez, Novi, Jaicza, Banjaluka, Derbir, Livno, and Trebinje.

Servia is a mountainous province, in many parts densely wooded, and interspersed with numerous fertile valleys. The vine is cultivated, but the people make but indifferent wine. Hemp, flax, tobacco, and cotton are also reared. Ten millions of hogs, fed upon acorns in the grand old oak forests, are annually exported. Valuable mines are to be found; but few, if any of them, are wrought. Belgrade, its capital, is an important fortified city on the right bank of that noble river, the Danube. The city had formerly quite an oriental appearance; but it is now almost abandoned by wealthy Turks: churches are taking the place of mosques, and new buildings are being constructed after the German fashion. Servia was conquered by the Turks, and annexed to the Ottoman empire in the year 1385. The Servians are descendants of the ancient Scythians, and are described as a high-spirited and majestic people.

Bulgaria is a province of some interest, as it is only separated from the Danubian principalities by the broad waters of the Danube. It is subdivided into the pachalics of Widdin, Varna, Silistria, and Sophia, besides which it comprises the towns of Nicopolis, Rustchuk, Sistova, Shumla, Babatag, Kustendje, &c. From the seventh century till 1018, and again, from 1196 till the middle of the fourteenth century, Bulgaria formed an independent kingdom; it then became subject to Hungary, and was finally conquered by

the Turks in 1392. Varna, its capital, is a fortified port on the shore of the Black Sea, and one of the best on that coast. Bulgaria is generally well wooded, and abounds in rich pasturage; its inhabitants are mostly attached to the Greek church, and are a very industrious people.

Moldavia and Wallachia, the Danubian principalities, are Turkish provinces according to the map; but although dependent on the Porte, still they are governed by their own hospodars or princes, and, upon payment of an annual tribute to the sultan, enjoy perfect freedom of internal administration. In this condition they have remained, overshadowed on one side by Russia, and on the other by Turkey, and retained their limited independence for above 300 years. The yearly tribute which Moldavia pays to the Porte is 1,000,000 of piastres, or £10,250; that of Wallachia is double the sum. This tribute has been confiscated by the Russians, to pay themselves for their present military occupation of those provinces. Let us relate a few particulars concerning these now interesting districts.

Moldavia is bounded, east and north, by the river Pruth, which separates it from Russia; south by Wallachia and the Danube, which separates it from Bulgaria; and west by the Austrian empire: it comprises 17,020 square miles, and contains 1,400,000 inhabitants. With the exception of a considerable number of Jews and Gypsies, they are followers of the Greek or Roman Catholic churches. The country is covered with vast forests and pasture lands, on which great numbers of horses and cattle are reared. In summer the heat is very great; and the soil produces grain, fruits, and vines in great abundance. Jassy, the capital, is the seat of a Greek archbishop, and the residence of the foreign consuls.

Wallachia is bounded on the south-east, south, and south-west by the Danube, which separates it from Bulgaria and Servia, and on the north by Moldavia and the Austrian empire: it contains a surface of 27,500 square miles, and a population amounting to 2,600,000 inhabitants. It is well watered, and generally very fertile; but the greatest part remains uncultivated. The chief crops are wheat, maize, barley, rye, hemp, tobacco, and vines. It has immense forests and fine pasture-lands, on which cattle and sheep are extensively reared. The climate is hot and moist in the summer, and extremely cold in the winter. The inhabitants are chiefly

Wallachians; but a mixture of Gypsies, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians reside amongst them. They are adherents of the Greek church, and speak a corrupt dialect of the Latin language. Bucharest, the capital, bears some resemblance to a large village; for the houses are surrounded by gardens; but it is badly paved, badly built, and very dirty: it possesses ninety-five churches, a foundling, and six other hospitals, a college, a museum, and a public library. It is the *entrepôt* for the commerce between Austria and Turkey.

The climate of European Turkey is mostly temperate, and well adapted to the activity and perfect development of the human race. Extreme cold, however, prevails during winter; and in the recesses of the highest mountains, the snow lies the greatest part of the year. With a more active population, the most prolific parts of Turkey might become the paradise of Europe. It is diversified by mountains, valleys, forests, plains, rivers, and arms of the sea. Its chief river is the Danube, which (including its many windings) is 1,725 miles in length: with the exception of the Volga, it is the largest in Europe. Its principal mountains are the Balkan, the Hellenic, the Aeroceramian, and the Dinaric Alps. Some of these mountain-ranges are covered with noble forests, and abound in deep ravines and wild romantic scenery. The Balkan is an important chain, extending from the plain of Sophia to Cape Eminch, on the Black Sea. The summits of many of its peaks are covered with grass and fruit-trees. The deep and narrow gorges permit of paths difficult even for beasts of burden.

Agriculture, in Turkey, is conducted in a very rude and imperfect manner, and the greatest part of the country is forest and waste land. The principal wild animals are the brown bear, the wolf, the wild boar, the chamois, the stag, and the hare. The buffalo is common in some parts of Turkey; and cattle are reared very extensively. The horses are small, but active. Goats are more abundant in Turkey than in any other country in Europe. Fish are plentiful in the rivers, and leaches (which abound in the marshes) form an important article of export. Turkey has valuable mines, but none of them are worked to advantage. Its manufactures comprise saddles, copper and tin utensils, fire-arms, swords, coarse woollen cloths, linen and cotton spinning. Shawls are made only in the Asiatic provinces, especially at Damascus. The carpets of

Turkey have become famous; they are wrought by hand in the style of the Gobelin tapestry, and are largely manufactured in Bulgaria and Servia. The women of the south are also very expert at embroidery. Cotton-printing works exist in some localities. Tanneries are numerous; and establishments for the distillation of brandy from prunes are common throughout the country.

We have spoken thus fully of European Turkey, because some brief knowledge of it is necessary to the comprehension of the war of which it is at present the theatre. Turkey in Asia we shall dismiss in a few words; the more so, as the sovereignty of the sultan is so much weakened in that quarter, as to be little more than nominal. It includes Asia-Minor (Anatolia, Karamania, and Rum-ili, Trebisonde, Marash, Adona, &c.), Syria and Palestine, Armenia, Kaizik, Kars, Al-Jezzerah or Mesopotamia, Koordistan, and Irak-Arabi. The population of Asiatic Turkey has been estimated at 20,922,900; of these, not more than 6,000,000 are actually subject to the Ottoman government. On the shores of the Black Sea, Turkey has some valuable ports, amongst which is Sinope, the scene of a recent tragedy, which we shall shortly relate.

Amongst the chief towns or cities of Asiatic Turkey are Bagdad, Aleppo, Tripoli, Akre or St. Jean d'Acre, Damascus, and Jerusalem. The interest attaching to this celebrated and sacred city, and its connexion with the original cause of the war now waging against Russian aggression in the East, demand a few words of brief description. The modern city is about two miles and-a-half in circumference, and surrounded by stately walls of hewn stone. Its population does not exceed 40,000 inhabitants, most of whom are extremely poor. All its public buildings are of a religious character. Amongst them is the gorgeous church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, over the reputed site of the sepulchre of the Saviour. The church of St. Anna, and the supposed birth-place of the Virgin Mary, on Mount Bezetha; the elegant mosque of Omar, or "dome of the rock;" and the mosque of El Aksa, also attract attention. Outside the walls of Jerusalem, to the north lie the Mohammedan cemeteries and the edifices known as "the tombs of the kings and the judges:" to the east, in the valley of Jehosaphat, are numerous other tombs, together

with the garden of Gethsemane, beyond which rises the Mount of Olives.

At the period of its almost total destruction by Titus, A.D. 70, Jerusalem was regarded as the most famous city of the whole East. In 135, the Jews were finally dispersed, and the city rebuilt by Adrian. It was subsequently captured by the Persians,

in 614; by the Saracens, in 637; and by the Crusaders, in 1099. After the lapse of eighty-eight years it was again taken by the Saracens, and has since (except for a short time in 1832) remained subject to the Turkish government. An account of the Ottoman territories in Africa is unnecessary, and would lead us from our subject.

HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF TURKEY.

TRADITION tells us that Turk, a mighty king, dwelling in Central Asia in the time of Abraham, is the common ancestor of all the Turkish races.

The kingdom was first founded by Seljuk, who lived towards the end of the fourth century. The Seljukians were a fierce, warlike people, who made an irruption into the territories of Byzantine Asia, and succeeded in establishing themselves in Asia Minor. They even fixed their capital at Nice, within a short distance of Constantinople. It was against these barbarians that the efforts of the early Crusaders were directed. Satisfied, however, with their Asiatic acquisitions, these Seljukian Turks never ventured into Europe. Their monarchy was overwhelmed and destroyed in 1307, by the tremendous irruptions of the Mogul conqueror, Zingis Khan.

The present Turkish empire was founded not long after the destruction of the first, by Osman, or Othman, who is the ancestor of the reigning dynasty, to which he has given his name. That name is a native epithet for the royal vulture, and signifies a bone-breaker. We presume it was agreeable to the fierce nature of the Turks; for it was accepted and retained by them as symbolical of their national character.

OTHMAN, after a reign of twenty-seven years, spent in aggressions on the dominions of his neighbours, died in 1326. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

URCHAN began to reign in 1326. Like his father, he was distinguished by his military prowess and his conquests. He also established some important military and political institutions. Amongst these was the formation of a standing army out of a body of Christian children, forcibly converted to the faith of Mahomet. They were called *Jani-tcheri*, or the new troop, a term which has been corrupted by Europeans into *Jauizaries*. These new troops

soon became very famous, and decided the victory at the battle of Philoerene, where the Emperor Andronicus the Younger was defeated by Urchan,—driven for shelter across the Bosphorus, and compelled to surrender his conquered provinces in Asia. Urchan crossed the Bosphorus with a powerful body of troops, and was the first Turkish sultan who set his foot on the soil of Europe. The Grecian emperor, John Cantacuzemus, bought his forbearance by bestowing his daughter on the barbarian. Notwithstanding this, he afterwards effected the conquest of Gallipoli.

MURAD, or Amurad, or Amurath the First, succeeded his father in 1360. His military triumphs obtained for him the title of Lord and Conqueror. He transferred the seat of his empire from Broussa to Adrianople, in Thrace, and devoted himself to the extension of his father's European conquests. Lazarus, the King of Servia, attacked the Turkish dominions with an enormous army, but was utterly defeated by Amurath. The latter, however, was stabbed to the heart in the very hour of triumph by a Servian nobleman, who approached him under pretence of kissing the feet of his victor.

BAJAZET succeeded in 1389, and for the rapidity of his movements, and the impetuosity of his charges, obtained the surname of Ilderim, or the Lightning. He successfully pursued the career of conquest marked out by his ancestors. He ordered his younger brother Yakub to be put to death, and excused his cruelty by a passage from the Koran, which says that death is better than uproar. The imitation of this crime afterwards came to be regarded as a sort of state-necessity in Turkey. Bajazet laid siege to Constantinople, but failed in his attempt upon it: he defeated Sigismund, King of Hungary; but the victory was purchased by the loss of 60,000

Turks, who were left dead upon the field. In revenge, Bajazet massacred 10,000 Christian captives. After a savage career, he was defeated by the famous Tartar prince Tamerlane, or Timur—that is, Iron—and died in captivity, in 1403. Some say that his barbarous conqueror kept him in an iron cage, in which he perished. An interregnum of ten years succeeded.

MAHOMMED THE FIRST ascended the throne in 1413. He was gifted with beauty, strength, courage, and talents, and obtained from his subjects the title of Kurishji Chelebi, or the Gentleman. In 1421, he paid a visit to the Emperor Manuel, in Constantinople, and was received with extraordinary splendour. He died the same year, leaving to his son an empire of greater extent than he had received from his father, Bajazet.

AMURATH THE SECOND took possession of the throne in 1421. Amongst other military exploits, he laid siege to Constantinople; but the Turks were eventually compelled to raise the siege. Unlike his predecessors, he was a lover of peace and philosophical studies, and twice renounced the throne in favour of his son; but was recalled to it by events which demanded his energy and ability. Amurath became engaged in a quarrel with Ladislaus, the King of Hungary, by whom the Turks were defeated at Missa, in 1443. The following year the war was renewed, the Turks were victorious, and Ladislans slain.

MAHOMMED THE SECOND began to reign in 1451. He may be regarded as the founder of the Ottoman empire in Europe, and with him commences that part of Turkish history which is called modern. He attacked Constantinople with an army of 250,000 men, and a fleet of 450 vessels. Such a power was irresistible, and on the 29th of May, 1453, the last of the Greek emperors, Constantine Pakeologus perished under the swords of the Janizaries, the ancient empire of the East was overturned, Constantinople became the capital of the sultan, and Turkey an European power. "This event," says an able writer, "delivered over to a state, which already wanted little but a seat of central power, one of the oldest and most famous capitals of Europe. It gave to the house of Othman, in a single day, exactly the *status* which it needed, and which years of successful invasions and forays would have failed to secure." Mahommed obtained the surname of the Conqueror, a title which well described him; for during his military reign,

he subdued two empires, fourteen kingdoms, and 200 cities. He died in 1481, after having made the Ottoman empire one of the most powerful in the world.

BAJAZET THE SECOND ascended the regal seat of the Ottomans in 1481. His reign was distracted by foreign wars and domestic rebellions. His brother, whose life, in defiance of the usual practice of the Turkish sovereigns, he had spared, rose against him. A long civil war ensued, which terminated by the flight of Zizimus to Italy, where he was poisoned by Pope Alexander the Sixth. During the latter part of the life of Bajazet, his youngest son, Selim, headed a rebellion against him. The unhappy father was compelled to resign the empire, and died soon afterwards of grief or poison.

SELIM THE FIRST became sultan in 1512. His brief reign is distinguished by his victories and cruelty. Remembering his own conduct to his father, he put to death his two brothers, and five of his nephews. He defeated Ismail, the Shah of Persia, and took Tabriz. He conquered Alá-ed-dewlet, and annexed Armenia, Kurdistan, Syria, and Karamenia to the Turkish empire. His third conquest was that of Egypt, the sultan of which he caused to be hanged. On returning to Constantinople, he brought with him 1,000 camels, laden with the spoil. Like most cruel men, he was very intolerant, and resolved to put to death all the Christians who would not adopt the Mohammedan religion. From this savage scheme he was diverted by his ministers, who implored him not to violate the Koran, which commands toleration to all non-believers who are quiet subjects. His death was caused by his excessive use of opium.

SOLYMAN THE FIRST, called the Great or Magnificent, began to rule in 1520. He is regarded as the most illustrious of the sultans of Turkey, and by his conquests and wisdom, raised it to the summit of its power. In the second year of his reign he captured Belgrade, the key of Hungary. He afterwards repeatedly invaded the territories of that kingdom, and annexed a considerable part of them, including Buda, the capital, to the Turkish empire. In 1522, he expelled the Christian knights from their seat in the island of Rhodes, and compelled them to retire to Malta. In 1529, he penetrated into Germany, and laid siege to Vienna; but was forced to retire after losing 80,000 men. During his reign the Turkish navy was regarded as the first in the world, and

feared as the scourge of the Mediterranean. Solyman resolved on the conquest of Malta, and sent a powerful fleet there for that purpose in 1565; but the expedition failed, after a siege of five months. The following year he again marched into Hungary and laid siege to Szigeth, before which he died suddenly in his camp. In his domestic government, Solyman was a great reformer, and a liberal patron of poetry, the arts, and sciences which flourished during his reign. Notwithstanding the greatness and power of Solyman, the decline of the Turkish empire dates from the time of his death. Wealth and power introduced luxury and sensualities, which slowly but surely brought about their inevitable results.

SELIM THE SECOND succeeded his father Solyman in 1566. He crushed a dangerous mutiny of the Janizaries; conquered the island of Cyprus; and annexed Tunis to his dominions. At the battle of Lepanto, he experienced a great reverse, his navy being almost annihilated by Don John of Austria.

AMURATH THE THIRD ascended the throne in 1574, and immediately caused his five brothers to be strangled. He was a weak, lascivious monarch, and governed by favourites and women. Notwithstanding this, Turkey was enlarged during his reign by some important conquests. Amurath had the almost incredible number of 102 children, of whom twenty-seven daughters and twenty sons survived their father. He died after a reign of twenty-five years. At the period of his dissolution, the Turkish empire in Europe included the whole of what is now regarded as European Turkey, beside Greece and the greatest part of Hungary.

MAHOMMED THE THIRD became sultan in 1595, and for the sake of securing his succession, immediately put to death his nineteen brothers, and seven female slaves of his father who were pregnant. His reign of eight years was one unceasing scene of conflict.

ACHMET THE FIRST succeeded his father in 1603. In his reign, the weakness and decline of the empire became apparent. Achmet's troops were defeated in many savage battles, both by the Persians and the Hungarians. In 1606, he concluded a peace with the German emperor, Rodolph the Second, which is regarded as the first trace of an international law between Turkey and the European powers. In this reign, a body of Cossacks descended the Don in a

fleet of boats, crossed the Black Sea, and fell upon Sinope, which they plundered and destroyed.

MUSTAPHA THE FIRST, the brother of Achmet, ascended the throne in 1617, but was deposed and imprisoned six months afterwards in consequence of a revolution in the seraglio. He was succeeded by his nephew.

OTHMAN THE SECOND became sultan in 1618. He soon incurred the hatred of the nation, and was deposed, imprisoned, and finally strangled by his rebellious subjects. Mustapha was then restored, but he soon showed symptoms of insanity, and in about a twelvemonth was again deposed by the Janizaries.

AMURATH THE FOURTH began to reign in 1623, at the tender age of twelve. For the first ten years he was governed by his mother, Mah-peiker, or Moon-Face. He then grasped the regal reins himself, and became a cruel, but enterprising tyrant. He is the first sultan on record who broke the commands of his religion by indulging in the use of wine. It is related, that he was accustomed to parade the streets at night in disguise. On one of these occasions, he met a cobbler in a state of intoxication, and was persuaded to taste his liquor. The tasting was repeated so frequently that the next day the sultan was suffering the penalties of drunkenness in the shape of sickness and headache. Sending for the cobbler, he resolved on putting him to death, but was persuaded by the man to get rid of his depression by taking another draught of wine. The sultan, it is added, became a confirmed drunkard, and the cobbler was made one of his ministers. Amurath waged a destructive war against Persia. After having thrice laid siege to Bagdad, he took it in the year 1638. Ten thousand Persians lost their lives during the siege, and 20,000 were massacred afterwards.

IBRAHIM, the youngest brother of Amurath, succeeded in 1640. He was a weak and cruel prince, who spent his time in luxury and debauchery. His passion for women surpassed everything on record, and their influence over him was unbounded. The Janizaries frequently rebelled during his reign, and at length deposed and strangled him.

MAHOMMED THE FOURTH, son of Ibrahim, succeeded him in 1649, being then but seven years of age. During his minority, much disorder prevailed in the state. The pros-

perity of Turkey was afterwards restored by a wise minister. The Turks were, however, defeated by the Austrians, with whom they had resumed hostilities. In 1678, a brief war with Russia ended in the conquest of Chérin by the Turks. In 1683, the latter were completely defeated by the allied Austrians and the Poles. This and other disgraces produced great discontent amongst the people; the Janizaries revolted, and the sultan was deposed and imprisoned.

SOLYMAN THE SECOND became sultan in 1687. He was frequently defeated by the Austrians, who took Belgrade. During his reign the empire was distracted by rebellions. He died of dropsy, having occupied the throne scarcely more than three years.

ACHMET THE SECOND succeeded him in 1691, and died after a brief but disastrous reign.

MUSTAPHA THE SECOND ascended the Turkish throne in 1695. During his reign, Peter the Great of Russia, anxious to have a free communication with the Black Sea, entered into an alliance with Austria against Turkey, and obtained possession of Azof. In the year 1607, Prince Eugene, the rival of our great general, Marlborough, obtained a great victory over the Turks at Zenta. The slaughter was tremendous: 9,000 carriages, 6,000 camels, and all the artillery and baggage fell into the hands of the victors. This event led to the peace of Carlowitz, by which Mustapha was compelled to surrender Transylvania, Kaminiek, the Morea, and Azof. Turkey had not been thus humbled since the time that the kingdom of Bajazet was shattered by the iron hand of the Tartar Tamerlane. The people appeased their irritation by deposing their sultan.

ACHMET THE THIRD grasped the sceptre in 1703. He generously sheltered Charles the Twelfth, after the defeat of that "heroic madman" at Pultawa by Peter the Great. Peter and the Russians were, in their turn, almost annihilated, in consequence of their penetrating into the Turkish dominions as far as Jassy, where they were surrounded by the Turkish troops. Peter was only saved from destruction by the address of his Empress Catherine, who bribed the minister of Achmet. The sultan himself obtained no other advantage than the recovery of the fortress of Azof. Achmet attacked Venice in 1714, and then led his army into Greece, where he conquered the Morca in one campaign. In 1716, the

Turks were defeated by Prince Eugene at Peterwaradin, and again the following year at Belgrade. The humbled Turks were glad to conclude a peace, by which they ceded much territory to Austria, and restored their Venetian conquests. A war with Persia followed, in which the Turks were successful. The Persians, however, again commenced hostilities, and recovered the provinces they had ceded. A revolt of the Janizaries, in which Sultan Achmet was deposed, was the result. During his reign of twenty-seven years, European arts and sciences found their way to Constantinople, and the first printing-press was established there.

MAHMOUD, his nephew, succeeded in 1730. He defeated the Persians, and concluded a peace with them which was not satisfactory to his people. He became implicated in another war with Austria and Russia, both which states were bent on dismembering their now enfeebled neighbour. The Austrians were defeated in several battles, and glad to purchase peace with the Turks by a restoration of that territory which had been taken from them by Prince Eugene. The Russians, however, obtained many advantages over the Turks, and the peace which concluded hostilities was highly advantageous to the former. The latter years of Mahmoud were troubled by a war with Persia, and by disturbances in Egypt and other subjected provinces.

OTHMAN THE THIRD, his brother, succeeded Mahmoud in 1754, and his brief reign is not distinguished by any remarkable event.

MUSTAPHA THE THIRD ascended the throne in 1757. The increasing power of Russia induced him to declare war against the Empress Catherine the Second. The power of the Ottoman had been slowly decaying, while that of Russia had been rapidly advancing, and the arms of Catherine were pre-eminently successful. Her troops took possession of the Crimea and Circassia: her agents fomented an insurrection in Greece; and her infant fleet destroyed that of the Turks, in the bay of Chesme. The sultan died during the war, but during the same year, 1774, a peace was concluded at Kainardji by his son Abdul Ahmed, or Achmet the Fourth. This humiliating peace has been frequently referred to during the present struggle, of which it has been the partial cause. By it Russia obtained the Great and the Little Kabarda; that is, the

sultan engaged not to oppose the Russian occupation of those countries, which had previously been declared independent. Catherine also obtained for Russia the possession of Azof and other fortresses; the country between the Bog and the Dnieper; the free navigation of the Black Sea, and a free passage through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; the co-protectorship over Moldavia and Wallachia; and the protectorship over all the Greek churches within the Turkish empire.

ABDU L-AHMED, or Achmet the Fourth, succeeded in 1774. He renewed the war with Russia, but Catherine was again triumphant. The sultan died suddenly, after a reign of fifteen years.

SELIM THE THIRD became sultan in 1789. He was one of the most enlightened men of the East, and formed a plan for the regeneration of his country. Beaten at Martinesie by the united Russians and Austrians, Turkey would have been overrun but for the intervention of England, Prussia, and Sweden. Peace was then concluded with both Austria and Russia. Buonaparte's invasion of Egypt involved Selim in a war with France, in which his army was utterly defeated, and Egypt conquered by the French, but it was afterwards restored to the sultan by the English. At length Selim began his reform. To the troops he gave a new organisation, called the Nizam Jedid, which placed them on a footing similar to that of European armies. His object was to create a counterpoise to the Janizaries, who incessantly disturbed the peace of the empire. He also changed the system of taxation and the constitution of the divan. These alterations created an insurrection among the Janizaries, who deposed Selim and confined him in the seraglio, where he was soon afterwards murdered.

MUSTAPHA THE FOURTH was placed upon the throne by the turbulent troops in 1807, and immediately afterwards abolished the reforms of his predecessor. He soon lost the favour of the Janizaries, who, in the following year, besieged his palace, and deposed him.

MAHMOUD THE SECOND, the brother of Mustapha, pupil of the ill-fated reformer, Selim, and the father of the reigning Sultan of Turkey, ascended the throne in 1808. He was a man of remarkable energy and brilliant talents, but they were unhappily stained by great cruelties. Mahmoud owed his life to a prevalent supersti-

tion, that the empire would terminate with the race of its warlike founder, Othman the bone-breaker. He became the only living member of that house, by causing his deposed brother to be strangled, together with his infant son. Four of Mustapha's pregnant female slaves were also sewn up in sacks, and drowned in the Bosphorus. Mahmoud's life was then regarded as a sacred thing upon which depended the national existence of his people. Having put an end to the rebellion by conciliating the Janizaries, he renewed the war with his old enemies the Russians, and prepared to meet a rebellion of the Greeks. The last event brought upon Turkey a great calamity. Several European powers took the Greeks under their protection, and the Turkish navy was destroyed by the combined fleets of England, France, and Russia, on the 20th of October, 1827, at the battle of NAVARINO. This was spoken of by the people of England as a glorious and brilliant achievement; but in the speech of George the Fourth from the throne, it was alluded to as an *untoward* event; and an untoward event it has certainly proved, for it broke the right-arm of Turkey, and encouraged the Russian court to persevere in their present scheme of dangerous aggression. Besides the total loss of her navy, Turkey was yet further weakened by the largest part of Greece being wrested from her dominions and erected into an independent kingdom, under the rule of the Bavarian prince Otho.

Mahmoud bore his loss with wonderful heroism; for nothing crushed his brave and elastic spirit. Finding that the turbulent Janizaries, and not himself, were the real masters of the empire, he resolved to adopt one of those extreme and awful measures for which only one plea can be urged—that of an inevitable necessity. His plan was to destroy the Janizaries by a sudden and terrible blow, and thus deliver himself and people from a capricious military tyranny. During the night of the 15th of June, 1826, 30,000 of the Janizaries rose in insurrection, burnt the palace of the grand vizier, and proceeded to storm the seraglio of the sultan. Mahmoud was soon prepared: the people sided with him; and falling upon the rebels with an army of 50,000 men, he put to death 20,000 of them; banished the rest to different places in Asia Minor; and abolished the order. From that event begins a new era in the history of Turkey.

A ruinous war with Russia was concluded by the peace of Adrianople in 1829. A war with Egypt followed, in which the pride of Turkey was further humbled by his vassal Mehemet Ali, the pacha of that country, and his brave son Ibrahim. Constantinople was only saved from the victorious arms of the latter by the help of the Russian emperor, Nicholas, whose assistance Mahmoud was glad to implore. The result of this aid was the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, by which Russia bound herself to assist Turkey with an army whenever she should require it; in return for which, the Porte promised not to allow any armed vessels inimical to Russia to pass the Dardanelles. This promised protection of Turkey was a delusive snare, which the czar trusted would materially advance the ambitious project of territorial extension bequeathed to him by his ancestors.

During this period of reverses, Mahmoud was still busy in carrying into practice the reforms meditated by his predecessor Selim. He introduced the European costume and discipline into the army, and startled his apathetic subjects by the establishment of a newspaper at Constantinople. He repaired the Greek churches; abolished the barbarous practice of sending the ambassador of any foreign power with which war was declared to the Seven Towers, a state-prison, which may be called the bastille of Constantinople. A religious objection to copy the human form had existed, which Mahmoud endeavoured to overcome by sitting to several artists for his portrait. He caused a school of surgery to be founded; patronised a series of anatomical engravings; and placed the institution for lunatics under the care of an Hungarian physician, with directions to treat his patients according to the best European systems. He induced the Turks to take precautions against the plague and other infectious diseases, instead of regarding them as an infliction sent by the Deity, which human skill could not possibly avert. Contrary to the practice of former sultans, he sat in council with the members of his divan, and removed every custom he considered worthless or opposed to the progress of his people. Finally, he set at defiance the religious prohibition of wine, an example in which he was imitated by most of his officers and dependents. This might be regretted by some Europeans; but it must be regarded as a slight step towards breaking

down that false religion which has converted the greatest part of Asia into a camp and a temperance society. With respect to religion, the toleration of Mahmoud was remarkable, and might be advantageously followed by many Christian prelates, both of the catholic and protestant churches. "Let protection," said he, "be equally extended to every one. Mussulmans must only be distinguished from other men at the mosque, Christians at the church, and Jews at the synagogue."

Dr. Walsh has given a very interesting word-picture of this interesting Turkish reformer. "I had an opportunity," says he, "of knowing much of the habits and private life of Mahmoud. He takes two meals a-day; one at eleven, A.M., and the other at sunset. He has exchanged the Turkish stool and tray for a chair and table, which is laid out exactly in the European fashion. The table is furnished with a cloth, and knives and forks, which are English; to these are added golden spoons, and a decanter of wine. The wine is usually champagne, which he is fond of, and is greatly amused when the cork explodes and the wine flies up to the ceiling. He always sits alone at his meals. The dishes are brought in one at a time, in succession, to the number of fifty or sixty, all covered and sealed. He breaks the seal himself, and tastes the dish; if he does not like it, he scuds it away. In his domestic habits he is mild and amiable, to a degree quite astonishing in a character marked by such fierce vigour. He is a cordial friend and a gentle master. He is remarkably fond of his children; enters into all the sports of his sons; and suffers them to take great liberties with him, such as riding on his back. He is himself a proficient in many exercises."

Sultan Mahmoud's reign of thirty-one years was disturbed, during the close of it, by a new war with Egypt, but he did not live to hear of the total defeat of his armies by Ibrahim Pacha.

ABDUL-MEJJID, the son of Mahmoud, and present sultan of the Ottoman empire, was born on the 20th of April, 1823. He succeeded his father on the 1st of July, 1839, when but in his sixteenth year. He is the thirty-first sovereign of the family of Othman, and the twenty-eighth since the taking of Constantinople. He was delivered from his dangerous Egyptian enemy by the intervention of England, Russia, and Austria. Admiral Napier took Beyrut and St. Jean

d'Acre, and Ibrahim Pacha was driven out of Syria, which was restored to the authority of the young sultan, who, on the restoration of peace, addressed himself to furthering the reforms commenced by his father. Abdul-Medjid is quiet, cold, and silent in his manners, and generally worn and downcast in his aspect.

The following portraiture of the sultan, from the pen of a recent French writer, will be read with more than ordinary interest:—

"Sultan Abdul-Medjid, the twenty-first child of Mahmond, was commencing his seventeenth year when he ascended the throne. He looked a little older than he really was, although his appearance was far from announcing a robust constitution. Some months previously an inflammation of the lungs had endangered his life. He had been saved by the care of an Armenian Roman catholic, Meriem-Khadoum, who was renowned for his cures. Slender and tall, he had the same long, pale face as his father; his black eyebrows, less arched than those of Mahmoud, announced a mind of less haughtiness and of less energy. His lips are rather thick, and he is slightly marked with the small-pox. At this epoch of his life his features did not present a very marked expression, as if no strong passion had yet agitated the young breast. But his eyes, large and very beautiful, sometimes became animated with a most lively expression, and glistened with the fire of intelligence.

"Abdul-Medjid was much indebted to nature: he afterwards perfected his education, and has become a most accomplished prince, remarkable above all for his passionate love of literature and the arts.

"The first time the young sultan presented himself to the eyes of his subjects, he was dressed in the European trowsers and coat, over which was thrown the imperial cloak, fastened by a diamond aigrette. On his breast he wore the decoration of the Nicham-Iffichar; his head was covered with the fez, surmounted by a diamond aigrette. The new king, while thus continuing the costume of his father, nevertheless presented only a pale resemblance to him. Simple without affectation, he cast around him glances full of softness and benevolence. Everything announced in him the *débonnaire* successor of an inflexible ruler; nothing hitherto had indicated what great and precious qualities were concealed beneath that modest and tranquil exterior. He was re-

ceived favourably by his people, but without any demonstration of enthusiasm. It was feared that this delicate youth could scarcely be equal to the importance of his duties. People pitied him, and, at the same time, trembled for the future prospects of the country. The women alone, touched by his youth and his appearance of kindness, manifested their sympathy for him openly. When he went through Constantinople to the mosque of Baiezd, they ran towards him from all parts. 'Is not our son handsome?' they cried, adopting him with affection.

"The sultan alone is deprived of the four lawful wives which the Koran allows to those who can support them. The harém is composed of about thirty *cadines*, or ladies, and a still greater number of *odalesques*, or waiting-women. Amongst the *cadines*, two or three only are looked upon as favourites. There are also dancers and singers, who, by a caprice of the master, may sometimes be raised to the rank of sultana. The women belonging to the sultan are never either Turks or Greeks. The seraglio is recruited exclusively from Georgians, Malays, and Abyssinians. Accordingly, the sultan having only slaves for his wives, is himself the son of a slave—a reproach which the Turks do not spare him when they are discontented with him. At the moment of our writing, Abdul-Medjid has already nine children, amongst whom five are daughters. Abdul-Medjid has only one brother.

"If Abdul-Medjid loves literature, he wishes to have his taste for it shared by his subjects, whom he is always endeavouring to rescue from their ignorance. It is from his reign that the reorganisation of public instruction must be dated.

"In 1846, an imperial decree ordered the formation of a council, to which were intrusted all questions of public instruction, and the task of erecting a building to serve as a new university.

"The state of the muktebs, or primary schools, is satisfactory enough at the present day. Elementary instruction in Turkey is gratuitous and obligatory. The law ordains that each Mussulman, as soon as his sons or daughters have reached their sixth year, shall have their names inscribed in the books of one of the public schools, unless he proves his intention of educating them at home, and shows that he possesses the means of doing so. At Constantinople there are now existing 396 muktebs, or free-schools, frequented by 22,700 children of both sexes.

After four or five years passed in the mukteb, the child who wishes to continue his studies further enters a secondary school, where instruction on all points is also gratuitous. There are now six of these schools at Constantinople, containing 870 pupils. The superior instruction has been divided into several branches: the school of the mosque of Ahmed, and that of Suleiman, for the young men who are intended to fill public appointments; the college of Valide-Sultana, founded with the same view; the normal school, for the education of the professors; the imperial school of medicine, the military school, the naval school, and the agricultural school of San Stefano.

"Abdul-Medjid himself superintends these different schools, and visits in person at the frequent examinations by which the progress of the pupils is tested. The young Turks are very intelligent and very docile; without vanity; exceedingly conscientious, and bent upon doing their duty. They are grave but polite in their demeanour, and never quarrel or dispute. There are numerous libraries at Constantinople; the number of volumes which they contain may be estimated at 80,000, reckoning both MSS. and printed books. The literature of Arabia, Persia, and Turkey is represented in them; and the collection includes philosophical and theological works, poetry, history, books of science, and an immense number of those treatises on conduct and manners, to which the Turks attach almost as much importance as the Chinese themselves. The printing-press does its work at Constantinople, but as yet but slowly. The periodical press has produced a sufficiently large number of journals, printed sometimes in French, sometimes in Turkish or Greek.

"The reign of the sultan Abdul-Medjid has been sullied by no execution, by no act of cruelty. None of his ministers have ever lost their lives when they have lost their power. In the West the despotism of the East has been ill understood, and much exaggerated.

"The deaths, by poison and the rope, which are so often spoken of in Oriental

history, only happened to the vizirs, the pachas, the ulemahs, and scarcely ever to simple subjects.

"If Abdul-Medjid has not been cruel, like the greater part of his predecessors, he has known how to employ a just severity when there has been cause for it. He has often shown that the laws are to be executed with firmness, and that the guilty cannot escape under any pretence. Thus Hassan, the Pacha of Koniah, was condemned, by the high court, to perpetual labour at the galleys, for having killed his servant upon a very slight provocation."

Of the GOVERNMENT of Turkey we will speak very briefly. It has been happily called a despotism tempered by rebellions; for they are the invariable resort of the people, when they consider themselves oppressed or injured by their monarch. The sultan is absolute; that is, there is no check to his power corresponding to the English houses of parliament. He is also the chief ruler of the Mohammedan religion, but is compelled not only to reign conformably to the precepts of the Koran and other religious books, but also to defer to the unanimous decision of the mufti and the assembly of the ulemahs. The mufti is the highest legal dignitary—the patriarch and high chancellor of the empire. The sultan neither makes war, concludes peace, or takes any important step without inquiring of him and the ulemahs whether his intention is conformable to the laws. Ulemah is the name for all doctors of law and theology, and for members of the learned class generally. The mufti is assisted by a council of the judges and other distinguished functionaries—"the dignitaries of law" or the "dignitaries of science." They are called the assembly of the ulemahs or wise men. The aristocracy of the empire is divided into the dignities of the pen and the dignities of the sword. The members of the former compose the sublime porte or state-council of the sultan, the president of which is the grand vizier. To the latter belong governors of provinces and high officers of the army.

RELIGION IN TURKEY.

EUROPEAN TURKEY contains somewhere about 12,000,000 Christians to 3,000,000 Mussulmans or Mohammedans. These proportions are exactly reversed in Asiatic Turkey, where

there are supposed to be 12,000,000 Mussulmans to 3,000,000 Christians.

Mohammedanism is the established religion of Turkey. It received its name from its

founder, Mahomet, who was born at Mecca in Arabia, in the year 569. It is deism blended with some superstitious observances; its primary doctrine being that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is his prophet. The precepts and principles of this Eastern religion are contained in the Koran, which is asserted to have been written by the angel Gabriel, and delivered by him to the prophet a verse at a time, over a period of twenty-three years. The Mussulmans venerate three other books, which they regard as being almost as sacred as the Koran. These are the Hadiff, or Sunneth, containing an account of the conversations and dealings of the prophet; the Jdjhay-ummeth, or explanations and decisions of the most eminent disciples of Mahomet; and the Kiyas, or canonical decisions of the imauns, or priests of the early centuries of Islamism.

The Koran is written in the Koreish Arabic, a language of great capabilities, and believed in the East to be that used in Paradise. The Mohammedans assert that it is eternal and uncreated, and that the original is written in heaven on a gigantic table. It is held in the most superstitious veneration, and no good Mussulman so much as touches it without first performing certain ablutions. That this reverential custom may not be infringed upon, a label is placed on the cover, containing the following inscription:—"Let none touch but they who are clean." The Koran is divided into 114 sections and 3,000 verses. Its contents are chiefly precepts on religion, law, and morality. To every section there is a title, as follows:—The Table; the Spoil; the Thunder; the Prophets; the Pilgrimage; the Resurrection, &c. The following unexceptionable, if not admirable prayer, is attached to it as an introduction:—"Praise to God, the Lord of all created things, the all-merciful, the King of the day of judgment. We pray to Thee and supplicate Thee for assistance. Lead us into the right way—into the way of those to whom Thou art merciful; not of those with whom Thou art wrath, or of those who go astray."

Mahomet died in the year 622, in consequence of a fever brought on by poison administered to him in his favourite dish—a shoulder of mutton—by a Jewess, who took this severe mode of testing his divine and prophetic character. He held that Moses and Christ were prophets, but that there were none between the latter and himself. His favourable opinion of Moses, and

of the founder of our own religion, may probably arise from the circumstance of his having been assisted in the composition of the Koran by a monk and a learned Jew: such at least is the assertion of many writers. His ideas respecting futurity are romantic and sensual. The usual title for the Mohammedan Paradise is Jannat-al-Nain, the garden of voluptuousness. It is situated, say the faithful, above the seventh heaven, and immediately under the throne of God. There the blest will pass their time in dalliance with black-eyed girls of superhuman beauty, called Hur-al-Oyun, corrupted by us into Houris. To account for the exquisite purity and perfection of their persons, it is added that they are not formed from clay, like mortals, but from musk. They are said to reside in pavilions formed of pearls, one of which is sixty miles long. Some enlightened Mohammedans consider that these sensual pleasures are to be regarded as allegorical. The Mussulman notion of a place of future punishment is just as extraordinary. It is divided into seven compartments or pits, for different orders of criminals; the lowest being for the hypocrites. The spirits of the dead are all obliged to pass over a bridge called Al Sirat, which is as fine as a hair, and as sharp as a razor. The true and faithful perform this unpleasant feat easily enough; but the wicked and unbelievers fall over into the place assigned for them.

The Christians of Turkey belong mostly to the Greek church, which is bitterly opposed to the Latin or Roman Catholic one. The Greek church does not recognise the pope, or any one else, as the visible vicar of Christ upon earth. It also contends that the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Supreme Deity alone, and not from the Father and the Son. It acknowledges the seven sacraments of the Roman church, venerates relics, graves, and crosses, but rejects the doctrine of purgatory, works of supererogation, indulgences, and dispensations. The clergy, with the exception of the monks and the bishops, are permitted to marry once. They must not, however, contract a second alliance or espouse a widow. The service of the Greek church consists almost entirely of forms, and is extremely tedious. Their are four patriarchs in the Greek church; those of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. The patriarch of Constantinople acquires his authority by purchase from the Porte.

CHAPTER II.

RUSSIA—ITS EXTENT, NATURE, AND POPULATION.

THE Russian empire is the largest in the world, of which it forms a ninth, or, according to other calculations, a seventh portion. It extends over the north-eastern part of Europe, over the whole of Northern Asia, and the north-western coast of North America. Its entire area is supposed to include the enormous space of 7,700,000 square miles.

RUSSIA IN EUROPE is situated between 43° to 71° north latitude, and from 20° to 63° east longitude. It is bounded east by Siberia and the Caspian Sea; south by Asiatic Russia, the Black Sea, the Ottoman and the Austrian empires; west by Moldavia, Austria, Prussia, the Baltic, and Sweden; and north by the Arctic Ocean. Its length is 1,960 miles, and its breadth 1,850. Its magnitude may, perhaps, be more readily understood by saying, that it is about thirty times as large as England.

RUSSIA IN ASIA embraces Siberia, Kamtschatka, and the region of the Caucasus. It, however, includes some countries which are only nominally subject to the czar, and others which do not recognise his power, and are almost constantly at war with him. Its capital is Teflis, which stands in a narrow valley on the river Kur. Siberia is divided into three extensive governments, namely, Tobolsk, Irkutsk, and Tomsk. The climate of Asiatic Russia is in many places so severely cold as to be unfit for the residence of man. Altogether, it is so thinly peopled, that the average gives little more than one inhabitant to each square mile. In many places, any attempt to raise grain would be useless; and in some, nothing grows but spongy moss, or low stunted bramble. Siberia, however, is valuable to Russia on account of its mines. Gold is met with in small quantities, iron and copper are plentiful, and antimony, cobalt, mercury, and zinc are met with. Russian America includes the whole of the north-west of that great continent. We only refer to these possessions to show the enormous territory beneath the sway of the czar, and the capabilities of extension of the Russian empire.

Russia is divided into fifty governments, thirty-three of which are in Europe. The

enumeration of them here would be unnecessary, as it is not probable that the interior of Russia will become the seat of war. The surface of European Russia is one almost unbroken plain; and geological phenomena, confirmed by tradition, warrant the conclusion that a great part of central Russia once formed the bed of the sea. It has a greater variety of soil than any other country in Europe: some portions are almost as fertile as any in the world; while others are scarcely more adapted for agriculture than the great African desert. Its climate is extremely diversified; in fact, it is generally said to possess three climates—the cold, the hot, and the temperate. The winter in the northern districts lasts from seven to eight months, and in the southern from five to six months. The thermometer usually descends to 22° below zero at the end of December, or in January; even at St. Petersburg, and farther inland, the cold is much more intense. During summer the heat for a few weeks is very great.

The population consists of about 60,000,000: it is composed of people belonging to 100 nations, and speaking forty different languages. They belong either to the Caucasian or the Mongol race, but chiefly to the former. The Selavonians or Russians amount to 40,000,000, or two-thirds of the entire population. They are divided into Great and Little Russians. The Cossacks, a peculiar people, who form a species of democratic republic, are properly descended from the latter. The population is divided into four classes—namely, the nobility, clergy, free-men and peasants, or serfs, who are literally slaves, being bought and sold with the land they cultivate. It is asserted that throughout European Russia there are not more than a million and-a-half of free men. If this statement is correct, that vast people must be strangely deficient in that moral power and manly spirit which constitutes the real strength of nations.

The character of the Russian people partakes something of that of the French, but it has many points entirely its own. They are generally hospitable, industrious, tolerant, cheerful, and good-tempered in their

dispositions; quick, elegant, ostentatious, and polite to excess in their manners. The ostentation and gorgeous luxury of the nobles probably exceeds that of any other country. The profusion of rare flowers, wax-lights, and servants in livery, exhibited at the *soirées* of the nobles, are almost fabulous. The people are generally handsome, hardy, and brave; Buonaparte once said, that next to the French, they were the best soldiers in Europe. They are exceedingly subtle and cunning; the ingenuity of the moujik (*i.e.* serf) exceeds that of the Jew. Peter the Great went so far as to declare, that a single Russian is a match for three Jews. Their greatest vices are their drunkenness and that dishonesty or propensity for theft which prevails throughout Russia, and which the present Emperor Nicholas is making such constant but ineffectual attempts to reform. Venality and corruption pervade every grade of society, but are singularly apparent in the Russian officials. The dishonesty of these functionaries has become proverbial. They seem to be insensible to the guilt or shame of it; and when a general is degraded to a common soldier, or an admiral to a sailor, for peculation of the public money entrusted to them, the usual comment is, "What fools to allow themselves to be discovered!" It is said, that public functionaries who possess an annual salary of a 100,000 roubles, will sometimes raise it to as much as 2,000,000. A German writer, after remarking that corruption is the worm that dieth not in the Russian empire, relates what follows as the result of his own experience: "One officer, instead of instructing his soldiers, makes them devote all the time they ought to pass in learning their exercise, in labours profitable to himself. Another receives pay for men who have never existed,—save on paper. A third sends his horses to grass, and pockets the money intended for forage. A fourth defrauds the troops of food and clothing, without troubling himself about the number of deaths and diseases that result from this scandalous abuse. The majority put into their pockets the money destined to repair and complete the *matériel*, which accounts for the frequent and sudden decay remarked in Russian armies. Everywhere you find robbery—organised robbery—hierarchical robbery; for in Russia every officer robs according to his rank: so that a dignity is less valued on its own account and for its honour, than for the plunder it may bring in." The ships comprising the

Russian navy speedily rot and become unseaworthy, from being built of green timber, on account of the cheating of commanders, contractors, and subordinate officials.

Passing from the people of Russia, let us briefly consider a few of its principal cities, &c. St. Petersburg, its capital, was built at the commencement of the present century by Peter the Great. It stands on both banks of the river Neva; and although great part of the houses are built of wood, yet its noble public buildings, the width of its streets, and its grand public squares make it one of the finest cities of Europe. Its dimensions, no doubt, contribute to its reputation: it is larger than London, being about twenty miles in circumference. It is, however, extremely cold and damp, and subject to dangerous inundations of the Neva. In one that occurred in 1824, no less than 15,000 lives were lost. It is feared that the city may at some period be altogether destroyed by these terrible floods. Its population amounts to about half-a-million, and is said to be composed of twice as many men as women. Amongst the noble monuments which ornament the city is the bronze equestrian statue of its founder. It stands on a huge block of granite, and looks like the presiding genius of the nation. The finest buildings are the Winter Palace, the Hermitage, the Senate, the Admiralty, and the cathedral of St. Isaac. The latter is a building of extraordinary magnificence. For its construction, Finland supplied its beautiful granite and porphyry, Italy its finest marble, and artists of all climates mingled the efforts of their genius. Next to London and Hamburg, St. Petersburg has the most important trade of any city in Europe. The Neva is generally frozen over for six months in the year; and during the winter, the thermometer is sometimes thirty degrees below zero. This bitter time is, however, preferred to the brief summer, which is so hot as to be painfully oppressive.

In the entrance of the Gulf of Finland, and about thirty-one miles from St. Petersburg, of which it is the defence, stands the famous island and fortifications of Cronstadt. Its harbours, docks, and basins have cost many millions of roubles, and many thousands of lives. Its vast port is divided into three parts: one is the military port, and usually contains the greater part of the Russian fleet; the second is used for refitting ships of war; and the third for

loading and discharging large merchant ships, which, on account of the shallowness of the water, cannot approach St. Petersburg. All the ports are strongly defended by ramparts and bastions. In summer, Cronstadt has a population of more than 50,000 persons. In winter, during several months of which the port is ice-bound, it is nearly deserted.

Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, stands almost in the centre of the empire, and is still the seat of its nationality. Its population is probably at present not less than 400,000. It is the residence of many of the wealthiest and most ancient families among the nobility. The Kremlin, formerly the residence of the czars, is at once a fortress, palace, castle, and cathedral. It is a giant amongst buildings, with walls sixteen feet thick, and from thirty to sixty in height, with battlements, embrasures, towers, and gates. The Marquis de Custine observes, that the Kremlin is the Mont Blanc of fortresses. "I have been," he adds, "over the public gardens planted upon the glaciers of the old citadel of the czars. I beheld towers, then other towers; flights of walls, and then other flights; and my eyes wandered over an enchanted city. It is saying too little to call it fairy-land!" Within the walls of the Kremlin, which is in itself a city, are as many as four cathedrals and thirty-two churches. Within the cathedral of St. Michael are contained the tombs of all the Russian sovereigns to the time of Peter the Great. A railway connects Moscow with St. Petersburg. The former is the most industrious city of the empire, and is regarded as the Manchester of Russia. It has an arsenal, a large public library, an observatory, a botanic garden, an university, and many literary and scientific institutions.

Odessa is a celebrated seaport town on a fine bay of the Black Sea. Late events have secured for it a permanent mention in the historic records both of England and Russia. Odessa, however, has purchased its distinction at a price which has ruined its inhabitants, and struck a doubting tremor to the heart of the arrogant czar. It lately contained upwards of 70,000 inhabitants, exclusive of its garrison; and in 1849, the amount of its export and import trade was valued at about four millions and-a-half sterling. The prosperity of the town is, of course, entirely suspended since the recent bombardment; a part of it being burnt and left in ruins. The fortifications,

batteries, and military magazines were destroyed; but in consequence of the more humane principles which guide our modern warfare, in comparison with that of past times, the commercial harbour was spared.

Sebastopol is a strongly-fortified seaport town and arsenal, standing in the Crimea, on a deep and sheltered creek of the Black Sea. It is defended by a citadel and batteries. Its large and well-protected harbour is the station for the Russian fleet in the Black Sea,—a circumstance which will no doubt lead to the destruction of its fortifications. While they exist, the Russian fleet in the neighbouring sea has ever a place where it can retire in safety from the grim threatening mouths and loud thundering of the French and English cannon. The population of Sebastopol is about 30,000. The port is defended by eleven batteries, mounting 1,500 cannon. No stranger may approach the city without a special permit, or reside in it without a special order, which must be renewed every four-and-twenty hours. The fact that the fortifications of this famous port have nearly all been erected by the present emperor, will make their destruction, should it take place (and we doubt not it will do so), a work of warlike retribution. Sveaborg, Toola, Nijni-Novgorod, Kason, and other great towns do not demand description.

The Crimea, however, must not be forgotten; for it will probably be the theatre of some of the sternest, and we trust most brilliant and decisive scenes of the war. It is a peninsula of South Russia, formed by the Sea of Azof and the Black Sea. Simferopol is the chief town. In 1837, the population of the peninsular was estimated at 190,063. The soil of the south-east part is rich and fertile, and abundantly produces all the fruits and grain of southern Europe. The north-west forms a vast plain, impregnated with salt, and only fit for pasturage. Enormous herds of cattle are reared in the Crimea: it is estimated to possess more than 7,000,000 sheep; and its honey is much esteemed. Its mountains are covered with noble and valuable forests, and present a beautiful and romantic aspect.

Circassia is now declared independent of Russia; but unhappy Poland still remains subject to it. Circassia has been described as a nation of heroes, whose long-continued and bravely-sustained efforts for freedom against its tyrannic neighbour, have long been the admiration of every well-constituted

mind. On looking to a map, the reader will at once perceive, that to sustain the peace of Europe by wresting the Black Sea from the domination of the Russian flag, the freedom of Circassia must be upheld. The Circassians are regarded as being physically the finest specimens of the human race. Notwithstanding, civilisation is in a very low condition among them, and parents sell the most beautiful of their female children to gratify the sensual plea-

tures of the wealthy Mussulmans of Constantinople. The population is estimated at 220,000.

The principal river of Russia is the Volga. It is the largest in Europe, and its course, including windings, extends for 2,000 miles. It is frozen over for 170 days in the year. The Don, the Dnieper, Dvina, and the Neva are the other most important ones. Nicholas would like to add the broad Danube to the number, or choke it up with mud.

HISTORIC VIEW OF RUSSIA AND ITS AIMS.

THE origin of the Russian nation is generally dated from about the year 850. At that time a freebooter of the Baltic, named Ruric, who had been called in by the people of Novgorod to defend them against their neighbours, seized a great part of their country, and founded a Norman dynasty. In the proceedings of these barbarous people, the modern reader will find but little to interest him.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, the Tartars of Kapehak burst into Europe and overspread the eastern and southern provinces of Russia. After two centuries and-a-half of bondage, the yoke of the Tartars was shaken off, and in 1462, Ivan the Great succeeded to the regal dignity of his ancestors. Some years afterwards he assumed the title of czar, announced himself to the other states of Europe as an independent sovereign, and Russia came to be numbered amongst the nations. Constantinople had but lately fallen into the hands of the Ottomans,—an event much deplored by the superstitious Russians, who regarded it with feelings of religious veneration. To the great delight of his subjects, Ivan married Sophia, the niece of the last of the Greek emperors, and adopted, as the ensign of his state, the two-headed eagle of the eastern empire,—that symbol having been replaced at Constantinople by the victorious crescent. The alliance of Ivan with the Greek princess, Sophia, is regarded as an event of great historic importance; for by it Ivan and his successors pretend that they have acquired some sort of claim to be regarded as heirs to the rights of the ancient Greek emperors of Constantinople. This sophism has been used to colour, with at least some faint tint and blush of justice, the many aggressive acts which Russia, in its

growing strength, has from time to time inflicted upon Turkey, in its increasing weakness. From the year that Ivan wedded Sophia, have the Russians kept an evil lustful eye upon the domes and gilded minarets of Constantinople.

The royal family of Ruric at length failed to produce a prince to wear the imperial diadem of Russia; and in 1613, Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present royal house of Russia, was elected to the vacant throne.

PETER THE GREAT, the fifth sovereign of the house of Romanoff, is regarded as the founder of the present greatness of Russia, and venerated as the father of his country. This extraordinary man succeeded to the crown in 1682. His eccentricities, his disguises, his contempt of all regal conventionalities; his industry, perseverance, energy, and grasp of thought, are familiar to all readers of biography. His first political act revealed his design (as yet dim and shadowy) upon the empire of the East. It was the taking of Azof from the Turks, in 1694. He was recalled from a visit to England by the information that the Strelitzes (a body of troops resembling the Turkish Janizaries) were in rebellion. He speedily crushed the insurrection, disbanded the Strelitzes, and caused 2,000 of them to be executed. Some writers say that he struck off the heads of many of these wretched men himself, and that he was delighted at the dexterity with which he performed this savage and unkingly deed; but this has been denied. In 1701, he struck a heavy blow at the overgrown power of the clergy, by abolishing the dignity of patriarch of Moscow, and declaring himself to be the head of the Russian church. After being several times defeated by Charles XII., of Sweden, he

utterly defeated that famous soldier at the battle of Pultowa. Peter's difficulties, when he pursued Charles beyond the Pruth, and his humiliation in Turkey, we have already referred to.* During his wars he never lost sight of the internal improvement of his country, and the creation of a navy, which he justly considered essential to its advancement. The latter part of his life was embittered by a domestic tragedy. His weak and vicious son, Alexis, had incurred his strong resentment. The father decreed the arrest of the son, who was tried and condemned to death on a charge (real or pretended) of conspiracy. Alexis died in prison: some say in terror of his sentence; others, that he perished by poison, administered at the command of his relentless parent. Peter was the first czar who assumed the title of Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. He died, 1725, after a reign of six-and-thirty years. During that period he had raised his country from a state of barbarism to a degree of military strength and political importance which placed her on a level with the first powers of Europe. It is said that he bequeathed to his cabinet an injunction, that they were never to omit an opportunity, by extending their conquests in the direction of the East, of effacing the memory of his disgrace beyond the Pruth.

Peter's widow, Catherine I., succeeded him; and was herself succeeded by Peter II. The events of their reigns are not of much historical importance, and do not bear upon the question of the war. During the reign of the Empress Anne, Crim Tartary was seized and incorporated with Russia.

We pass over the brief reign of Anne's grand nephew, Ivan, and that of the accomplished Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. Peter III., previously Duke of Hol-

stein-Gottorp, succeeded in 1762. He abolished torture in criminal proceedings, and issued admirable regulations for the protection of commerce. His startling reform, however, in the army and the church, excited the disapprobation of the people. He was an imitator of his illustrious compeer, Frederick the Great of Prussia, whom he admired extremely. It is said that he wanted to alter everything, and that without regard to the opposition of his subjects. After a reign of six months, he was dethroned and cruelly murdered in prison by the conspirators against him.

CATHERINE II., his widow, succeeded him in 1762; not without incurring the suspicion of having sanctioned the murder of her husband. This brilliant, ambitious, and unscrupulous princess gave a fresh impulse to Russian policy, which, in her reign, assumed that steadily aggressive course it has ever since maintained. That policy was the extension of the Russian empire in all directions; especially towards Constantinople and the Mediterranean. A close study of the reign of this dissolute but gifted woman will amply repay the historic reader. It is one of the most extraordinary among the records of modern nations. She was constantly at war with the Turks, and almost always successful. Her troops took possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, but were, however, unable permanently to retain them. Russia had hitherto only been powerful on land; but now a Russian fleet appeared for the first time, and at once signalled itself by the destruction of the Turkish navy. The encroachments of the empress caused the war to be renewed in 1787. It lasted for five years, and was rendered memorable by the frightful carnage at the taking of Ismail, and for the sanguinary triumphs of

* The devotion of his wife Catherine, who had accompanied him on this expedition, is both interesting and touching. Her history is a romantic instance of the wild caprices of fortune. Catherine was a poor orphan, the natural daughter of a peasant girl, and brought up from motives of charity by a Lutheran minister of Marienberg. For a time she lived as a servant in his family, and at an early age married a Swedish dragoon. Marienberg was besieged by Peter's troops, who carried away all the inhabitants. Catherine, or Martha (as she was then called), was amongst the prisoners, and her husband had perished during the siege. The beauty of the widowed orphan attracted the notice of the Russian general, Bauer, who took her for his servant, and also, it is supposed, for his mistress. Prince Mentschikoff then became enamoured of the beautiful low-born girl, and received her under his protection. She lived with him for some time, when the emperor

accidentally beheld her, and was so captivated by her graceful appearance and manners that he made her his mistress. While in that position, she obtained so much influence over him, that a few years afterwards he married her. When Peter was hemmed in near Jassy by an overwhelming army (a vain attempt to break through which had cost him 18,000 men), he shut himself up in his tent, gave orders that no one should approach him, and abandoned himself to despair. Catherine disobeyed the command, and found her husband in strong convulsions, brought on by extreme agitation. Exerting her womanly tenderness, she succeeded in calming him, and wisely proposed that he should negotiate with the enemy. Stripping herself of her jewels, and collecting all other articles of similar value in the camp, she bribed the minister of the sultan, and saved the life of the man who had raised her from the dust to an imperial diadem.

Potemkin and Suwarow. In 1795, the final dismemberment of Poland took place, by which its nationality was extinguished, and the greatest part of its territories annexed to Russia. Catherine indulged in sensuality to an extent that seems almost incredible. She kept her male favourites more openly than some monarchs of the other sex do their mistresses. They were installed into office with as much formality as were her ministers, and changed much more frequently. She was a great patron of literature, and herself wrote and conversed with grace and intelligence. It was during her reign that the apprehensions of the Christian states became first excited for the security of the Turks. Statesmen began to have a dim idea that eventually the Ottoman empire might be overwhelmed by and swallowed up in Russia. Indeed, Catherine had bestowed the name of Constantine upon her second son, with the view of eventually placing him on the throne of Constantinople.

PAUL succeeded in 1796. Catherine, his mother, had hated him, and a suspicion was entertained that he was a Finnish foundling, and not of royal blood. His singularity, caprice, boundless extravagance, and frantic tyranny have led to the supposition that he was insane. He joined the second grand coalition against France, but afterwards abandoned his allies, and concluded peace with Buonaparte. He was about to engage in a war with England, when he was seized and strangled in his palace by a band of conspirators. The murder was supposed to have received the sanction of his own son and successor, Alexander, and no attempt was made to punish the regicides. Paul left four sons: Alexander, afterwards emperor; the Grand Duke Constantine, who died in 1831; the present emperor, Nicholas; and the Grand Duke Michael, who died in 1849.

ALEXANDER became emperor in 1801. He adopted pacific measures towards England, and disbanded an army of 45,000 Cossacks, whom his father had collected for the insane purpose of marching overland to India. Alexander refused to acknowledge the imperial dignity of Napoleon, and joined the Austrian alliance against him. The great Corsican, however, humiliated his enemies at the gigantic and brilliant battle of Austerlitz. In 1806, the Russian troops were poured into Moldavia and Wallachia. The defeat of the Russians, in 1807, at the battle of Friedland, led to an interview between Buonaparte and Alexander, on a raft

at Tilsit, and peace soon followed. Napoleon opened a scheme for the division of Europe between them; but the two lions could not agree as to their respective shares of the spoil. In 1809, Alexander wrested Finland from the chivalrous Gustavus of Sweden, and annexed it to Russia. Alexander also pursued the aggressive policy of his ancestors against the Turks, whom, after three savage but indecisive campaigns, he stripped of Bessarabia. Napoleon's "continental system," by which England was to be reduced, by having all the ports of Europe closed against her, inflicted enormous injury upon the trade of Russia. Alexander, therefore, refused to support it, and this led to a quarrel between him and the French emperor. The result was, the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in the autumn of 1812, with an army of nearly half a million of men. Such an array of armed hosts had not been seen in Europe since the time when every nation poured forth its thousands to Palestine to rescue the tomb of Christ from the Turks. The fearful battle of Borodino followed: 10,000 French, and 15,000 Russians, were left dead upon the field, while the wounded were too many to be numbered. The victorious Napoleon pushed on to Moscow, and took up his quarters within the stupendous walls of the Kremlin. The next night the city was discovered to be in flames; and a month afterwards commenced that awful retreat of the French army, the details of which can scarcely be read without sensations of sickness, shuddering, and horror. The result is well known. Nine-tenths of that vast host either perished by the freezing blasts of the north and the lances of the Cossacks, or were taken prisoners. Napoleon himself fled back to Paris, his heart wrung with agony at the colossal reverse he had sustained; and in his public announcement of his calamity, confessed that, with the exception of the imperial guard, he had no longer an army. Alexander had his revenge by afterwards entering Paris in triumph.

After the downfall of Napoleon, Russia became the head of what is termed the Holy Alliance. It was a sort of bond entered into by herself, Austria, Prussia, and France, for the suppression of revolutionary principles. That despotic combination, whose name of *Holy* reminds us of Mephistopheles in the cathedral, listening with a sardonic smile to the chanting of the vespers, set its iron feet on the neck of liberty, and sedu-

lously rebuilt every shattered tyranny throughout Europe. The heart of the Russian czar was no doubt cheered by the holy and congenial work. The latter years of Alexander's life were haunted by fears of that spirit of liberty which he and his holy compeers—forgetful that it is immortal—had tried in vain to slay. Many of his officers and nobles had visited France and England, and there imbibed principles which made them uneasy under despotism; and, to the alarm of the czar, they wished to introduce constitutional forms of government. Alexander died suddenly at the age of forty-eight, not without suspicions being entertained that his death was caused by violence. An insurrection immediately broke out, but was suppressed by Nicholas, though not without bloodshed. The Grand Duke Constantine was the legitimate successor; but Alexander had left a sealed packet, which contained a peremptory command to proclaim Nicholas as the future emperor. Nicholas hesitated; but, from some mysterious cause, Constantine renounced the sovereign dignity, and declared that he would acknowledge none but his brother as the czar.

NICHOLAS, the Emperor of all the Russias, was born on the 6th of July, 1796; united to the sister of the King of Prussia on the 13th of July, 1817; and succeeded his brother, Alexander, as emperor, on the 1st of December, 1825. His coronation took place at Moscow, in 1826; and during the subsequent year he was also crowned as King of Poland. On the latter occasion, Nicholas knelt before the altar, and, with dramatic hypocrisy, uttered the following prayer—admirable indeed in itself, but which cannot but be regarded as a blasphemous mockery, when proceeding from the lips of a despot, who had enslaved the people he was about to govern with a rod of iron, and correct with a whip of scorpions:—"May my heart," said the unblushing czar, "O, my God and master, be in thy hand! and may I reign for the happiness of my people, and for the glory of Thy holy name, according to the charter granted by my august predecessor, and sworn to by me, in order that I may not fear to appear before Thee in the day of Thy eternal judgment." Nicholas has too clear a head not to be aware, that hollow pretensions to religion ever form the firmest supports of despotism.

Constantine was appointed viceroy of Poland, and by his tyranny and repeated infractions of its constitution, provoked a

general insurrection of the people. The history of the awful campaign by which it was crushed, and Warsaw taken, should be written in letters of fire and blood. Finally, many thousands of Poles were sent to wear out their wretched lives in the inclement regions of Siberia; and the vengeance of the czar, after being sated with bloodshed, was content with incorporating Poland with Russia. It has since been governed as a conquered country. England and France looked on with indifference while Poland perished, and the present war is the penalty they have to pay for their ungenerous apathy.

Before this sad event, the Greeks had rebelled against the dominion of Turkey, and England concluded a treaty with France and Russia to interpose in their behalf. It was asserted that the interference of the European powers was demanded by humanity and the common interest of all nations. The evacuation of Greece was insisted on; and also that something little short of absolute independence should be granted to its people. The astonished Sultan Mahmoud replied, through his minister, "God and my right!"—such is the motto of England: what better answer can we give, when you threaten to attack us? The battle of Navarino and the destruction of the Turkish fleet followed;—no doubt, greatly to the delight of Nicholas, who must have chuckled in secret to see England and France unwittingly forwarding the aim of his guilty ambition.* The following year (1828) a Russian army invaded Turkey; and though repulsed at first, eventually succeeded in crossing the Balkan, and occupying Adrianople. By a treaty concluded at that place in 1829, Russia acquired many frontier fortresses on the Black Sea, and the *protectorate* of Moldavia and Wallachia.

That unfortunate treaty—one of the heaviest blows dealt by Russia at Turkish independence—has been much referred to and discussed during the existing war. Lord Aberdeen has been charged, not only with indifference to the Ottoman cause, but with being strongly prejudiced in favour of the Russian emperor. So much so, that a powerful feeling of angry irritation was excited against him, and a large moiety of the press and the people called loudly for his dismissal from the august position of

* Lord St. Helen's once humorously and acutely observed, that Navarino was a capital battle,—only we knocked down the wrong man.



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premier of the British cabinet. In his defence, Lord Aberdeen produced, in the house of peers, a copy of a criticism on the treaty of Adrianople, in which he analyzed, one by one, the concessions which it extorted from the Ottoman government. It is in the form of a despatch addressed by him when serving as secretary of foreign affairs in the ministry of the late Duke of Wellington, to Lord Heytesbury, then ambassador at Russia. It is so masterly and statesmanlike an analysis of the treaty of which we are speaking, and it possesses such an historical interest as regards the past, and such a political interest in reference to the present, that we shall offer no apology for its introduction unabridged. To quote the language of a contemporary writer, "we rejoice that this despatch has been produced, and we hope it will be circulated in every language of Europe, and will become as well known to the world as it has long been to the Russian cabinet :"—

"Foreign-office, October 31, 1829.

"My Lord,—I have received from his imperial majesty's ambassador at this court a copy of the definitive treaty of peace between Russia and the Porte, together with the manifesto of the Russian cabinet, and a circular despatch from Count Nesselrode, dated the 4th of October.

"These papers have engaged the serious attention of his majesty's government. The consequences of the transaction to which they refer are so various and important, and influence so powerfully the future happiness and tranquillity of all nations, that it would be inconsistent with the station which his majesty fills among the sovereigns of Europe, as well as with that frankness and sincerity which he is desirous should characterise all his relations with the cabinet of St. Petersburg, if he were not at once to communicate to his imperial majesty the sentiments which have been produced in his mind by an examination of the treaty of Adrianople.

"The first desire of his majesty is to express the satisfaction which he has experienced from the restoration of peace. He sincerely rejoices that a state of warfare should at length have ceased, the existence of which he has constantly deplored, and the prolonged duration of which had only increased his majesty's apprehensions of the evils to which it must finally have led.

"Count Nesselrode, at the conclusion of his circular despatch, expresses an opinion that the treaty now concluded holds out to Europe a long prospect of tranquillity and repose. That this judgment may be fully confirmed is our most anxious desire. In the meantime, it will be an object worthy of the solicitude of his

imperial majesty to strengthen the confidence of his allies, and to remove those causes of alarm to which, if not discovered in the treaty of peace itself, the present state of the Turkish empire cannot fail to give rise.

"When his imperial majesty announced his intention of declaring war against the Ottoman Porte, upon grounds affecting exclusively the interests of Russia, his majesty's government, without pronouncing any opinion respecting the justice of the war, expressed their conviction that the most complete success in the justest cause would not entitle the stronger party to demand from the weaker sacrifices which would affect its political existence, or would infringe upon that state of territorial possession upon which the general peace had rested. They also observed that demands of indemnity and compensation might be carried to such an extent as to render compliance scarcely practicable, without reducing the Ottoman power to a degree of weakness which would deprive it of the character of an independent state.

"His imperial majesty, in carrying into execution his threatened invasion of the Ottoman dominions, declared his adherence to that disinterested principle which had characterised the protocol of St. Petersburg and the treaty of London. He renounced all projects of conquest and ambition. His imperial majesty frequently repeated that, so far from desiring the destruction of the Turkish empire, he was most anxious for its preservation. He promised that no amount of indemnity should be exacted which could affect its political existence; and he declared that this policy was not the result of romantic notions of generosity, or of the vain desire of glory, but that it originated in the true interests of the Russian empire, in which interests, well understood, and in his own solemn promises, would be found the best pledges of his moderation.

"His imperial majesty added that his thoughts would undergo no change, even if, contrary to his intentions and his endeavours, Divine Providence had decreed that we should now behold the termination of the Ottoman power. His imperial majesty was still determined not to extend the limits of his own dominions; and he only demanded from his allies the same absence of all selfish and ambitious views, of which he would himself give the first example.

"Does the treaty of Adrianople place the Porte in a situation corresponding with the expectations raised by these assurances? The answer must be left to the judgment of Europe: it might be left to the dispassionate judgment of the cabinet of St. Petersburg.

"Undoubtedly, if we look only at the relative position of the two belligerents, the fortune of the war might have enabled the emperor to exact still harder terms. The sultan, threatened by a formidable insurrection in Constantinople,

having lost his army, and having ordered the remaining Asiatic troops to retire to their homes, was unable to offer any effectual opposition, and threw himself under the mercy of the Russian commander. By the persuasion of the British and French ambassadors, and of the minister extraordinary of the King of Prussia, the defeated monarch was induced to place entire confidence in the moderation of his imperial majesty.

"It may not be easy to accuse of want of generosity the conqueror who checks the unresisted progress of success, and who spares the defenceless capital of his enemy. Nevertheless, the treaty in question, certainly not in conformity with the expectations held out by preceding declarations and assurances, appears vitally to affect the interests, the strength, the dignity, the present safety, and future independence of the Ottoman empire.

"The modes of domination may be various, although all equally irresistible. The independence of a state may be overthrown and its subjection effectually secured without the presence of a hostile force, or the permanent occupation of its soil. Under the present treaty the territorial acquisitions of Russia are small, it must be admitted, in extent, although most important in their character. They are commanding positions, far more valuable than the possession of barren provinces and depopulated towns, and better calculated to rivet the fetters by which the sultan is bound.

"The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts, not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, but places her in a situation so commanding as to control at pleasure the destiny of Asia Minor.

"Prominently advanced into the centre of Armenia, in the midst of a Christian population, Russia holds the keys both of the Persian and the Turkish provinces; and, whether she may be disposed to extend her conquests to the east or to the west, to Teheran or to Constantinople, no serious obstacle can arrest her progress.

"In Europe the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are rendered virtually independent of the Porte. A tribute is, indeed, to be paid to the sultan, which he has no means of enforcing, except by the permission and even the assistance of Russia herself; and a prince, elected for life, is to demand investiture which cannot be withheld. The Mussulman inhabitants are to be forcibly expelled from the territory. The ancient right of pre-emption is abolished; and the supplies indispensable for Constantinople, for the Turkish arsenals, and for the fortresses are entirely cut off. The most important fortresses upon the Danube are to be razed, and the frontier left exposed and unprotected against incursions which at any future time may be attempted.

"It is sufficient to observe of the stipulations respecting the islands of the Danube, that their effect must be to place the control of the navigation and commerce of that river exclusively in the hands of Russia.

"Servia, by the incorporation of the six districts referred to in the treaty, is erected into an independent and powerful state; and when the allied powers shall have finally decided upon the character of the government, and the limits to be assigned to Greece, the circle will be completed of territories nominally dependent or tributary, but which must be animated with the most hostile spirit; and the recognition of which by the powers of Europe is scarcely compatible with the security, perhaps not with the existence of the Turkish empire.

"The commercial privileges and personal immunities which are secured by the treaty to the subjects of Russia appear to be at variance with any notion we are able to form of the authority of a sovereign and independent prince. It is true that by capitulations with the Porte, in consequence of the defective administration of justice by the Turkish government, rights have been obtained by European nations of such a description as would not have been conceded by the states of Christendom. These rights have not only been still further extended by the present treaty, but the stipulations, so far from being drawn up in the spirit of peace, are to all appearance rather calculated to invite and justify the renewal of hostilities. What reasonable prospect of 'eternal peace, friendship, and good understanding' can be afforded by an instrument which contains a special provision, making the calamities of war almost dependent upon the capricious extortion of a Turkish officer, or the unauthorised arrogance of a Russian trader?

"His majesty's government are persuaded that it will be impossible for his imperial majesty to reflect upon the terms of Article 7 of the treaty of Adrianople, without perceiving at once that they must be utterly subversive of the independence of the Ottoman power.

"This article stipulates that merchant vessels of all nations, without any restriction of size or tonnage, shall be admitted to pass freely through the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The right of visit on the part of the Turkish government is expressly excluded. This provision not only deprives the Porto of the exercise of a right in its own waters, inherent in the very nature of independent sovereignty; but it also destroys a necessary protection against the effects of foreign hostility or domestic treachery. The power of marching a Russian army, at any moment, through any part of the Turkish territory, without the permission of the government, could not be more degrading or more dangerous.

"Such stipulations are not only destructive of the territorial rights of sovereignty, and

threatening to the safety of the Porte, but their obvious tendency is to affect the condition and the interests of all maritime states in the Mediterranean, and may demand from those states the most serious consideration.

"How is the true character of the vessel to be ascertained? In former treaties the bulk and the amount of tonnage to be admitted had been fixed by Russia herself, and was regulated by what had been found to be most usual and most advantageous in the navigation of those seas. The right of search, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature and value of the cargo, with a view to fix the duties to be levied on importation, was very generally relinquished by the Porte in its practice towards the vessels of foreign powers; the ship's manifest transmitted from the consul's office being admitted as sufficient evidence of the nature of the cargo, instead of proof derived from actual inspection. But the right of visit, in order to ascertain the character of the vessel, and the object of the voyage, has never been relinquished, and can never be relinquished by a state in any degree careful of its own independence and of its safety.

"The Porte is not only prohibited from exercising any interference with the free passage of the straits by Russian ships, but it is also divested of this indispensable attribute of sovereignty in its relations with all other powers, and that, too, by virtue of a treaty concluded with the Emperor of Russia.

"If the Turkish government should detain and visit a ship belonging to any foreign state, the injury would not be offered to that state, with which, perhaps, no treaty may exist, but to the Emperor of Russia, who, according to the terms of the article in question, would at once be furnished with a justifiable cause of war against the Porte. But suppose any such state were fraudulently to send an armed vessel, or a vessel carrying armed men, into the waters of the Turkish dominion, and under the walls of the seraglio, with purposes the most hostile, would his imperial majesty, by the treaty of Adrianople, become responsible for such an act? In either case the sultan would be entirely dependent upon Russia in a matter in which the dignity and security of his government were vitally affected.

"Is it too much to say that such stipulations are inconsistent with the desire of his imperial majesty to preserve the independence of the Turkish empire.

"His majesty's government have always been persuaded that the power of imposing a pecuniary burden upon the Ottoman Porte, as a compensation and an indemnity for the expenses of the war, would be exercised in the promised spirit of equity and of moderation. His imperial majesty cannot fail to reflect that, in judging of the character of such a transaction, it is necessary to compare the sum exacted, not only with the

expenses of the war, but with the means of the power upon which the payment is imposed. The cabinet of St. Petersburg will undoubtedly acquiesce in the principle that indemnities, whether pecuniary or territorial, ought not by their operation to crush the Power by whom they are given, or to expose by their consequences the military security of neighbouring and allied states. The emperor is too wise not to desire, even in the midst of conquest and success, to maintain inviolate that system established for the general tranquillity of Europe, in which his imperial majesty's august predecessor took so prominent and so honourable a part. It is, therefore, with sincere satisfaction that his majesty's government have learnt from the declaration made by Count Nesselrode to your excellency, for the purpose of being transmitted to your government, 'that it was in contemplation not only to diminish the amount of the sum stipulated, but also to make a different arrangement with respect to its guarantee.' It is by such conduct that his imperial majesty will really manifest his generosity, and his regard for those principles of just and enlarged policy by which alone can be secured the confidence of his allies and the respect of Europe.

"Even if the emperor were not thus to yield at once to the impulse of his own disposition, the same determination would still be recommended by considerations of prudence, as being essential to the success of objects which he has professed to have much at heart. His imperial majesty has declared, that a regard for the true interests of Russia induced him to feel more desirous than any other European power of maintaining the independent existence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. He has also repeatedly avowed, that the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte demanded his constant solicitude, and that the obligations both of his own conscience and of public treaties imposed upon him the special duty of consulting their welfare and providing for their protection. These objects, at all times difficult to reconcile, would, under the strict execution of the treaty, become altogether incompatible with each other. The real situation of the Turkish power is too obvious to escape the most common observation. The sultan is surrounded by independent states, formed out of his own territories, and with the great mass of the European population of his empire anxiously waiting for the moment when they may profit by this example, and shake off his dominion altogether. Defeated and reduced to the lowest degree of humiliation, he has retained his throne and political existence by the mercy of his conqueror. The disaffection of his Mohammedan subjects of all ranks, whether produced by repeated disgrace or the effect of a gradual change long since in operation, has become general. In this condition, with a broken authority and exhausted resources, he is called

upon to provide for the indemnity which is exacted from him. In what manner is the sultan to relieve himself from this burden, and by whom must the sacrifices principally be made? If the Turkish government be still permitted to act at all as an independent power, it is clear that the necessary sums must be raised by fresh impositions upon the people, and by such means as are authorised by the law and customs of the empire. It is equally certain that the Christian subjects of the Porte must largely contribute to furnish these supplies. Compliance with the demands of the government will be difficult, but the urgency of the case will justify severity. Resistance may be attempted; if successful, leading to general confusion and revolt; if otherwise, spoliation and oppression will follow. At all events, new scenes of calamity will be opened calculated to frustrate the admitted objects of his imperial majesty, and fatally destructive both to the independence of the Porte and to the happiness and prosperity of the Christian subjects of the empire.

"There are other considerations which ought to have their due weight in the mind of his imperial majesty.

"It cannot be doubted that the result of the war has been such as to change entirely the relative position of the belligerents towards each other, as well as towards the neighbouring states and the rest of Europe. This change, it may be admitted, is to a certain extent the natural consequence of an unequal contest; for at the termination of hostilities, characterised on one side by the most signal success, and on the other by continued disaster, it would be unreasonable to suppose that the parties could in every respect resume their former relations. It is, therefore, not exclusively to the conditions of the peace, but also to the events of the war, that we are to ascribe the change which has taken place. In whatever manner it may have been accomplished, the fact is sufficient to justify some anxiety on the part of these powers, who have always felt a deep interest in the preservation of the system of the European balance established by the treaty of Paris and at the congress of Vienna. This anxiety must be greatly increased when, in addition to the unavoidable weakness and prostration of the Turkish power, it is found that fresh causes are brought into action which are obviously calculated to hasten and ensure its utter dissolution. The evils attending upon uncertainty, expectation, and alarm must be universally felt throughout Europe. Encouragement will be afforded to projects the most adverse to the general tranquillity; and the different powers, so far from disarming, will probably augment their warlike preparations, already too extensive for a state of peace.

"It is only by a frank and cordial desire on the part of his imperial majesty to remove all

reasonable grounds of suspicion and apprehension—it is only by a sincere endeavour, in conjunction with his allies, to confirm and perpetuate the repose which has hitherto been enjoyed, and by making this the main object of European policy, that we shall be enabled to avert the threatened dangers. In this salutary work his imperial majesty will assuredly call to mind the example of his illustrious predecessor; and he will recollect that, whatever may have been the glories of his reign, the last ten years of his life, devoted exclusively to the preservation of peace, eminently entitled him to the gratitude of Europe.

"I am to instruct your excellency to read this despatch to Count Nesselrode, and, if desired, to give his excellency a copy. The sentiments of his majesty are expressed without reserve, but with cordial and friendly feelings. They are expressed, too, without previous concert or communication with any other power whatsoever.

"I am, &c.,

"ABERDEEN."

The efforts of Nicholas have, ever since his accession, been constantly directed to the extension of his already overgrown territories. His proceedings have, on several occasions, excited a jealous and hostile feeling in England. The march of a Persian army, headed by Russian officers, in 1838, against Herat in Cabool, was looked upon as being a probable preliminary to the invasion of our Indian empire. These apprehensions were tranquillised by the repulse of the Persians, and subsequently still further so by the conquest of Afghanistan by the British arms. Such was the state of things previously to the breaking out of the present war.

Some account of the personal appearance, and some estimate of the mental powers and moral character of Nicholas, will afford an interest alike to the philosopher, the politician, the light reader, and the man of the world. The present Emperor of Russia is of colossal proportions, being about six feet two or three inches high, and possessing a great breadth of chest and shoulders. His features are handsome, his face being of the Grecian cast; and the general expression of it that of calmness, coldness, and dignity. The glance of his eye is singularly commanding. Many writers declare that it is absolutely magnetic. A Russian noble, Ivan Golovin, has said of him, "His eye is that of a despot; and nothing delights him so much as to see people stand in awe of him. The man who looks at him with a

steady eye, will never be one of his favourites." Amongst other anecdotes of the same kind it is related, that when Nicholas landed suddenly at Stockholm, without being announced, a Swedish admiral, who did not recognise him, got mixed with the throng of his attendants. The emperor, turning suddenly round, fixed a searching glance on the face of the mariner. The admiral was so disconcerted and impressed by the commanding gaze fixed upon him, that he involuntarily uncovered his head; and afterwards observed, "What a devil of a man! and what eyes! On my faith, as a sailor, I never saw his equal!" Mr. Thompson, in his *Life in Russia*, makes mention of these wonderful eyes. He observes, "At Tsarkoe Selo I had the fortune to meet the emperor in a retired garden, *en negligé*; I say fortune, because, demigod as he is, it is unusual to see him in mortal guise, undistinguished by the trappings of royalty and the proud bearing and theatrical deportment habitual to him. I went at his side without recognising him in his loose surtout and travelling cap, strolling along in contemplation; and it was not till our eyes met, that I felt his presence—yes, *felt* is the only applicable term; for it is impossible to withstand his eagle glance without an undefinable sensation of awe." It is said, that his mouth sometimes smiles, but his eyes never. They are as cold, stern, and unsympathising as those of the fabled sphinx of Thebes. Like the sphinx, he also has proposed a question difficult to be solved; but England and France will doubtless play the part of *Œdipus*, and answer his riddle. Colonel Cameron observes, "that if any human being was ever qualified for a monarch by the exterior advantages of majestic figure and high and kingly bearing, it is the Emperor Nicholas."

Such was Nicholas in appearance: the anxiety of recent events, and the fear of a disastrous termination of his unjust schemes, have however wrought a remarkable change in the autocrat. A writer in the *Times* newspaper gave an account of the arrival in their native country of some English engineers, who had been employed in the Russian service. Previous to their return, they had to pass eight days at St. Petersburg, during which period they accidentally saw Nicholas. "Some of them,"

says the account, "were quite shocked on beholding him again, as he looked twenty years older than when they had seen him at Cronstadt a few months before. He, so conspicuous for his erect carriage, now appears stooped with age and infirmity. A pertinacious liver complaint and a disease in the leg, with, what is still worse, 'a mind diseased,' had, in these few months, wrought this sad change. His majesty takes very little sustenance: he is restricted in his diet to the wing of a fowl, a little weak tea, or an occasional glass of champagne, diluted with water."

It is said that Nicholas affects, in some matters, to imitate the great Napoleon; but though a man of far more than average intellect, he will not for a moment stand comparison with that extraordinary individual. Nicholas is indefatigable in his attention to business: he controls and inspects every department of the state affairs himself, and frequently travels from place to place with so much rapidity, and makes his appearance at different government offices at times when he is so little expected, that, to his astonished officials, he seems almost to possess the power of ubiquity. The absolute despotism pervading every branch of his government depends almost entirely on his personal activity and intellectual energy. It must be admitted that this is but a frail support against the dangers that now threaten the colossal but unstable fabric both from within and without. The constitution of every despotic government may be likened to the house built upon sand spoken of in the scripture parable. When the rain falls, and the wind arises, and the storm beats heavily against that house, it falls to ruin. The mansion built upon the rock that resists the hurricane,—that stands firm amidst political troubles at home, and startling wars abroad,—is the state whose constitution is based upon justice, and whose soil is imprest by the feet of the genius of freedom.

Nicholas is described as a kind husband and father. His attention to his invalid empress, who for many years has been suffering from a nervous affection, is very great. He treats her with compassionate affection, and has sometimes carried her in his arms up the staircase to her chamber.* On the other hand, his adulteries are de-

* The Marquis de Custine thus describes her,—we presume rather as she was, than as she is:—"I saw the empress rapidly descending the flight of steps in

front of the pretty English-looking habitation which the emperor built in the magnificent park of Peterhoff, in the style of those villas of Gothic architecture so

scribed as being numerous, and in some cases heartless. He usually keeps at least one mistress; but that, we presume, is to be regarded as a matter of course for a Russian emperor. Indeed, until the reign of George III., few English sovereigns were without their one or two mistresses. Nicholas is sometimes very affable and condescending, especially towards foreigners of ability. It goes far towards creating him a good name in Europe—a point on which he is very susceptible. He is, however, harsh and cruel, and frequently presides in person at military executions. It is said he never alters sentences, except to add to their severity. Of course, he did not originate the barbarous punishments of the knout and the plitt, but he sanctions the continuance of them in all their hideous severity. The infliction of the knout is a torture infinitely worse than the rack, and the wretched victims frequently die under it. They are carried away to the hospital with the blood gushing in all directions from the lacerated green and blue flesh, and frequently with their bones broken by the strokes of the dreadful instrument. Barbarous punishments bespeak a savage nation and a merciless prince. If Nicholas possessed a heart open to the faintest approaches of compassion—susceptible to the most feeble throbbings of humanity—he could not permit the continuance of these cruelties. Nevertheless, he has signed hundreds of warrants sanctioning their infliction.

Of the moral character of such a man it is impossible to speak otherwise than in language of condemnation. Ivan Golovin (the Russian noble whose work has been already quoted), however, after bitterly condemning the emperor, says—"Notwithstanding all that I have said, I do not think Nicholas is a tyrant by nature, but only from *conviction*.* He is persuaded that if he acted otherwise, public affairs could not succeed. The habit of governing upon this principle

numerous on the banks of the Thames near Twickenham. The empress is tall and slender, and singularly graceful; her walk is quick, light, yet noble. She has certain motions of the hands and arms, certain attitudes and movements of the head, not to be forgotten. She was dressed in white, and wore a little white bonnet. Her eyes had a melancholy expression about them, yet sweet and serene; her face was surrounded by the folds of a lace veil; a transparent scarf was draped about her shoulders, completing a most elegant morning *toilette*."

* That tyranny is an unavoidable necessity is the common conventional idea amongst the educated

has given him a taste for cruelty. The Russians say that it requires an iron hand to govern them, but that the hand should be gloved. Nicholas has the iron hand, but he has forgotten the glove." It must further be admitted, that though the emperor rules with a sleepless despotism, that he directs his great energies to the advancement of his country. He has done much towards the introduction into it of manufactures, the arts, and improved modes of agriculture. As a statesman he is utterly without principle: always ready to obtain the objects of his crafty ambition by the sacrifice of his honour. He is an adept in prevarication; and while pledging his word as "a gentleman," can descend to the meanness of falsehood.

Nicholas has four sons and two daughters. The Grand Duke Alexander, the heir to the throne, born 1818. He is described (we sincerely hope *truly* so) as graceful and pensive in his manners, and amiable in his disposition. The Grand Duke Constantine, born 1827: his disposition is said to resemble that of the tyrannical uncle whose name he bears. Nicholas, born 1831; and Michael, born 1832. The Grand Duchess Maria, the emperor's eldest daughter, was born in 1819, married in 1839 to the Duke de Leuchtenberg, and is now a widow. The Grand Duchess Olga, the second daughter of the emperor, was born 1822. She is represented as very fair, and one of the most beautiful of her sex; but her health is extremely delicate.

A word or two respecting the most distinguished official persons attached to the service of the Russian court may be both appropriate and acceptable. Charles Albert, Count Nesselrode, the chief adviser of the emperor, is regarded as one of the most able statesmen of Europe.† He is now (1854) at the advanced age of eighty-four, and cannot, therefore, be expected long to direct the measures of his sovereign. Count

classes in Russia. They hold, that the people can only be ruled despotically; and that if the rod of iron were withdrawn, they would become unmanageable. With such an opinion we cannot coincide, nor do we think it does much credit to the judgment of those who entertain it.

† Since the above was written, the Emperor Nicholas has met the fate to which his ambitious schemes was then conducting him. After a few days of severe illness, he died early on the morning of the 2nd of March, 1855. Here it is not necessary to do more than mention the fact of his decease; the full particulars will be related in the place historic proportion assigns to them.

Gregory Orloff, the minister of police, is a *young* man in comparison with Nesselrode, being only in his sixty-seventh year. Evil rumours blacken his name; and it is whispered that he poisoned the late Emperor

Alexander, and other persons of distinction. Prince Menschikoff is the minister of marine; Prince Paskewitsch and Prince Woronzoff both enjoy high military reputation.

GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, AND EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.

THE government of Russia is despotic: the emperor is absolute, and his decrees are regarded as laws. The business of the country is carried on by three councils.

First.—The Council of the Empire, which is presided over by the czar, or by a member specially appointed. It is composed of forty persons, comprising the imperial princes, the statesmen, generals, and admirals. The latter are named by the emperor; and all the proceedings of this assembly are submitted to him. The council is divided into four departments:—first, the legislative; second, the military and naval; third, the civil and ecclesiastical affairs; and fourth, the financial.

Second.—The Directing Senate, which consists of about a hundred members, also chosen by the emperor, who presides at its meetings, and can annul its decisions. It is divided into several departments, the first of which superintends the general affairs of the country, and the others try civil and criminal cases.

Third.—The Synod, or as it is officially called, the Most Holy Directing Synod, which is the supreme administrative and judicial court for all ecclesiastical affairs. The emperor, as head of the church, controls its decisions.

The affairs of the empire are immediately attended to by the following ministries:—

1. Ministry of the imperial household:
2. Ministry of foreign affairs:
3. Ministry of interior affairs, or home department:
4. Ministry of war:
5. Ministry of marine:
6. Ministry of national education:
7. Ministry of finance:
8. Ministry of justice:
9. The board of control of the empire, which audits the accounts of all moneys expended for the public service:
10. Ministry of the post department:
- and 11. Ministry of the general direction of land and water communication.

Nicholas, immediately after he ascended the imperial throne, declared that a systematically arranged collection of the existing laws and ordinances should become the

basis of legislation. The result was a collection of them from 1649, until the death of the Emperor Alexander, in 1825, which were published in forty-eight quarto volumes. They were followed by a collection of the ordinances of Nicholas, from his accession to 1832, in eight quarto volumes.

The established religion of Russia is a branch of the Greek church; for an account of which see page 15. It differs from that form of Christianity chiefly in the fact, that the emperor is its head and protector. Nicholas is thus the pope as well as the sovereign of his people. The Russian church was governed by a patriarch, but Peter the Great contrived to abolish that office. His reason for so doing was, that the common people, not understanding the difference that exists between spiritual authority and that of a secular king, were dazzled by the honours paid to the patriarch, and so came gradually to regard him as a second potentate, whose authority was equal to that of the czar.

The Russian church contains forty dioceses, divided into three classes. The first is governed by metropolitans; the second by archbishops; and the third by bishops. There are four ecclesiastical academies in Russia, besides numerous seminaries. All the sons of the clergy are compelled to be educated at the latter, many of which contain colleges where the poorer students are maintained gratis. This compulsory education has the effect of producing some learned men; but the clergy generally are described as ignorant and servile. "The Russian people," observes the Marquis de Custine, "in the present day is the most believing of Christian nations: yet its faith has but little fruit; because, when a church abjures its liberty it loses its moral efficacy: a slave itself, it only engenders slaves." He adds, that the Christian religion has lost its virtue in Russia, and become merely the tool of despotism. The service in the churches is performed in the old Slavonic, now a dead language. It is full of repetitions; is generally

recited in a very slovenly manner, and forms a most unedifying mumbling. Probably the emperor may have a desire that the worship of the Deity should be so conducted. The precepts of Christianity clearly read to the people, and understood by them, might induce a state of mind not favourable to despotism. If the common people were familiar with the records of the Old Testament, they might soon take a lesson from its pages, and rend the frosty air of Russia with the ominous shout that startled Rehoboam—"To your tents, O Israel!" That cry once echoed through England; and some time after, a perjured monarch perished on the scaffold.

It may seem strange, that notwithstanding the mental apathy of the great mass of the Russian people, and their blind submission to authority, that dissenters are very numerous amongst them. They are called *Raskolniks*, from the Russian verb *raskolot* (to split.) Some sects entertain the most wildly extravagant notions. One sort consider shaving such a deadly sin, that the holy blood of the martyrs will not purify the rash man who commits it. Another party are distinguished by their occasional desire to burn or starve themselves to death. Suicide they justify from the following text from St. Mark, c. viii., v. 35:—"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall save it." Some of these unhappy wretches perish in a vain attempt to fast for forty days, in imitation of Christ in the wilderness. A third sect choose a man from among their number to represent the Saviour, and a woman to personate the Virgin, and then worship them. Among the Cossacks of the Don exist a numerous sect called Chinkmen, because while saying their prayers they keep their eyes fixed on a chink, through which a ray of light is passing. They never go to church, because God dwells not in a house made with hands, but is omnipresent. But perhaps the climax of fanatic absurdity is reached by the members of a certain sect, many of whom believing that by calculation they had discovered the very day and hour of the final judgment, dug their graves, and dressing themselves in their shrouds, lay down in the earth to meet it becomingly. As the time rolled on, and the expected destruction did not arrive, these superstitious idiots were compelled by

the cravings of hunger to get up and attend to their usual business.

Education in Russia is under the direction of the state. It is probable that this is to prevent the growth of liberal ideas; for an ukase of 1831 prohibits all Russian subjects, except those who are employed on diplomatic service, from educating their children abroad. But whatever the motive, the result is a favourable one; and it must not be forgotten, that in Russia, civilisation and the instruction of the people have originated with the government. The following extract from a manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas, of the 13th of July, 1826, is creditable to him:—"Let the fathers of families direct all their attention to the moral education of their children. It is certainly not to the progress of civilisation, but to vanity (which produces only idleness and vacuity of mind), to the want of real instruction, that we must attribute the licentiousness of thought; those unbridled passions—that confused and fatal half-knowledge—that tendency to extreme theories and political visions, which begin with demoralising, and end by ruining their victims. Let the fear of God, and solid and patriotic instruction, be the basis of all hope of improvement—the first duty of all classes." Although we do not fully concur with these sentiments, still there is much to approve in them. The English government might take a hint from the emperor on the subject of popular education. In this country, the church oppose a grant for the purpose of national education, unless the clergy are made the sole guardians of it. The dissenters also oppose a grant of so one-sided a character; and, in the meantime, the lowest orders in England are becoming the most illiterate in Europe.

In Russia, the institutions for public education are public schools of all classes, under the minister of national instruction; military schools, ecclesiastical schools, and special schools, depending on different branches of the administration. The latter alone are 1,622 in number, and the government contributes about 10,000,000 roubles* to their support. As the reader may suppose, that greatest teacher of a people—the press—is subject, in Russia, to a severe censorship.

* The value of the silver rouble is nearly 3s. 3d. of English money; that of the paper rouble thirty to forty per cent. lower.

CHAPTER III.

CAUSES OF THE WAR; THE HOLY PLACES; THE MENTSCHIKOFF NOTE; THE VIENNA NOTE; TURKISH DECLARATION OF WAR.

WE have shown that the Russian potentates had, for a long time, cast their eyes upon Constantinople, and were only waiting a convenient opportunity for its annexation to their broad dominions—by war, if war could not be prevented; but, if possible, in a quiet diplomatic sort of way;—in a way that was not calculated to alarm the great powers of Europe, until the czar had transferred the capital of his empire from the cold, damp, cheerless city of St. Petersburg, with its bitter frosts and dangerous floods, to Constantinople, with its warm climate, its brilliant skies, its palm-trees, gardens, and olive-groves. Such a change would, no doubt, have been very pleasant and desirable in the eyes of the emperor; but, for manifest reasons, very objectionable to the rest of Europe.

At length an event arose that seemed to promise the wished-for opportunity. The tomb of the Saviour of the world—of the Prince of Peace, was made the subject of incessant disputes between the Christians of the Greek church and those of the Roman catholic one.* In a religious view this was a matter of serious regret; but, in a political one, we had nothing to do with the bickerings of two sets of monks at Jerusalem. No human eye could discern that so small a question would give rise to another large enough to disturb the peace of Europe, and probably, in the end, rock the towering empire of Russia to its foundations. Yet it was to be so. In 1851, Louis Napoleon—not then Emperor of the French, but probably contemplating his famous *coup-d'état*, and wishing for something to divert the minds of the people—sent M. Lavalette to Constantinople, with an imperious demand that certain privileges should be granted to the

Latin or Roman Catholic Christians. The startled sultan, threatened with the appearance of a French fleet in the Dardanelles, conceded the privileges demanded by the representative of the French government.

The Emperor of Russia was instantly on the alert. He regards himself as the representative of the Greek Christians, and he immediately interposed in their behalf. He conceived (or pretended to conceive) that the privileges granted by the sultan to the Latin Christians derogated from the rights of the Greek ones, and especially from certain privileges recently granted to them by special firman. Upon the matter in question the sultan was indifferent; he did not regard the Greeks more than the catholics, for, in his eyes, they must of necessity both appear as infidels, contending for a worthless object. The dispute was between France and Russia, and the sultan was merely anxious to satisfy two powerful rivals without offending either. The courts of Russia and France grew warm upon the subject. Russian battalions began to muster on the confines of the Turkish principalities. The emperor expressed his determination to have an equivalent and compensation for the privileges of which the Greek church had been deprived, and a security by which those privileges should be fixed in future, while a French fleet hovered about the Mediterranean. These events, of course, attracted the notice of the English government, but it very properly observed a strictly impartial attitude. Its views are admirably expressed in the following despatch of Lord John Russell (then foreign secretary) to the English ambassador at Paris:—"Your excellency will understand therefore,—1. That into the merits of this dispute her majesty's government will Christians on the other, and in the centre is a Turkish guard, to keep them from cutting each other's throats." We are tempted to exclaim with Mr. Cobden, "Truly, it is heart-sickening to find, upon a question connected with the Christian religion, that Europe was now, in our day, to be deluged with blood. It was enough to confirm the doctrine of the cynic,—that we made no progress in this world; that we were perpetually going through a cycle of instincts; that, we were going back to the times of the Crusades." However, though religion stirred men's passions, it is ambition that has drawn the sword.

* The extent to which these disgraceful quarrels were carried may be judged of from the following anecdote:—An English missionary having attempted to convert the Turkish Pasha of Jerusalem to Christianity, the latter inquired, "What are the advantages of your religion over mine?" "Peace on earth, and glory after death," was the reply. "As to glory after death," said the pasha, "our prophet promises that too; and I doubt not he is as likely as yours to keep his word. As to peace on earth, the church of the sepulchre has a band of Greek Christians on the one side, and a band of Roman

not enter; 2. That her majesty's government disapprove of every threat, and still more the actual employment of force; and 3. That both parties should be told, that if they are sincere in their professions of a desire to maintain the independence of the Porte, they ought to abstain from the employment of any means calculated to display the weakness of the Ottoman empire. Above all, they ought to refrain from putting armies and fleets in motion for the purpose of making the tomb of Christ a cause of quarrel among Christians."

Such was the state of things when Prince Mentschikoff arrived at Constantinople as a special ambassador from St. Petersburg. Soon after his arrival, the Russian diplomatist (on the 2nd of March, 1853) paid his official visit to the grand vizier, but in a very pointed manner omitted the same compliment to the minister of foreign affairs. The arrogant and mysterious bearing of Prince Mentschikoff alarmed the sultan; and Colonel Rose (a gentleman who had the charge of British interests at Constantinople during the temporary absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), was informed that "his highness (*i.e.* the sultan) entertained strong apprehensions that the mission of Prince Mentschikoff, far from being of a conciliatory character, as pretended, was, on the contrary, intended to involve the Porte in serious difficulties, and that the emperor's object appeared to be to trample under foot the rights of the Porte and the dignity and independency of the sovereign."

Colonel Rose shared these apprehensions, and sent a requisition to Admiral Dundas to bring the squadron of her majesty's fleet, stationed at Malta, to the Dardanelles. The admiral considered Colonel Rose's demand as precipitate, and declined to comply with it. In this he met the approval of the English government, who were disposed to place reliance on the Emperor of Russia's solemn assurance to uphold the Turkish empire. Anxious to preserve peace, they had no desire by a suspicious bearing to provoke war. The dispute still seemed to refer only to the Holy Places, and the interests of Europe were apparently not involved.

When Lord Stratford returned to Constantinople, he was informed by the Turkish ministers that Prince Mentschikoff had made a demand for a secret treaty, which, besides settling the dispute concerning the Holy

Places, was to define certain general relations between Russia and the Porte. These proposals, he added, must on no account be permitted to transpire. The suspicions of Lord Stratford concerning the conduct of the Russian government were awakened, and he advised the Turkish ministers to keep the question of the Holy Places separate from the ulterior proposals, and to avoid entering upon the latter until the former had been adjusted. To pacify the Porte, he added, "the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas, his obligations in common with the other great powers of Christendom, and his frequent declarations of respect for the independence of the Turkish empire, exclude the suspicion of any attempt to carry his point by mere arbitrary force. He lies under the restraint of moral as well as political considerations. He could not throw off the mask, and compel the Porte to accept, on no distinct grounds of treaty, propositions materially affecting the sultan's relations with a large portion of his subjects, and consequently, to a certain degree, his position in the general scale of power, without exposing himself to severe censure, and risking interests of the most important character. Were it, however, to turn out, contrary to all reasonable calculation, that his ambassador was authorised to proceed to extremities, the Porte would still have the resource of reserving its compliance until it had consulted with those of its allies, who, together with Russia, were parties to the treaty of 1841."

Notwithstanding the suspicions excited, and the vague conduct of Prince Mentschikoff, the moderation of the French government was so great when it learnt that the peace of Europe was likely to be disturbed, that it withdrew its demands, and the dispute died away. On the 25th of April, 1853, it was announced that the misunderstanding respecting the Holy Places was virtually adjusted. Both France and Russia announced themselves satisfied, and the British ambassador received the acknowledgments of the latter power for his valuable offices in restoring a good understanding. Still there was a certain mystery about the conduct of Russia; and the Russian forces remained upon the frontiers of Turkey, on the excuse that the emperor wanted an equivalent to the Greek church for the privileges he had lost. The mystery soon became apparent, and a few days afterwards,

on the 5th of May, Prince Mentschikoff presented to the Ottoman minister a communication, which is properly regarded as the immediate cause of war, and has given rise to events that have sent many thousands to premature and blood-stained graves. This was the now famous document called the "MENTSCHIKOFF NOTE."

By this production, Turkey was made a principal in a disagreement originally existing only between Russia and France. The object for which the emperor interfered was no longer the protection of the Greek priests at Jerusalem, but to obtain a power over *all* the subjects of the Ottoman empire who were attached to the Greek church, amounting to about 12,000,000 persons. The Mentschikoff note demanded, with stern politeness, that the protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey be conceded to the Emperor of Russia. Other objectionable demands were made, but this was the principal. In imperious language, Prince Mentschikoff desired an answer within five days, and concluded his note with the following threatening sentence:—"He cannot consider a longer delay in any other light than as a want of respect towards his government, which would impose upon him the most painful duty." The sultan felt that his assent would invest the czar with a perpetual right of intervention in the concerns of nearly one-half of his subjects. Indeed, the Turkish minister correctly described the result of such a compliance as "a virtual partition of the empire."

The government of the sultan, though evidently alarmed at the strange demand made upon it, acted with great spirit. It replied, that the privileges granted to its Christian subjects were its own act, and not dictated or regulated by treaties with any foreign power. It therefore resolved to reject the demands made by the Mentschikoff note, as incompatible with the preservation of Turkish independence.

The Porte, however, laid the case before the ambassadors of both England and France, who immediately sent off couriers with the intelligence to their respective governments. The ministers of both countries considered the demands of Russia as inadmissible, but were anxious to prevent any misunderstanding which might give rise to hostilities. On the 31st of May, Lord Clarendon conveyed the opinions of the British government to our minister at St. Petersburg in the following terms of ex-

postulation:—"No sovereign, having a proper regard for his own dignity and independence, could admit proposals so undefined as those of Prince Mentschikoff, and by treaty confer upon another and a more powerful sovereign a right of protection over a large portion of his own subjects. However well disguised it may be, yet the fact is, that under the vague language of the proposed *séncé*, a perpetual right to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey would be conferred upon Russia; for, governed as the Greek subjects of the Porte are by their ecclesiastical authorities, and looking, as these latter would in all things do, for protection to Russia, it follows that 14,000,000 of Greeks (*i. e.*, members of the Greek church) would henceforward regard the emperor as their supreme protector, and their allegiance to the sultan would be little more than nominal, while his own independence would dwindle into vassalage." The French ambassador also admitted, on the part of his government, "the validity and force of the objections taken by the Ottoman ministers." The Prussian minister expressed a similar opinion. And Austria, although careful and hesitating, considered the proceedings of Prince Mentschikoff as dangerous.

Thus strengthened, the Turkish government refused to accede to the demands of Russia, and Prince Mentschikoff immediately left Constantinople. The Porte had a perfect right, according to the laws of nations, to resist such a demand as had been made upon her; but the coveted opportunity had arrived, and the czar resolved not to omit endeavouring to profit by it. In his extreme anxiety, however, to throw from himself the odium of disturbing the peace of Europe, he caused Count Nesselrode to address a final ultimatum, in the form of a letter to Redschid Pasha, minister of foreign affairs to the sultan. From it we extract the following important passage:—"The emperor, my master, has informed me that Prince Mentschikoff was *obliged* to quit Constantinople, after a stay there of three months, without having been able to obtain the guarantees which he demanded for the rights and privileges of the Greek church. The emperor considers the refusal of the Porte as a complete want of consideration—as an *affront* offered to his person. He approves completely of the conduct of his ambassador. In his solicitude for the preservation of the Ottoman empire, he recom-

mends the Porte to reflect once more on the disastrous consequences of its refusal, the whole responsibility of which must rest upon it; and he accords, for the purpose, a final delay of eight days. At the expiration of that period the Russian troops will cross the frontiers, not to wage war, but to obtain from the sultan the concessions which he refused to accord by the way of a friendly arrangement. Count de Nesselrode hopes, however, that the Porte, better advised, will yield before the emperor shall need to have recourse to means which are repugnant to his sentiments for the sultan, Abdul-Medjid, but the employment of which is imperatively imposed on him by his *conscience* and by that of his people.* The eight days having expired, and the Turks remaining firm, the emperor gave orders that the Russian armies, under the command of Prince Gortschakoff, should cross the river Pruth, which divides Russia from the Danubian provinces. The order was given on the 25th of June, and instantly obeyed. The Russian troops destined for the occupation of Wallachia passed over the river at Leova; those intended for Moldavia crossed at Skouliany. The decisive step was thus taken, and the two-headed eagle made its first swoop. War was not declared, but an act of military aggression was performed. A deed was done which threw the Porte into consternation, the Turkish people into a state of fury, and which rendered the maintenance of peace impossible. The czar also issued the following manifesto to the Russian people:—

"By the grace of God, we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., &c.,

"Making known to our faithful and well-beloved subjects, that from time immemorial our glorious predecessors took the vow to defend the orthodox faith.

"From the moment that it pleased Divine Providence to transmit to us the hereditary throne, the observation of those sacred duties which are inseparable from it has constantly been the object of our cares and solicitude. Based on the glorious treaty of Kainardji, confirmed by the solemn transactions concluded afterwards with the Ottoman Porte, those cares and solicitude have always had for their object to guarantee the rights of the orthodox church.

* This document well deserves the fierce and stinging epithets applied to it by the venerable Lord Lyndhurst; namely, that it was "offensive illogical, and insulting."

"But to our profound affliction, notwithstanding all our efforts to defend the integrity of the rights and privileges of our orthodox church, latterly numerous arbitrary acts of the Ottoman government attacked those rights, and threatened finally to destroy entirely the whole order of things sanctioned by centuries, and so dear to the orthodox faith.

"Our efforts to dissuade the Porte from such acts have been fruitless, and even the solemn word which the sultan had given to us on the occasion has been violated.

"Having exhausted all the means of persuasion, and all the means of obtaining in a friendly manner the satisfaction due to our just reclamations, we have deemed it indispensable to order our troops to enter the Danubian principalities, to show the Porte to how far its obstinacy may lead it. Nevertheless, even now it is not our intention to commence war. By the occupation of the principalities we wish to have in our heart a pledge which will guarantee to us in every respect the re-establishment of our rights.

"We do not seek conquests. Russia does not need them. We demand satisfaction for a legitimate right openly infringed. We are ready even now to stop the movement of our troops, if the Ottoman Porte engages to observe religiously the integrity of the privileges of the orthodox church. But if obstruction and blindness obstinately desire the contrary, then, invoking God to our aid, we will leave to His care to decide our difference; and, placing our full hope in His all-powerful hand, we will march to the defence of the orthodox faith.

"Given at Peterhoff, the 14th (26th) of the month of June, 1853, in the twenty-eighth year of our reign.—(Signed)—NICHOLAS."

The Emperor Nicholas was anxious to keep up the mask to the last. If the states of Europe were no longer to be deceived, he desired to appear, at least in the estimation of his people, as the religious protector of their fellow-Christians of the Greek church. He would cover his ambition with the dim veil of superstition. He would persuade his priest-ridden subjects that his eyes were not cast upon the fertile lands of the Ottoman, but raised in devotional longings to the plains of Paradise. This manifesto was addressing the cry of a crusade to a people blindly led by their priests, and scarcely better informed than were the European masses in the ages of the crusaders.

With powerful Russian armies in Moldavia and Wallachia, it was evident that the independence of Turkey was at stake. What was to be done? The great powers of Europe hesitated to interfere, and it seemed as if the Porte must submit to any demands the Russian government might impose, or enter single-handed upon a ruinous contest with that gigantic power. France, though fully admitting the rights of the Porte, at first declined the responsibility of advising it how to proceed; and the English government also held aloof. No doubt all parties felt that it was not a light matter to commence a contest which might convulse Europe. The great nations had been so long at peace, that the prospect of war seemed new and strange. There was an ominous and uneasy pause, like to that strange silence in the sultry air which so often precedes a storm. France was the first to declare herself. The manifesto of the emperor had filled the government of that country with indignation, and its ministers declared that they were ready to fulfil every object imposed upon them by treaty, and desirous to co-operate with England in upholding the Turkish empire. The government of this country soon came to the same resolution, and the union between the two western powers was thus virtually established.

To give effect to their views, and to prepare for contingencies, the combined fleets of England and France anchored in Besika Bay, near the straits of the Dardanelles. This, however, was done merely as a precautionary measure, and without any desire for war. England and France had, indeed, both decided upon pursuing a forbearing policy; so much so, that the members of the English government have been much censured for the pacific character of the advice they gave to the Porte.

As the czar occupied the Danubian principalities without resistance, he next addressed himself to the difficult task of justifying his conduct in the eyes of Europe. At his master's direction, Count Nesselrode addressed a circular note to the Russian envoys at foreign courts. It was dated on the 20th of June, and, after reviewing the question at length, described the passage of the Pruth by the Russian troops, and the occupation of the principalities, as a result of the attitude of France and England. "They," said the note we allude to, "at once sent their fleets into the waters of Constantinople. They occupy already the

seas and ports of the Ottoman empire at the entrance of the Dardanelles. By that advanced attitude the two powers have placed us under the weight of a threatening demonstration, which, as we forewarned them, has added new complications to the crisis." It added, that the Russian troops had not entered the principalities in order to make offensive war on the Porte, but because the Porte, in persisting to refuse the moral guarantee sought by the emperor, obliged him to substitute for it a *material* guarantee. It was, however, to be only temporary, and to serve as a pledge until better counsels prevailed in the minds of the sultan's ministers. This sophistical production was ably reviewed and answered by M. Drouin de Lhuys, the French minister for foreign affairs. A similar reply was also made by our ministers, and transmitted to St. Petersburg.

Though England and France had alone interfered to protect Turkey against the ambitious designs of her northern neighbour, yet all the important states of Europe had an interest in the dispute, and none more so than the two great European powers that border upon Russia; namely, Austria and Prussia. Probably, their very proximity to Russia is the reason that, although alarmed at its proceedings, they held aloof from committing themselves in favour of the Ottoman Porte. But the proceedings of the czar had produced an excitement amongst the diplomatists of Europe, and almost every court and every ambassador had projects of his own for the adjustment of existing differences. At length Count Buol, the Austrian minister, called upon the representatives of the great powers at Vienna to consult together, with the view of arriving at the adoption of some proposal which could be submitted to the Porte with the sanction of all their governments. That suggestion ended in the meeting of the conference of Vienna.

In the meantime the Russian army remained in the principalities, the Turks prepared vigorously for the coming storm, and the sultan issued a proclamation to his people, which, after giving an account of the dispute between him and the emperor, expressed these liberal sentiments:—"The Sublime Porte has tranquillized all her subjects, and has enjoined them to remain quiet in their several occupations of agriculture and commerce; and she requires of them to obey all her commands. As has been already mentioned, the claims of Russia relate to the

religious privileges of the Greeks. The Greek sect and their chiefs have personally nothing to do with this affair, but have, on the contrary, expressed their gratitude and thanks to their government, and are sorry that such a question has ever been mooted. They must not, therefore, be looked upon as enemies. Armenians, Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are also the true and faithful subjects of our lord and padishah; the Greeks are so also, and they must, therefore, live in peace with each other."

The representatives of the four great powers assembled at Vienna (namely, England, France, Austria, and Prussia) to adjust the differences between Russia and the Porte, framed a document or "note," as it is technically called, which they considered the sultan might agree to give, and the czar to accept, without affecting the independence of the one, or the dignity of the other. After much consideration, the following note was produced, which, on account of its importance, we subjoin:—

"H.M. the sultan, having nothing more at heart than to re-establish between his majesty and the Emperor of Russia the relations of good neighbourship and perfect harmony (*entente*), which have been unhappily disturbed by recent and painful complications, has carefully undertaken the task to find the means to efface the traces of those different points.

"A supreme *iradé*, of date —, having made known to him the imperial decision, the Sublime Porte, &c., congratulates itself at being able to communicate it to H.E. Count de Nesselrode. If at all times the emperors of Russia have shown their active solicitude (1) for the maintenance of the immunities and privileges of the orthodox Greek church in the Ottoman empire, the sultans never refused to confirm them anew by solemn acts, which attested their ancient and constant benevolence towards their Christian subjects.

"H.M. the sultan, Abdul-Medjid, now reigning, animated by the same dispositions, and being desirous to give to H.M. the Emperor of Russia a personal proof of his most sincere friendship, only listened to his unbounded confidence in the eminent qualities of his august friend and ally, and has deigned to take into serious consideration the *representations* (2) of which H.E. Prince Mentschikoff rendered himself the interpreter to the Sublime Porte.

"The undersigned has consequently re-

ceived the order to declare by the present that the government of H.M. the sultan will remain *faithful to the letter and the spirit of the stipulations of the treaties of Kuscuijki-Kainardji* (3) and of *Adrianople, relative to the protection of the Christian worship* (4); and that H.M. regards it as a point of honour with him to cause to be preserved for ever from all attacks, either at present or in future, the enjoyment of the spiritual privileges which have been accorded by the august ancestors of H.M. to the orthodox church in the East, and which are maintained and confirmed by him; and, moreover, to allow the Greek worship to participate in a spirit of high justice in the advantages conceded (5) to other Christians by convention or special agreement.

"Moreover, as the imperial firman which has recently been given to the Greek patriarchate and clergy, and which contains the confirmation of their spiritual privileges, must be regarded as a new proof of those noble sentiments; and as, moreover, the proclamation of that firman, which gives every security, must dispel for ever every anxiety as regards the worship which is the religion of his majesty the Emperor of Russia, I am happy to be charged with the duty of making the present notification. As regards the guarantee, that in future nothing shall be changed at the place of visitation at Jerusalem, it results from the firman provided with the *Hatti Humayon* of the 15th of the moon of Rebbi Ulakir, 1268 (February, 1852), explained and corroborated by the firmans of —; and it is the formal intention of his majesty the sultan to cause his sovereign decisions to be executed without any alteration.

"The Sublime Porte, moreover, officially promises that no modification shall be made in the state of things which has just been regulated without a previous agreement with the governments of Russia and France, and without prejudice whatever to the Christian communities.

"In case the imperial court of Russia should demand it, a suitable locality shall be assigned in the city of Jerusalem, or in the vicinity, for the construction of a church consecrated for the performance of divine service by Russian ecclesiastics, and of a hospital for indigent or sick pilgrims of the same nation.

"The Sublime Porte engages itself even now to subscribe in this respect a solemn act, which would place those pious founda-

tions under the special surveillance of the consulate-general of Russia in Syria and Palestine."

The emperor accepted this note; the diplomatists at Vienna were highly gratified; and it was generally considered that the dispute was at an end, and the war-cloud dispelled. Such was not the case. To the astonishment of Europe the Porte reopened the debate by refusing the note, unless with certain modifications of its own. The passages to which the sultan objected we have printed in italics, and numbered. What he proposed to substitute in the place of them, were the following alterations:—

"(1) For the worship of the orthodox Greek church, the sultans have never ceased to watch over the maintenance of the immunities and privileges of that worship and of that church in the Ottoman empire, and to confirm them anew by solemn acts which attest, &c.

"(2) The communications.

"(3) Of Kouschouk-Kainarji, confirmed by that of Adrianople, relative to the protection by the Porte of the Christian worship.

"(4) And to make known that H.M. the sultan, &c.

"(5) The advantages accorded, and which may be accorded, to other Christian communities, Ottoman subjects."

The note thus altered was sent back to the representatives of the four powers at Vienna, with a despatch containing the reasons of the Porte for the proposed substitutions. The diplomatists were surprised and displeased; and politicians of all nations thought the conduct of the Turks to be rash. It was considered, that as they had placed their cause in European hands, that they ought to have been satisfied with a decision which, it was universally admitted, had been dictated with a sincere desire for their benefit: the more so, as these Turkish corrections appeared somewhat trivial, and to involve no principle. Still, though the representatives of the Western powers considered the alterations unnecessary, and therefore injudicious, yet, as they did not think them in any sense opposed to their own views, they consented to recommend them for the adoption of the emperor. It

was now the turn of Nicholas; and he *refused* to accept the note with the modifications attached to it. His reasons for so doing are contained in the following despatch from Count Nesselrode to Baron Mayendorff, dated the 18th of September:—

"We have just received, together with your excellency's reports of the 16th (28th) of August, the alterations which the Ottoman Porte has made in the draught of a note drawn up at Vienna.

"Count Buol will only require to recall to mind the expressions of our communication of the 25th of July, to form a clear idea of the impression these alterations have made on his majesty the emperor.

"When I, in his majesty's name, accepted that draught of a note which Austria, after having previously procured it to be approved and accepted by the courts of France and England, described to us as an ultimatum that she intended to lay before the Porte, and on the acceptance of which, the continuance of her friendly offices was to depend, I added, in a despatch which you, baron, were instructed to communicate to the Austrian cabinet, the following remarks and reservations:—'I consider it to be superfluous to remark to your excellency, that, whilst we, in a spirit of conciliation, accept the proposal of accommodation agreed to at Vienna, and of sending a Turkish ambassador, we assume that we shall not have further changes and fresh propositions to examine and to discuss, which may happen to be contrived at Constantinople under the warlike inspiration which seems at present to influence the sultan and the majority of his ministers; and that, should the Ottoman government also reject this last arrangement, we should no longer hold ourselves by the consent which we now give to it.'

"Expressions so precise as these could leave the Austrian government no doubt as to our present decisions.

"I will not at the present moment enter into the alterations of the wording which have been made at Constantinople. I have made them the subject of special remark in another despatch.* I will, for the moment, confine myself to asking whether the em-

* The following is the Russian analysis of the three principal modifications introduced by the Ottoman Porte into the Vienna note. Though somewhat lengthy, its importance demands its insertion, for it is a necessary link in the chain of history:—

"1. In the Vienna draught it is said, 'If the emperors of Russia have at all times evinced their active solicitude for the maintenance of the immunities and privileges of the orthodox Greek church in the Ottoman empire,' &c. This passage has been thus modified:—'If the emperors of Russia have at all times

peror, after having for himself renounced the power to change even a word in that draught of a note, which was drawn up without his participation, can allow the Ottoman Porte alone to reserve to itself that power, and whether he can suffer Russia to be thus placed in an inferior

evinced their active solicitude for the religion and orthodox Greek church.' The words, 'in the Ottoman empire,' as well as those, 'the maintenance of the immunities and privileges,' have been struck out, in order to be transposed to a subsequent passage, and applied to the sultans alone. This omission deprives the mutilated passage of all its meaning and sense. For no one assuredly disputes the active solicitude of the sovereigns of Russia for the religion which they profess themselves, and which is that of their subjects. What it was designed to recognise is, that there has ever existed on the part of Russia active solicitude for her co-religionists in Turkey, as also for the maintenance of their religious immunities, and that the Ottoman government is disposed to take account of that solicitude, and also to leave those immunities untouched. The present expression is the more unacceptable, since, by the terms which follow it, more than solicitude for the orthodox religion is attributed to the sultans. It is affirmed that they have never ceased to watch over the maintenance of its immunities and privileges, and to confirm them by solemn acts. However, it is precisely the reverse of what is thus stated, which, having more than once occurred in times past, and specifically in the affair of the Holy Places, has compelled us to apply a remedy to it, by demanding a more express guarantee for the future. If we lend ourselves to the admission that the Ottoman government has never ceased to watch over the maintenance of the privileges of the Greek church, what becomes of the complaints which we have brought forward against it? By doing so, we admit that we had no legitimate grounds of complaint; that Prince Mentschikoff's mission was without motive; that, in a word, even the note which it has addressed to us was wholly superfluous.

"2. The suppressions and additions of words introduced into this passage, with marked affectation, are evidently intended to invalidate the treaty of Kainardji, while having the appearance of confirming it. It was said in the note originally drawn up at Vienna, that, 'faithful to the letter and to the spirit of the stipulations of the treaties of Kainardji and Adrianople, relative to the protection of the Christian religion, the sultan considers himself bound in honour . . . to preserve from all prejudice . . . the immunities and privileges granted to the orthodox church.' These terms, which made the maintenance of the immunities to be derived from the very spirit of the treaty,—that is to say, from the general principle laid down in the seventh article—were in conformity with the doctrine which we have maintained and still maintain. For, according to us, the promise to protect a religion and its churches implies of necessity the maintenance of the immunities enjoyed by them. They are two inseparable things. These terms, originally agreed upon at Vienna, were subsequently first modified at Paris and at London; and, if we did not object to this at the time, as we should have been entitled to do, it is not that we misunderstood the purport of that

position *vis-à-vis* Turkey? We hold this to be inconsistent with the dignity of the emperor. Let us recall the whole series of events, as they took place. In the place of the Mentschikoff note, the acceptance of which, without alteration, we had stipulated as the condition of our resuming our rela-

alteration. We clearly perceived the distinction made between two points which, in our estimation, are indissolubly connected with each other; but this distinction was, however, marked with sufficient delicacy to admit of our accepting, from a spirit of conciliation, and from a desire of speedily arriving at a definitive solution, the terms of the note as they were presented to us, which we thenceforth looked upon as unalterable. These motives of deference no longer apply to the fresh modification of the same passage which has been made at Constantinople. The line of demarcation between the two objects is there too plainly drawn to admit of our accepting it without falsifying all that we have said and written. The mention of the treaty of Kainardji is superfluous, and its confirmation without object, from the time that its general principle is no longer applied to the maintenance of the religious immunities of the religion. It is for this object that the words 'the letter and the spirit' have been suppressed. The fact that the protection of the Christian religion is exercised 'by the Sublime Porte' is needlessly insisted on, as if we pretended ourselves to exercise that protection in the sultan's dominions; and, as it is at the same time omitted to notice that, according to the terms of the treaty, the protection is a promise made and an engagement undertaken by the sultan, there is an appearance of throwing a doubt upon the right which we possess of watching over the strict fulfilment of that promise.

"3. The alteration proposed in this passage of the Austrian note is altogether inadmissible. The Ottoman government would merely engage to allow the orthodox church to share in the advantages which it might grant to other Christian communities, subjects of the Porte. But if those communities, whether catholics or others, were not composed of native rayahs, but of foreign monks or laymen (and such is the case with nearly the whole of the convents, hospitals, seminaries, and bishoprics of the Latin rite in Turkey), and if, let us say, it should be the good pleasure of the Porte to grant to those establishments fresh religious advantages and privileges, the orthodox communities, in their character of Ottoman subjects, would not, under the terms which it is desired to introduce into this note, have the right of claiming the same favours, nor would Russia have the right of interceding for them. The malevolent intention of the ministers of the Porte will become still more evident, if we cite an instance—a possible contingency. Let us suppose the very probable case of the Latin patriarch of Jerusalem, recently extolled, obtaining from the Porte prerogatives not enjoyed by the Greek patriarch. Any claim on the part of the latter would be rejected, in consideration of his character of 'subject of the Porte.' The same objection would be made by the Ottoman ministry with reference to the catholic establishments of Palestine, in case any fresh advantage or right not specified in the last firmans should hereafter be granted to them to the prejudice of the native communities."

tions with the Porte, a different note was proposed to us. On this ground alone we might have refused to take it into consideration. And even after entering upon it we might have found occasion to raise more than one objection, to propose more than one alteration in the expressions. You know, baron, that from the moment we consented to give up our ultimatum, no note of any form whatever was what we desired—that we should have preferred another plan, another form of agreement. We did not insist on this plan; we have laid it entirely on one side. Why? Because, as soon as we should have made counter-propositions, we should have exposed ourselves to the reproach of protracting matters, of intentionally prolonging the crisis which is disquieting Europe. Instead of this, as we wished to put an end to the crisis as soon as possible, we sacrificed our objections both as regards the contents and the form. On the receipt of the first draught of a note, without waiting to learn if it had been approved in London or in Paris, we notified our accession to it by telegraph. Subsequently the draught was forwarded to us in its final form; and although it had been altered in a direction which we could not misunderstand, we did not retract our consent, nor raise the smallest difficulty. Could greater readiness or a more conciliatory spirit be shown? When we thus acted, we did so, as a matter of course, on the condition that a draught which the emperor accepted without discussion should be accepted by the Porte in a similar manner. We did so under the conviction that Austria looked on it as an ultimatum, in which nothing was to be changed—as the last effort of her friendly mediation, which, should it fail in consequence of the pertinacity of the Porte, would thereby of itself come to an end. We regret that it was not so. But the Vienna cabinet will admit, that if we had not to do with an ultimatum, but with a new draught of a note, in which either of the parties concerned was at liberty to make changes, we should thereby recover the right—of which we had of our own accord deprived ourselves—of proposing variations on our part, of taking the proposal of arrangement into consideration, and not only changing the expressions, but also the form.

“Could such a result be intended by Austria? Could it be agreeable to the powers, who, by altering and accepting her

draught, have made it their common work? It is their affair to consider the delays which will result from this, or to inquire if it is for the interest of Europe to cut them short. We see only one single means of putting an end to them. It is for Austria and the powers to declare to the Porte, frankly and firmly, that they, after having in vain opened up to it the only road that could lead to an immediate restoration of its relations with us, henceforth leave the task to itself alone. We believe, that as soon as the powers unanimously hold this language to the Porte, the Turks will yield to the advice of Europe, and, instead of reckoning on her assistance in a struggle with Russia, will accept the note in its present form, and cease to compromise their position so seriously for the childish satisfaction of having altered a few expressions in a document which we had accepted without discussion. For of these two positions only one is possible,—either the alterations which the Porte requires, are important, in which case it is very simple that we refuse to accede to them; or they are unimportant, and then the question arises, why should the Porte unnecessarily make its acceptance dependent on them?

“To sum up succinctly what we have said, the ultimatum drawn up at Vienna is not ours. It is the work of Austria and the powers, who, after having first of all agreed to it, then discussed it, and altered its original text, have recognised it as such as the Porte could accept without its interests or its honour being compromised. We, on our part, have done everything that depended upon us to shorten unnecessary delays, inasmuch, as when the arrangement was laid before us, we renounced all counter-propositions. No one will refuse to bear this testimony to the *loyauté* of the emperor. After our having long exhausted the measure of concessions without the Porte’s having as yet made a single one, his majesty can go no further without compromising his own standing, and without exposing himself to a resumption of his relations with Turkey under unfavourable auspices, which would deprive them for the future of all stability, and must inevitably produce a fresh and signal breach. Even now, further concessions with regard to the expressions of the note would be of no use; for we see, by your despatch, that the Ottoman government is only waiting for our consent to the alterations made in the Vienna note,

to make its signature, as well as its sending off an ambassador to convey the latter hither, dependent on fresh conditions, and that it has already made inadmissible proposals with respect to the evacuation of the principalities. As regards the latter point, we can only refer to the assurances and declarations contained in our despatch of the 10th of August; and repeat, that the arrival of the Turkish ambassador, bearing the Austrian note without alterations, will suffice at St. Petersburg for the orders to be issued to our troops to retire over the frontier."

Count Nesselrode's despatch in justification of the conduct of the czar, proved fatal to his cause. From it, it appeared that the apprehensions of the Turks were well founded; and that the meaning they had detected in the Vienna note could not only have been placed upon it, but had actually been relied upon by the quick-sighted emperor in giving his consent to it. The eyes of the representatives of the four powers were opened, and they then approved of the conduct of the Porte in proposing these seemingly trivial substitutions in the note that had been submitted to the czar. "It cannot be denied," says an able writer in the *Times*, "that in this matter of the Vienna note there had been a singular amount of diplomatic blundering. Four trained diplomatists had drawn up a document to secure a certain object, which object such document left substantially unsecured; and, what is more, the oversight remained undetected by their respective governments, and even unappreciated after its detection by Turkey, until Russia herself came forward with a demonstration of the fact. It is evidently not credible that either the Vienna negotiators or the Western cabinets should have assented to the note, if they had believed it to contain what it did contain; for such a course would have been a gratuitous sacrifice of the very principles for which they were taking the trouble to contend. If they had designed to let the czar have his way, they might have done so without any conference at all, and their labour would have been saved. All that can be said is, that when the mistake became really apparent, they did their best to remedy it; and, as they were not in the position of accepted arbitrators, whose award was to be final, they were left at perfect liberty to support the Turkish government in a refusal which had been thus unexpectedly justified. This course the govern-

ments of France and England promptly adopted; and while still earnestly advocating a pacific settlement, they resolutely backed the Porte in its rejection of the Vienna note."

The Russian occupation of the Danubian principalities created an intense excitement amongst the Turks, and excited a dangerous feeling of religious enthusiasm. They were divided into two sections—the old Mussulman party, and the new reform one. Redschid Pasha was the acknowledged leader of the latter, which embraced the less fanatical and less influential portion of the Mussulmans, and had any negative advantage that might accrue from the goodwill of the Greeks and Armenians. The Mussulman, or war-party, was led by Mehemed Ali Pasha, and comprised all the ulemahs and strict followers of Mohammed. Indeed, it possessed the sympathy of the most energetic and enthusiastic of the people. "In the first place," reasoned its followers, "we can overcome the Russians single-handed; and in the second, should adverse fortune befall, and Constantinople be endangered, fear of Russia will compel England and France to support us actively. In the one event, our strength will effect our protection; and in the other, our weakness will secure us powerful allies."

Animated by this feeling, the Turkish people called loudly for war; inflammatory placards were posted on the walls of Constantinople; the lives of the Christians were considered to be in danger; the storm of revolution was gathering; and even the throne of the pacific sultan was in peril. The passions of the people were aroused, and they heroically spurned all thoughts of danger arising from a contest with an enemy more powerful than themselves. They would vindicate their nationality; assert their independence; and expel the invading Russians from their borders. The cry was war—a *holy* war: a war in the cause of freedom and their prophet. Redschid Pasha even expressed his apprehensions to the English and French ambassadors, that their countrymen might be exposed to serious dangers, arising from the religious fanaticism of the people—dangers from which the government was not powerful enough to protect them. Vessels were detached from the combined fleets and sent to the Turkish capital, to provide for the safety of the European Christians. As the reasons for this cir-

cumstance were at the time generally unknown to English politicians, it excited some suspicions in this country of the sincerity of the intentions of our government towards Turkey. For a time many clear-headed men were inclined to adopt Mr. Urquhart's wild notion, that our ministers were acting in collusion with Russia, instead of being honestly hostile to her insidious policy, and that a secret understanding existed between the governments of England and Russia for the partition of Turkey, by which Russia was to have Constantinople, and England Egypt and Candia. The onward course of events soon vindicated the integrity of our ministers, and demonstrated their sincerity in the cause of Turkey.

A report was spread that the plemahs at Constantinople had, with stern abruptness, offered the sultan his choice of war or abdication, and given him only two days, until the feast of Kurban Bairam (the 14th of September), for his decision. This may be an exaggeration; but on the 26th of September, 1853, the grand council of the Turks solemnly pronounced itself for open war, and left the declaration of the fact to the discretion of the sultan. Abdul-Medjid would not longer withstand the desires of his people, and he adopted the decision of the council. On the 4th of October (the first day of the year in Turkey), his manifesto, containing a declaration of war against Russia, was read in all the mosques to the approving people. This document was penned in such a spirit of calm dignity, and contains so clear and impartial a review of the whole question, that, unlike many state papers, it is invested with considerable interest. It will amply repay an attentive perusal. Its reasons for the adoption of war are thus expressed:—

"In the present state of circumstances, it would be superfluous to take up from its very commencement the explanation of the difference which has arisen between the Sublime Porte and Russia, to enter anew into the detail of the divers phases which this difference has gone through, or to reproduce the opinions and judgments of the government of his majesty the sultan, which have been made public by the official documents promulgated from time to time. In spite of the desire not to restate the urgent reasons which determined the modifications introduced by the Sublime Porte into the draught of the note prepared at Vienna (motives exposed previously in a note explanatory of the modifications), yet new solicitations having been

made for the adoption, pure and simple of the said note, in consequence of the non-adhesion of Russia to these said modifications, the Ottoman government, finding itself at present compelled and forced to undertake war, thinks it a duty to give an exposition of the imperious reasons for that important determination, as well as for those which have obliged it not to regulate this time its conduct according to the counsels of the great powers, its allies, *although it has never ceased to appreciate the benevolent nature of their suggestions.* The principal points to which the government of his majesty the sultan desires to give prominence are these:— That from the very beginning his conduct has furnished no motive of quarrel, and that, animated with the desire of preserving peace, he has acted with a remarkable spirit of moderation and conciliation from the commencement of the difference unto the present time. It is easy to prove these facts to all who do not wander from the path of justice and equity. Even supposing that Russia had a subject of complaint in relation to the Holy Places, she ought to have circumscribed her actions and solicitations within the limits of this question alone, and ought not to have raised pretensions which the object of her complaints could not sustain. She ought not, moreover, to have taken measures of intimidation; such as sending her troops to the frontiers, and making naval preparations at Sebastopol, on the subject of a question which might have been settled amicably between the two powers. But it is evident that what has taken place is totally contrary to an intention of amicable settlement. The question of the Holy Places had been settled to the satisfaction of all parties; and the government of his majesty the sultan had testified favourable dispositions on the subject of the guarantees demanded. In short, Russia had no longer any ground for raising any protest. Is it not seeking a pretext for quarrel, then, to insist, as Russia has done, upon the question of the privileges of the Greek church granted by the Ottoman government, privileges which the government believes its honour, its dignity, and its sovereign power are concerned in maintaining, and on the subject of which it can neither admit the interference nor the surveillance of any government? Is it not Russia which has occupied with considerable forces the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, declaring at the same time that these provinces should serve as a guarantee, until she had obtained what she desired? Has not this act been considered justly by the Sublime Porte as a violation of treaties, and consequently as a *casus belli*? Have the other powers themselves been able to come to any other decision? Who, then, will doubt that Russia has been the aggressor? Could the Sublime Porte, which has always observed all her treaties with a fidelity known to

all, by infringing them in any way, do more than determine Russia to a proceeding so violent as that of herself infringing all these treaties? Again, has there arisen, contrary to the promise explicitly given in the treaty of Kainardji, such facts in the Ottoman empire as the demolition of Christian churches, or obstacles opposed to the exercise of the Christian religion? The Ottoman cabinet, without desiring to enter into too long details on these points, doubts not that the high powers its allies, will judge with perfect truth and justice on the statement just exhibited. As to the non-adoption of the *Vienna note* in its pure and simple form by the Sublime Porte, it is to be remarked that this project, although not in every point conformed to the note of Prince Mentschikoff, and while containing, it is true, in its composition, some of the paragraphs of the draught note of the Sublime Porte, *is not as a whole, whether in letter or spirit, essentially different from that of Prince Mentschikoff*. The assurances recently given by the representatives of the great powers respecting the apprehended danger from hurtful interpretations of the draught note in question, are a new proof of the kind intentions of their respective governments towards the Sublime Porte. They have consequently produced a lively satisfaction on the part of the government of his majesty the sultan. It must be remarked, however, that while we have still before our eyes a strife of religious privileges raised by Russia, which seeks to base its claims on a paragraph so clear and so precise in the treaty of Kainardji; which wishes to insert in a diplomatic document the paragraph concerning the active solicitude of the Emperor of Russia for the maintenance in the states of the Sublime Porte of religious immunities and privileges which were granted to the Greek rite by the Ottoman emperors before Russia so much as existed as an empire, to leave in a dark and doubtful state the absence of all relation between these privileges and the treaty of Kutschuk Kainardji to employ in favour of a great community of subjects of the Sublime Porte professing the Greek religion, expressions which might make allusion to treaties concluded with France and Austria relative to the French and Latin religions—this would be to incur the risk of placing in the hands of Russia vague and obscure paragraphs, some of which are contrary to the reality of facts, and would offer to Russia a solid pretext for her pretensions to a religious surveillance and protectorate—pretensions which that power would attempt to produce, affirming that they are not derogatory to the sovereignty and independence of the Sublime Porte. The very language of the *employés* and agents of Russia, who have declared that the intention of government was no other than to fulfil the office of an advocate with the Sublime Porte whenever acts contrary

to existing privileges might be done, is a patent proof of the justice of opinion of the Ottoman government. If the government of his majesty the sultan have judged it necessary to require that assurance should be given, even if the modifications which it introduced into the Vienna note were adopted, how in conscience could it be tranquil if the note were to be retained in its integrity and without modification? The Sublime Porte in accepting that which it has declared to all the world it could not admit without being compelled thereto, would compromise its dignity in view of the other powers; would sacrifice its honour in the eyes of its own subjects; and would commit a mental and moral suicide. Although the refusal of Russia to accord the modifications required by the Sublime Porte has been based on a question of honour, it cannot be denied that the ground of that refusal was simply and solely *its desire not to allow explicit terms to replace vague expressions*, which might at some future time furnish it with a pretext for intermeddling. Such conduct therefore compels the Sublime Porte to persist, on its part, in withholding its adhesion. The reasons which have determined the Ottoman government to make its modifications having been appreciated by the representatives of the four powers, it is proved that the Sublime Porte was right in not purely and simply adopting the Vienna note. It is not with the view of criticising a project which obtained the assent of the great powers, that we enter upon a discussion of the inconveniences which the Vienna note presents. Their efforts have always tended to the preservation of peace, while defending the rights and independence of the imperial government. The endeavours made to attain these objects having been as laudable as can be conceived, the Sublime Porte cannot sufficiently acknowledge them. But, as evidently each government must possess, in consequence of its peculiar knowledge and local experience, more facilities than any other government for judging of the points which concerns its own rights, the examination which the Ottoman government makes, is prompted entirely by its desire to justify the obligatory situation in which, to its great regret, it finds itself placed, desiring, as it has done, to continue following the benevolent counsels offered to it by its allies ever since the commencement of the differences, and which, until now, it has followed. If it is alleged that the haste with which the Vienna note was drawn up, results from the backwardness of the Sublime Porte to propose an arrangement, the government of his majesty the sultan must justify itself by stating the following facts:—Before the entrance of the Russian troops into the two principalities, some of the representatives of the powers, actuated by the sincere intention of preventing the occupation of those provinces, urged upon

the Sublime Porte the necessity of fraiming a draught note, occupying a middle place between the draught note of the Sublime Porte, and that of Prince Mentschikoff. More lately the representatives of the powers confidently communicated different schemes of arrangement to the Sublime Porte. None of these latter responded to the views of the imperial government; and the Ottoman cabinet was on the point of entering into negotiations with the representatives of the powers, on the basis of a project drawn up by itself in conformity with these suggestions. It was at this moment that news of the passage of the Pruth by the Russians, arrived; a fact which changed the face of the whole question. The draught note proposed by the Sublime Porte was then set aside, and the cabinets were requested to express their views of this violation of treaties, after the protest of the Sublime Porte. On the one hand, the Ottoman cabinet had to wait for their replies, and, on the other, it drew up, at the suggestion of the representatives of the powers, a project of arrangements, which was sent to Vienna. As the sole answer to all these active steps, the draught of our note at Vienna made its appearance. However that may be, the Ottoman government, fearing rightly everything which might imply a right of interference in favour of Russia in religious matters, could do no more than give assurances calculated to dissipate the doubts which had become the subject of discussion; and it will not, after so many preparations and sacrifices, accept propositions which could not be received at the time of the stay of Prince Mentschikoff at Constantinople. Since the cabinet of St. Petersburg has not been content with the assurances and pledges that have been offered; since the benevolent efforts of the high powers have remained fruitless; since, in fine, the Sublime Porte cannot tolerate or suffer any longer the actual state of things, or the prolongation of the occupation of the Moldo-Wallachian principalities, they being integral portions of its empire—the Ottoman cabinet, with the firm and praiseworthy intention of defending the sacred rights of sovereignty and the independence of its government, will employ

just reprisals against the violation of the treaties which it considers a *casus belli*. It notifies, then, officially, that the government of his majesty the sultan finds itself obliged to declare war, that it has given most precise instructions to his excellency Omar Pasha to demand from Prince Gortschakoff the evacuation of the principalities, and to commence hostilities if, after a delay of fifteen days from the arrival of his despatch at the Russian head-quarters, an answer in the negative should be returned. It is distinctly understood that should the reply of Prince Gortschakoff be negative, the Russians are to quit the Ottoman states, and that the commercial relations of the respective subjects of the two governments shall be broken off. At the same time, the Sublime Porte will not consider it just to lay an embargo upon Russian merchant vessels, as has been the practice. Consequently, they will be warned to resort either to the Black Sea or the Mediterranean Sea, as they shall think fit, within a term that shall hereafter be fixed. Moreover, the Ottoman government being unwilling to place hindrances in the way of commercial intercourse between the subjects of friendly powers, will, during the war, leave the Straits open to their mercantile marine."

At the same time, Omar Pasha,* the commander of the Turkish army of the Danube, communicated the resolve of his master, the sultan, to Prince Gortschakoff, the general of the Russian forces in the principalities, by the following note:—

"Monsieur le General,—It is by the order of my government that I have the honour to address this letter to your excellency. Whilst the Sublime Porte has exhausted all means of conciliation to maintain at once peace and its own independence, the court of Russia has not ceased to raise difficulties in the way of any such settlement, and has ended with the violation of treaties—invading the two principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, integral parts of the Ottoman empire. True to its pacific system, the Porte, instead of exercising its right to make reprisals, confined itself even then to protesting, and did not deviate from the way

* The career of Omar Pasha is a romantic one. He is a native of Austria, and was born in 1801, at the village of Vlaski. His family name is Lattas, and his father was lieutenant-administrator of the circle. Having received a military education, he entered the army of his native country; but in consequence of a misunderstanding with his superiors in rank, he left for Turkey, and embraced Islamism. Khosrew Pasha, then seraskier, took him under his protection, and attached him to his personal staff. He even gave him his ward in marriage—a young lady who was one of the richest heiresses of Constantinople. Lattas, who had taken the name of Omar, rose rapidly in the Turkish army, and acquired considerable distinction. In 1848 he was

appointed to the command of the forces sent to the Danubian provinces, where he made the authority of the sultan respected, while at the same time he regarded the susceptibilities and privileges of the inhabitants placed as they were under the double protection of Turkey and Russia. In 1851 he greatly distinguished himself in Bosnia, the principal chiefs of which had refused to recognise the *tanzimat*, or new organisation of the empire. After the insurrection of Hungary, he undertook the defence of the refugees whose extradition had been demanded by Austria and Russia. He interfered zealously with the sultan on behalf of these unfortunate men, many of whom Abdul-Medjid received into his service. Omar is much esteemed for his resolution and bravery.

that might lead to an arrangement. Russia, on the contrary, far from evincing corresponding sentiments, has ended by rejecting the proposals recommended by the august mediating courts—proposals which were alike necessary to the honour and to the security of the Porte. There only remains for the latter the indispensable necessity of war. But as the invasion of the principalities, and the violation of treaties which have attended it, are the veritable causes of war, the Sublime Porte, as a last expression of its pacific sentiments, proposes to your excellency, by my intervention, the evacuation of the two provinces, and grants for your decision a term of fifteen days, to date from the receipt of this letter. If within this interval a negative answer shall reach me from your excellency, the commencement of hostilities will be the natural consequence. While I have the honour to make this intimation to your excellency, I embrace the opportunity to offer the assurances of my high esteem."

To this summons, Prince Gortschakoff returned the following brief and not very explicit reply:—"My master is not at war with Turkey; but I have orders not to leave the principalities until the Porte shall have given to the emperor the moral satisfaction he demands. When this point has been obtained, I will evacuate the principalities immediately, whatever the time or the season. If I am attacked by the Turkish army, I will confine myself to the defensive." Omar Pasha prepared to oppose the Russian forces should they attempt to cross the Danube, and the Russian soldiers were busily employed in throwing up entrenchments for their protection at every place where the Turks could possibly cross the river. After the declaration of war, the representatives of the various powers paid a visit to the sultan. He received them with great courtesy, and requested them to assure their respective sovereigns, that his wish was to settle his differences with the Emperor of Russia amicably; but, he added, that his ancestors had captured Constantinople with sword in hand, and that if fate ordained that it should fall to another master, the Turks would quit the country sword in hand, or die as soldiers for their national faith.

Nicholas, extremely fond of making declarations and publishing manifestos, would not omit replying to the Turkish announcement of an appeal to arms. Accordingly, he issued the following statement in the *Gazette of St. Petersburg*. Its demure hypocrisy is absolutely startling.

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"By the grace of God, we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., make known as follows:—By our manifesto of the 14th (26th) of June of the present year, we made known to our faithful and dearly-beloved subjects the motives which had placed us under the obligation of demanding from the Ottoman Porte inviolable guarantees in favour of the sacred right of the orthodox church. We also announced to them that all our efforts to recall the Porte, by means of amicable persuasion, to sentiments of equity and to the faithful observance of treaties, had remained unfruitful, and that we had consequently deemed it indispensable to cause our troops to advance into the Danubian principalities; but in taking this step we still entertained the hope that the Porte would acknowledge its wrong doings and would decide on acceding to our just demands. Our expectation has been deceived. Even the chief powers of Europe have sought in vain by their exhortations to shake the blind obstinacy of the Ottoman government. It is by a declaration of war, by a proclamation filled with lying accusations against Russia, that it has responded to the pacific efforts of Europe, as well as to our spirit of long-suffering. At last, enrolling in the ranks of its army revolutionary exiles from all countries, the Porte has just commenced hostilities on the Danube. Russia is challenged to the combat; and she has no other course left her, than, putting her trust in God, to have recourse to force of arms, and so compel the Ottoman government to respect treaties, and to obtain reparation for the insults with which it has responded to our most moderate demands, and to our most legitimate solicitude for the defence of the orthodox faith in the East, professed also by the people of Russia. We are firmly convinced that our faithful subjects will join their prayers to those which we address to the Almighty, beseeching him to bless with His hand our arms in this just and holy cause, which has always found ardent defenders in our ancestors. In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum.—Done at Tzarskoe Selo, the 20th day of October (1st of Nov.), in the year of grace, 1853, and the twenty-eighth of our reign.
NICHOLAS."

Simultaneously with the appearance of this statement of the Emperor Nicholas to his people, Count Nesselrode dispatched the following note to the diplomatic agents of Russia in foreign countries, to be communicated to their respective governments:—

"St. Petersburg, Oct. 19 (Oct. 31, N.S.)—Sir,—The efforts which we have not ceased to make for the last eight months for the arrangement of our differences with the Ottoman Porte have, unfortunately, been without effect to the present day. Nay, more, the situation

seems to become more aggravated each day. Whilst the emperor offered, during his interview with his intimate friend and ally, the Emperor Francis Joseph, fresh facilities to the Austrian cabinet to explain the misunderstanding which attaches to the motives stated by us for rejecting the modifications which the Porte desired to introduce into the note drawn up at Vienna, the Porte yielding, notwithstanding the counsels of the European representatives at Constantinople, to the warlike ideas and the fanaticism of the Mussulmans, has, as you will have learned, formally declared war against us. That rash step has, however, in nowise changed the pacific disposition of the emperor. We still do not abandon, on that account, the resolutions announced from the beginning in our circular of the 20th of June. At that period his imperial majesty declared that in occupying provisionally the principalities as a material security for the satisfaction he demands, he was unwilling to carry any further the measures of coercion, but rather to avoid an offensive war, so long as his dignity and his interests permitted him to do so. At the present moment, and notwithstanding the fresh provocation offered to him, the intentions of my august master remain the same. In possession of the material pledge which the occupation of the principalities gives us, though still ready, in fulfilment of our promise, to evacuate them the moment that we obtain satisfaction, we shall content ourselves with maintaining our position there, remaining on the defensive so long as we are not forced to abandon limits within which we desire to confine our action. We will wait the attack of the Turks without taking the initiative of hostilities. It will then entirely depend on other powers not to widen the limits of the war, if the Turks persist in waging it against us, and not to give to it any other character than that which we mean to leave to it. That situation of expectancy does not place any obstacle to the carrying on of negotiations. After the declaration of war, it is not to Russia that it belongs to seek for new expedients, nor to take the initiative in overtures of conciliation. But if, when better enlightened as to its interests, the Porte shall manifest a disposition to propose or to receive similar overtures, it is not the emperor who will place any obstacles to their being taken into consideration. Such, Monsieur, is all that, for the moment, it is permitted me to inform you of, in the uncertainty as to whether the Ottoman Porte will give effect to the warlike project it has just adopted. Inform the cabinet to which you are accredited of our eventual intentions. They furnish an additional proof of the desire of our august master to limit as much as possible the circle of hostilities, if they should unhappily take place, and to spare the consequences of them to the rest of Europe. Receive, &c.—NESSELRODE."

In conformity with the treaty of 1841, by which the Dardanelles were closed to foreign vessels, except on requisition of the sultan in time of war, the combined fleets of England and France had remained outside the straits. Now that war was declared, the sultan, on the 8th of October, made a formal request for the presence of the allied fleets. The ambassadors of the two western powers immediately gave orders to that effect. A further demand was also made by the sultan; namely, that the allied fleets should cruise in the Black Sea—a circumstance which would serve as a protection to the towns on the Turkish coast. As England and France were both nominally at peace with Russia, and as such an act would probably have been construed by the czar into a declaration of war, the sultan's desire was unfortunately not complied with.

Notwithstanding that such hostile steps had been taken, the great powers of Europe still hoped that the dispute might be peaceably settled. At the very time when the Turkish council pronounced itself for war (in the last week of September, 1853), the Emperor of Russia paid a visit to the Emperor of Austria at Olmutz. This visit led to a diplomatic conference, at which the czar breathed nothing but peace and good wishes to all the world. He announced personally that Russia desired to meet "every legitimate wish" of the mediating powers, and a new project of settlement, called the *Olmutz note*, originated in the confidence thus excited. Nicholas was doubtless embarrassed by the opposition which his ambitious plots had excited, and would perhaps have been glad to tranquillise the rising storm. An alliance between England and France to frustrate his aims, was an event he had not deemed possible; but since it had occurred, he would probably have been glad to recede from his aggressive and hostile attitude if he could have done so with dignity, and defer his scheme of territorial extension to a more favourable opportunity. This satisfaction he was unable to attain: his assurances at Olmutz did not seem sufficiently clear to the British government to neutralise the effect of the Nesselrode despatch, and the whole scheme was soon deranged by the Turkish declaration of hostilities.

Having declared war, the Turks speedily commenced it with a surprising vigour and spirit, as we shall soon relate. But first we will pursue to a close the dreary diplomacy

which, "like a wounded snake, still dragged its slow length along." The western powers seemed resolved to exhaust every means of settling the quarrel without disturbing the peace of Europe. Such efforts can scarcely be deemed otherwise than laudable; but without doubt they raised the spirits of the Emperor Nicholas, and encouraged him to persevere in his aggressions against the Ottoman territory. He appears to have thought Turkey, alone, far too weak to oppose him with a shadow of success; and that the European powers were not sufficiently interested to assist it. But in the latter point he was mistaken; for, though the western powers were of opinion that negotiation might yet produce amicable results, still they had honourably resolved to support the Ottoman government in the position it had taken. Russia and Turkey were actually at war: the question, then, was, whether peace could be restored without the hostile interference of the rest of Europe? It was perfectly clear that Russia must not be permitted quietly to devour its feeble neighbour; and the diplomatists tried once again to lure or frighten the northern iron-clad giant away from his prey.

The representatives of the four powers devised a new *note*, of a very moderate character. It was accepted by the Porte, and sent to the emperor at St. Petersburg, with a recommendation, in the name of the allies, that it should be accepted as a fair basis of peace. "If," wrote Lord Stratford, "the court of St. Petersburg be sincere in its professions, the negotiation ought to terminate, at an early period, in peace." These hopes were speedily dissipated; for the note was *rejected* by Nicholas. He declared its propositions to be quite unsatisfactory; announced that he would allow of no mediation between himself and Turkey; and added, that if the sultan desired to treat, he might send an ambassador to St. Petersburg. This was arrogant and offensive enough; but it would seem that Nicholas had at length resolved on war. He therefore sent a confidential servant, Count Orloff, to Vienna, to express the conditions on which alone he was content to treat with Turkey. These conditions amounted to four, and were even an advance upon the original demands made by Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople. They required that a Turkish plenipotentiary should proceed to the head-quarters of the army, or to St. Petersburg, to open direct negotiations

with Russia, but with liberty to refer to the ministers of the four powers; that the former treaties between Russia and the Porte should be renewed; that Turkey should enter into an engagement not to give an asylum to political refugees; and that the Porte should recognise, by a declaration, the Russian protectorate of the Greek Christians.

The arrogance of the Emperor of Russia did not end with this haughty announcement of his views respecting Turkey. He addressed propositions of a most humiliating character to his old friends and allies—the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. He required of them an absolute and unconditional armed neutrality in the eastern quarrel; and, as that was in reality a furtherance of his designs, and would probably expose them to the hostility of the western powers, he assured those ancient and powerful monarchies of his *protection*. "No wonder," says a leading journal, "that on hearing such a communication, the ministers of Austria and Prussia felt an astonishment and irritation they did not disguise, and that the first impulse of every honest man, cognizant of these transactions, was to set his name to a declaration that they were peremptorily rejected. It was an attempt, on the part of Russia, not only to assert her supremacy over the whole Christian population of the East, and to drag the Turkish government as a suppliant to St. Petersburg; but also, and at the same time, to place the leading powers of Germany in positive and avowed dependence on the policy of the czar. If such a scheme could have succeeded, not only would it have rendered war in the East more certain, and probably more protracted, but it must infallibly have extended that war to the rest of Europe. It would instantly have divided the German and the western powers into two camps; and, while they were contending for a cause not their own, Russia would have found herself at liberty to act as she pleased on the Danube and the Euxine."

As might be anticipated, the representatives of the four powers declared the new terms proposed by the czar to be inadmissible, and Count Orloff returned to St. Petersburg. The Austrian minister, however, earnestly desired that proposals might be transmitted from Russia, modified in accordance with the views of the four powers. This desire was assented to; but the new propositions of the czar were almost as arro-

gant as the last, and the conference rejected them without even submitting them to the consideration of the Porte.

An appeal to arms, on the part of England and France, on behalf of Turkey became inevitable, and the diplomatic relations between France, England, and Russia were suspended. M. de Kisseleff quitted Paris

on the 6th of February, 1854, and Baron Brunow* left England on the 9th. The exertions of the Vienna conference ceased; but the records of its labours attest, that in the judgment of Europe, the terms of Russia were not, while those of the Sublime Porte were admissible for the settlement of peace.

CHAPTER IV.

PROBABLE REGENERATION OF TURKEY; THE ARMIES ON THE DANUBE; THE PASSAGE OF THE RIVER, AND BATTLE OF OLTENITZA; DESTRUCTION OF A TURKISH SQUADRON AT SINOPE; LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

GREAT was the enthusiasm which prevailed at Constantinople when the sultan declared war against the northern power which had insulted his people and endeavoured to reduce him to the mere shadow of a sovereign. Preparations for the impending struggle were carried on with unceasing activity. Gifts of jewels, money, horses, and other valuable things were placed by patriotic Mussulmans at the disposal of their sovereign. The narrow streets and rickety wooden houses of Constantinople trembled as lines of heavy ordnance were dragged over its rugged pavement. Numbers of citizens, including troops of apprentices, mingled with grey-bearded shopkeepers, formed themselves into volunteer corps, while rude Turcoman shepherds, from the mountains of Anatolia, armed to the teeth, were seen gazing with stupid wonder on the strange city life into which they were introduced for the first time. Added to these, bodies of irregular horsemen, Kurdish, Turcoman, and Arab freebooters, with costumes and arms resembling those of the middle ages, were, from time to time, observed following some hardy warrior, the barbaric grandeur of whose arms and dress marked him as the chief of a clan. By an ancient custom the sultan is required to march in

person at the head of his troops to battle against the infidel. It seems that this has come to be regarded as "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance;" for it has degenerated into a state fiction. Abdul-Medjid, however, in sham compliance with it, quitted his palace, and proceeded to the kiosk at Therapia, which his father, Mahmud, occupied during the late Russian war. The fears that were entertained, that the religious zeal of the Mussulmans might lead them to attack the Christians, were soon discovered to be devoid of a just foundation, and European travellers, with their wives and daughters, walked about the streets and bazaars without meeting or even fearing any insult.

That Turkey has long been a declining power its history abundantly proves; but the spirit and extent of its warlike efforts on this occasion, refute the assertion that it is a worn out and expiring state. The eastern empire may, perhaps, be doomed to partition at no distant time; the faith of the Arabian camel-driver may be expelled from Europe; and the race of Othman, the bone-breaker, become extinct at the same period. It is generally known, that the Turks themselves, who are fatalists in point of belief, place much faith in a wild prophecy which

* Englishmen will not permit a feeling of indignation against Russian domination to extend to honourable men in the service of her government. Baron Brunow had been many years in England, during which his amiability of character endeared him to a large circle of friends amongst its aristocracy. During a period of more than fourteen years he transacted business with no less than five ad-

ministrations—those of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, and Lord Aberdeen. The baron was on terms of personal friendship with the late Duke of Wellington, and one of the last persons who saw the venerable warrior alive, having been a guest at Walmer ten days before his death. M. de Kisseleff, also, was much esteemed at Paris, where he had passed the half of his life.

limits the endurance of the Ottoman sway in Constantinople to 400 years—a period that has but lately expired. Despite this superstition, and despite (what is a thousand-fold more important) the evident decay of the Turkish empire, we have great hopes that its present close connexion with France and England, combined with the desire of its rulers to adopt European customs and improvements, may lead to its final regeneration. Turkey has enormous sources of internal wealth: mines and forests; cattle and rich pasture-lands; with broad, sunny tracts, where wheat could be grown for the millions in England and elsewhere, who are at present but half-fed and half-employed. These resources have hitherto been almost entirely neglected; but Turkey is learning wisdom in her adversity, and she will avail herself of her natural wealth in the future. Her agents are in England learning our system of mining, and collecting such notions as will set her people profitably to work. Turkey is in a transition state: she has been a military power: she was upheld by force; but having cultivated war and neglected peace, that force has gradually failed and turned to weakness. The source of England's independence is its wealth; the source of its wealth is the active intelligence and persevering industry of its people. Turkey now understands this: her people also have the necessary spirit, intelligence, and industry: they have shown that abundantly. Let them apply these noble qualities; let them awake from opium dreams of the past—open their eyes, and look upon the broad tracts of neglected soil, and strike the spade with a hearty good-will into their rich virgin lands: let them become corn-growers and cattle-breeders: let them work their numerous mines in the European style; and Turkey will pass from a weak military nation to a strong mercantile one. This could be, and we trust, not without a lively hope, that it *will* be. Russia may be the indirect cause of Turkey's awakening to a knowledge of her own latent power—of teaching her that the independence of a great nation is sustained largely by its wealth, and that wealth is produced by a proper use of its natural advantages. Turkey might supply us with many of those raw materials which our merchants and manufacturers have hitherto imported from Russia. Perhaps in the blood so plentifully shed, Turkey may be baptized to a new, more healthy, and more enduring existence.

We have been led into these brief reflections by a sense of admiration of the energy and activity of the Turkish nation in preparing for war. At that period they had collected armies of 120,000 men between the Danube and the Balkan; of 15,000 in Bosnia; of 6,000 near Pristina, on the Serbian frontier; of 50,000 at Adrianople; of 80,000 to 100,000 on the frontiers of Asia.

There was need of preparation; for the Russian armies occupying the Danubian provinces were extremely powerful, and had, of course, all the yet untried strength of the czar to back them. Enormous barracks were constructed on the banks of the Danube, and in them the Russians intended to pass the coming winter. Prince Gortschakoff levied a heavy sum upon the hospodar of Wallachia for their construction, to raise which the latter was compelled to contract a debt of about £60,000. The people of Wallachia were treated with as much severity as their government. The Russian commissariat fixed a price on all provisions brought to the public markets. This price was settled according to the value of things in the preceding summer, which was a season of great abundance, and was less than half the value of provisions at that time. Soldiers were appointed to watch the markets, to see that these unjust regulations were adhered to; and any person who demanded a higher price for his provisions than the one fixed, was seized and flogged on the spot. The Russians, however, received a sort of natural punishment for their aggression: the climate was unsuited to them; typhus and dysentery broke out among their ranks, which, together with constant desertions, so thinned them, that they could with difficulty muster 85,000 combatants. The tyranny of the Russian army, and the uneasy state of mind of its generals, may be inferred from the fact, that in Bucharest, at a later period, all unfavourable reports of what had occurred at the seat of war were actually prohibited under pain of death; and a person who had spoken disadvantageously of the Russian army was shot. By the occupation of the Russian troops, Moldavia and Wallachia were, for the time, transformed into dependencies of the czar.

The time having expired when the Russians were required to leave the Danubian principalities, at the latter end of October, 1853, the Turkish armies commenced their dangerous task of driving them out. Having

possessed themselves of an island in the Danube, opposite Widdin, they crossed the river in four places at once, and established themselves on the borders of Wallachia, at Kalafat, a position of great strategical importance. From thence they threw forward their troops, and the Russians declining the combat, withdrew before them towards Slatina.

On the 3rd or 4th of November, a body of Turks, said to amount to 12,000 men (others say 9,000 only), crossed the Danube from Turtukai to Oltenitza, villages situated on the right and left banks of the river, between Rusteluk and Silistria, on the direct route to Bucharest. Oltenitza, indeed, scarcely deserves the name of a village, as it merely consists of a few houses and a ruined fort. They were perceived by the Russians, and attacked by General Perloff, or Pauloff, at the head of 9,000 men. The engagement began at eleven o'clock, by a sharp cannonading on both sides, after which a fierce combat with fixed bayonets took place between the two armies. The engagement lasted for about four hours: both sides claimed the victory; though, as the Turks remained on the Wallachian side of the river, and the Russian troops retired, or retreated to their former position, we should award the laurel to the former. The Russians fought with great coolness and resolution; but their loss in men was considerable. During the engagement, wagons were constantly occupied in carrying off their dead, and twenty were observed heavily laden, even after the conflict. An eye-witness says he saw one officer struck from his horse, whom he supposed to be a general, as the soldiers carried him far to the rear, and a carriage drove up furiously, and took him away. Notwithstanding this, Omar Pasha, in his despatch to his government, stated that the bodies of 800 Russians were found upon the field. It was afterwards ascertained that nearly all the Russian officers in command, and several colonels, were wounded. During the action, the Turkish fortress on the opposite side of the river, at Turtukai, fired with such precision, that the shots, passing over the heads of their own troops, did great execution among the ranks of the enemy. The Turks acknowledged a loss of 106 men.

We extract the following from a letter, written by a person who witnessed the engagement from a hill in the neighbourhood:—"When we reached the spot whence

we intended to see the events of the day, we came upon two officers of distinction, sitting upon the ground with their feet towards a wood fire. These proved to be the Turkish generalissimo, Omar Pasha, and General Prim. We posted ourselves on one side of them, a little in the rear. At about eleven, A.M., the Russians marched out of the village of Oltenitza, situated about a mile, or a mile and-a-half in front of the right flank of the Turkish entrenchment. A cloud of Cossacks led the way; these were followed by four formidable-looking columns, and eighteen or twenty pieces of artillery: somewhat later, large masses of cavalry appeared on the Russian left. The infantry columns on the Russian right marched to attack the Turkish left, and halted in the wood in front of it. The other two columns advanced against the Turkish centre and right. The space between these two was filled by artillery, and several pieces advanced on the flanks. At half-past twelve, the Russian artillery in the centre opened their fire, at a distance of half-a-mile or so. The first shots fell short; but they soon contrived to get the range, and fired into and over the Turkish position. The latter quickly returned the fire. Shortly after, one of the Turkish ammunition-tumbrils exploded. At fifty minutes past one, P.M., the infantry opened their fire on both sides, and the Turkish batteries on the north side pounded the Russian columns of the left, as they advanced; but the chief attack was made from the Russian right. The firing in this quarter was very hot, and especially well kept up by the Turks. In half-an-hour this attack was repulsed; the Russians could not get nearer than a 100 yards of the entrenchment. A second attack was quickly made. The Russian columns on the left threw forward a cloud of skirmishers, and attempted to advance, but they got so mauled by the musketry and by the batteries on the south side, that they quickly retreated in great apparent confusion; and at half-past three, P.M., the musketry ceased. The artillery continued to fire for half-an-hour, retiring by degrees. By four, P.M., the whole Russian force had withdrawn, and the battle was ended. The Turks cheered loudly; and we, on our side, threw up our caps." The next day, the Russians having been reinforced by the division of General Daunenborg, renewed the attack on the Turks at Oltenitza, but were again defeated, and with a still greater

loss. The great mortality among the Russian officers arose from the fact, that the Turkish army included some battalions armed with the improved muskets, and these sharp-shooters picked off the officers on the opposite side.

About the same time, 2,000 Turks crossed the river from Rustchuk to Giurgevo, an island in the river, of importance in a military view, and after making good their footing, bombarded the town: 4,000 Turks occupied Kalarache,* and 12,000 established themselves in Lesser Wallachia, on the right flank of the Russian army. On the 27th, 28th, and 29th of November, the Turks renewed their attacks upon Giurgevo, but without obtaining any favourable result. Scarcely any accounts of these events, which were little more than skirmishes, have been transmitted; and what has reached us, does not possess any interest. Such unimportant encounters may be left to form the natural back-ground to the great war-picture: a detail of them would injure the perspective of the narrative, and make the prominent events less striking, and less calculated to dwell in the memory.

The Turks were unable to maintain the position they had gained at Oltenitza, partly, it is said, in consequence of the heavy rains that had set in, which made their contemplated advance on the Russian head-quarters at Bucharest impracticable: they consequently recrossed, on the 13th of November, to the right bank of the Danube. They soon afterwards abandoned all the positions they had obtained on the left, or Wallachian bank of the river, except at Kalafat. At that point they mustered about 20,000 men; and from thence they pushed forward their advanced post to Krajova. The result of the engagements that had occurred, was to raise the spirits of the Turks, and to exalt them in the estimation of Europe. At Constantinople, the news was received with the most enthusiastic joy; and the sultan went in person to the Porte, and officially announced his intention of taking the field, and placing himself at the head of his troops in the spring. He also addressed a congratulatory letter to Omar Pasha, and presented that general with his favourite horse. The success of the Turks (for their grim

sanguinary resistance to the Russians was justly regarded as a great success) led to the wildest reports. It was even said that the Turkish army had advanced on Bucharest (the Russian head-quarters), fought a great battle, entered the town as victors, and finally left it blazing in three directions. When a longer period brought more sober news, it appeared that no such event had taken place.

But the beginning of the war, though not rich in great events, had done one important thing. It had shaken the mysterious feeling (a feeling of vacillation between wonder and fear) with which Europeans generally regarded the military power of Russia. Some had imagined that the Turks, in the event of their daring to attack the Russians, would be driven back like a flight of birds met and smitten by a whirlwind: that the poor Mussulmans would be scared by gleaming forests of bristling bayonets, and mowed down, crushed, and exterminated by deadly showers of lead and iron. The first engagement, though not very brilliant or decisive, dissipated this timid and feverish day-dream. The Turkish soldiers were a match for their own number of Russians; and subsequent events have proved that they are more than a match for them. At the period of which we speak, a gentleman who had just returned to Paris from the Danubian provinces, described the Russian soldiers as being most of them very wretched. With the exception of the guards, whom he had not seen, they were nearly all young lads, sickly-looking, haggard, feeble, badly clad, and badly fed. "They may stand to be killed," he says, "but it is astonishing to me how they can kill any one." The corps of Cossacks, he adds, are principally composed of young men of about sixteen or seventeen, animated not by patriotism, or a love of the czar, but by a desire of plunder. The approach of winter, and the rise of the Danube, which at that period becomes impassable from drifting blocks of ice, for a time suspended hostilities between the armies encamped on each side of it.

Such was the state of things, when a startling and terrible event took place in another quarter. On the Asiatic borders of the Euxine or Black Sea,† stands a little

* There are two places named Kalarache on the right bank of the river—one opposite Silistria, and the other nearly opposite to Rahova.

† The progress of the war has made the name of the Black Sea "familiar in our mouths as household

words." A few lines of description, therefore, concerning it may be agreeable, and also assist the reader in forming a more tangible and real idea of the events spoken of. A little local detail and colouring makes the dead bones of dry historic nar-

town, with about eight or ten thousand inhabitants (the best harbour on the coast of Asia Minor), called Sinope. It is situated on an isthmus, connecting a high rocky peninsula with the mainland, and formed a square, flanked with towers, and covered by a small citadel. Its appearance was extremely interesting. Its ivy-clad walls, composed of fragments of Byzantine architecture, overhung deep-wooded ravines, crossed by high and narrow bridges, and many of its buildings were surrounded by gardens, whose fruits and flowers seemed, to an imaginative mind, nature's symbols of peace and plenty. Sinope was the birth-place of Diogenes, the celebrated cynical philosopher of antiquity, and the capital of the famous Mithridates, King of Pontus. It is fabled to have received its name from Sinope, a nymph whom Apollo loved and carried there. It is still rich in Greek and Paphlagonian inscriptions, busts, and military statues. These remains of a classic antiquity, which preached silent yet eloquent lessons on civilisation, were unhappily not regarded by the Turks, whom a French writer describes as having *vegetated* among them for three centuries.

During November, 1853, a Turkish squadron, consisting of seven frigates, three corvettes, and two steamers, left the Bosphorus to cruise in the Black Sea. Being overtaken by a heavy gale, the vessels put into the harbour of Sinope, and anchored there without order, by no means expecting an attack, and entirely unprepared for one. In this condition they were observed by the Russian admiral, Nachimoff; as he was cruising off the coast of Anatolia. Discerning the cruel advantage that might be obtained, although the emperor had not proclaimed war against Turkey, and had declared that he should only act on the defensive, the admiral sent to Sebastopol for reinforcements. The reinforcements soon arrived, and on the 30th of November, Admiral Nachimoff, with a Russian squadron, consisting of three three-deckers, three two-deckers, two frigates, and four steamers, entered the bay, under cover of a dense fog, rative rise into seeming life, and assume the roundness and the glow of health. The readers of Lord Byron may remember his sportive description of the Black Sea, or the Euxine, as it is otherwise called:—

"There's not a sea the passenger ere pukes in,
That throws up waves more dangerous than the
Euxine."

It is a great inland sea between Europe and Asia, and is surrounded by Turkey, Russia, and Circassia.

The Russian fleet approached so cautiously, that it had not been seen by the Turks until within the distance of half-a-mile, who then made a hurried and very imperfect attempt to place their vessels in such a manner as to be properly covered by the batteries on shore. As the grim intruding ships resolutely took up their positions, and dropped their anchors, a terrific fire was opened upon them by the batteries and Turkish vessels. It was responded to by the roar of broadsides from ships of an immeasurably superior weight of metal; and although the Turks fought with a desperate bravery, it was evident that they must submit or be utterly destroyed. The *Grand Duke Constantine* demolished the land battery next her guns; and soon after, one Turkish frigate blew up into the darkened air, and her lacerated, mangled crew were either rent limb from limb, or sank beneath the blood-polluted waters. An hour afterwards, two others met the same dreadful fate, the captains firing their own vessels sooner than they should fall into the hands of the enemy; and at two o'clock in the afternoon, about two hours and-a-half from the commencement of this unequal engagement, all the Turkish vessels were burnt, blown up, or driven on the shore, helpless, shattered wrecks. One vessel alone still rode at anchor, and the Russians endeavoured to tow her off as a prize. She was, however, so injured, that she began to fill with water, on which they set fire to her, and she shared the fate of the rest. Most of the ships were burnt the next day by the enemy; but one escaped, and carried the dismal news to Constantinople. The guns of the blazing vessels went off one after another; and as the latter blew up, their fiery and blackened fragments were hurled over the Turkish quarter of Sinope. The town suffered severely, and all of it between the arsenal and the citadel was burnt. When the work of slaughter and destruction was effected, the Russian admiral silenced his guns, and sent an officer with a flag of truce to tell the authorities of Sinope, that if another gun was fired, either from the town or the strand its greatest length is 700 miles; its greatest breadth, 380. The Danube, the Dniester, the Bug, the Dnieper, the Don, and other important rivers empty themselves into it, which is probably the reason that its waters are one-seventh less salt than the ocean. It is supposed to receive one-third of the running waters of Europe. The Black Sea has no tide; is liable to frequent storms; but its navigation, when understood, is said to be by no means dangerous.

batteries, he would bombard and utterly destroy the whole place.

The number of men on board the Turkish vessels were estimated at about 4,000, at least half of whom perished. Other, and later accounts, say that as many as 4,000 Turks met their deaths in those awful two hours. Such was the vindictive spirit in which the Russians carried out their work of blood, that even after the docks and ships were destroyed, they poured an incessant shower of grape and cannister on the poor wounded wretches who were struggling amid the waves, and striving to reach the shore; as if the thirst for massacre could not be stayed while one human being survived. Sinope will ever remain a monument of the cold-blooded and cowardly ferocity of Russia. Of the two admirals, Hussein escaped to the shore on a grating, but was killed on landing by a shell; the other, Osman Pasha, was wounded in the leg, and taken prisoner. When the action commenced, an English merchant-vessel, a Turkish transport, and six small Turkish merchantmen, were in the harbour, and were either burnt or sunk. Two steam-frigates, the *Retribution* and the *Mogador*, left the French and English squadrons to give assistance to the wounded; and the crew of the English merchantman were taken on board the former; that is, all except two men, who were drowned. The *Retribution* and *Mogador* also succeeded in saving and carrying to Constantinople 110 wounded Turkish seamen and soldiers, the survivors of the massacre. About 1,000 men were found on land at Sinope, and 120 others were made prisoners by the Russians.

The Russian fleet remained at Sinope until the 2nd of December, repairing the injuries it had sustained during the conflict, and then departed for Sebastopol, the damaged vessels being taken in tow by the steamers. The exact loss of the Russians cannot be stated: perhaps it is truly reported in the following announcement,

* "It is characteristic of the Russians that they at once sought to disguise the cause of the battle, and the disgrace of such a victory, by a falsehood. In the very first accounts transmitted to Europe by Russian ministers, it was stated that this squadron was attacked because it was in the act of conveying an expedition against Souchoum Kaleh, a Russian station on the Circassian coast. That disingenuous justification preceded any charge that could be addressed to them. But the statement is false; Sinope must be between 200 and 300 miles from Souchoum Kaleh, on the Circassian coast; and the ships, when attacked, were quietly at anchor in their own har-

bour. Their destination,—if they were going east at all,—was probably the Turkish port of Batoum. The Russian fleet, then, in direct violation of the emperor's declaration, that he would confine himself to defensive warfare, has been guilty of an unprovoked act of aggression on the coast of Asia; and, though it may be said that no limits can be set to the horror and barbarity of war, yet the world will be of our opinion, that such an attack on a vastly inferior force, executed with every mark of stealth and cruelty, is more worthy of the Tartars, who once commanded on the Euxine, than of the imperial navy of Russia."

which Prince Mentschikoff forwarded to the czar:—"The orders of your imperial majesty have been most brilliantly executed by the fleet of the Black Sea. The first Turkish squadron which ventured to enter into a contest with your ships, has, on the 18th (30th) instant, been annihilated by Vice-admiral Nachimoff. The Turkish admiral, Osman Pasha, who commanded that squadron, has been wounded, captured, and taken to Sebastopol. The enemy were in the harbour of Sinope, where, protected by their strand batteries, they accepted the engagement. We destroyed seven frigates, one long-boat, two corvettes, one steamer, and several transports. Only one steamer succeeded in making its escape. The squadron, it appears, had been sent to occupy Sukhum,* and support the mountaineers of the Caucasus. We had one officer and thirty-three sailors killed, and 230 wounded."

The following anecdote may serve to show the way in which the Emperor Nicholas—despot as he is—is regarded with feelings of affection by such of his people as have access to him. The courier, whom Prince Mentschikoff sent to St. Petersburg with despatches announcing the victory at Sinope, spared no exertion to accomplish his journey with unusual speed, and on arriving at the capital was, according to Russian custom, immediately ushered into the presence of the emperor, to whom he delivered his despatches, saying—"I bring your majesty intelligence of the successful issue of a considerable action." The emperor, with a smile of gratification, took the man into his cabinet, and seated himself to peruse the despatches. Having finished them, he was about to express his delight at the tidings, when he found that the courier, worn out with the fatigue of his journey, had fallen asleep. So sound, indeed, was his slumber, that he was not to be aroused by ordinary means. With that quick appreciation of human nature peculiar to the czar, he called out roughly—"So-and-so,

your horses are ready," and the zealous courier at once started up to resume his supposed duty. The emperor then inquired of him, what rank he held in the army? "Kapitan," was the reply. Nicholas then desired an adjutant in attendance to bring him a pair of epaulettes, and again addressing the courier, said—"I promote you, on the spot, to be *Podpolkownik* (lieutenant-colonel.) Embrace me." As the astonished officer availed himself of this distinction, the czar kissed him on the cheek. Since then, it is added, the courier has not allowed a razor to shave the spot touched by the lips of the emperor.

The Turks were destined to experience another reverse; for, on the 26th of November, they were defeated at Akhaltzik, on the Asiatic frontier, by the Russian general, Andronikoff: but of this event we will speak presently. In the meantime the *Te Deum* was sung in the chapel of the Emperor Nicholas, and in all the churches of St. Petersburg, on the 8th of December, for the victories of Sinope and Akhaltzik; and the city was illuminated in the evening. "The most pious czar," wrote the *St. Petersburg Journal*, "thanked the Lord of Hosts for the success of the victorious Russian arms, which triumphed in the *sacred* combat for the orthodox faith." The *Siccle* (a French journal), in an article of great eloquence and power, applied a red-hot brand to this disgusting hypocrisy:—"That these horrors," it says, "are accomplished in the name of war, we admit; but let not the Divinity be insulted, by calling for His interference in these revolting abominations. There was a time when war was an element of civilisation; it was the mode of activity of races and of nations, who united together and combined in the midst of these terrible shocks. In those days, and in the midst of barbarism, men made their god in the image of their unformed societies. They called him the God of armies; they lowered their standards before him; and the clergy, who blessed the soldier on his departure, received him on his return, to celebrate his victories. All that was rational. But now, when the mode of human activity is so deeply modified; when the discoveries of science have created innumerable pacific bonds between nations; when steam brings together all the capitals of Europe; when the clergy, who formerly blessed armies, have, for nearly forty years, only had to give their benedictions to locomotive manu-

factories and railways; when the religion of Mohammed, which was formerly so intolerant, now gives an example of tolerance and of a respect for rights;—in presence of such facts, is it not an insult to all notions of religion—is it not an insult to God himself, to sing a *Te Deum* for the affair of Sinope? A *Te Deum*! * * * Innumerable families were in mourning; mothers desolated; orphans deploring the fate of their fathers. The angels of God veil their faces at the sight of such misery, and at such contempt for the divine work; and you, the pretended conquerors—you, who were six to one—you raise up hymns of thanksgiving, and celebrate your exploits by a *Te Deum*! Let us at least have done with such hypocrisies! If war is a necessity, let us submit to it: let us settle our international differences by cannon-shot; let us quell by force, if it cannot be done by reasoning, unmeasured and brutal ambitions, which seek to disturb the equilibrium of the world; let us muzzle the bear, to prevent its doing mischief: but let us be well understood, that the present is an exceptional fact in our times; and, instead of singing a *Te Deum*, you, the Cossacks, should ask pardon of God for all the evil which you commit, and which you impose on Europe, by the retrograde movement which you endeavour to give to modern civilisation."

The Emperor Nicholas, however, did more than order *Te Deums* to be sung in the churches throughout the capital of his empire. He expressed his satisfaction in the following letter, which he wrote with his own hand, to Prince Mentschikoff:—

"St. Petersburg, Nov. 29 (Dec. 11.)

"Prince Alexander Sergejewitsch,—The victory at Sinope proves evidently that our Black Sea fleet has shown itself worthy of its destination. With *hearty joy* I request you to communicate to my brave seamen, that I thank them for the success of the Russian flag, on behalf of the glory and honour of Russia. I perceive with satisfaction, that Tschesme has not been forgotten in the Russian navy, and that the grandsons have proved themselves worthy of their grandsires. I remain, always and unalterably, your well-inclined and grateful

"NICHOLAS."

In the conference held at the British embassy, on the receipt of the news concerning the disaster at Sinope, Admiral Dundas strenuously and nobly urged that

the combined French and English fleets should instantly set sail to attempt to overtake and punish the Russian fleet before it could return and shelter itself behind the guns of Sebastopol. Unhappily, this proposal was overruled by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, the French ambassador. It was afterwards urged, with sarcastic truth, that the French and English officers felt that every bullet which had struck the Turkish ships, had also morally hit the vessels of the allied fleets, which, almost at the time of the catastrophe, had got up a mock fight for the amusement of the inhabitants of Constantinople. The feeling of the Turks was, for a time, strong against the French and English; and in their thirst for vengeance, they talked of themselves collecting a fleet for the attack of Sebastopol. Sultan Abdul-Medjid also decreed that a monument should be erected to the memory of the brave officers of the Ottoman navy, who had blown up their ships at the battle of Sinope to save the honour of the Turkish flag.

Before the tragedy of the 30th of November took place, Redshid Pasha had addressed a note to the British and French ambassadors, requesting the assistance of the fleets of their respective nations to aid in protecting the Turkish coasts in the Black Sea. After the slaughter at Sinope, England and France were roused into a semblance of activity, and took immediate measures to prevent the repetition of a catastrophe which, we cannot but think, a less cautious policy might have prevented. On the 5th of January, the combined squadrons, which had been lying at anchor in the Bosphorus, proceeded to the Black Sea.* The governments of England and France, however, still clinging to the almost hopeless idea of a patched and hollow peace, performed this

hostile act with the very extreme of politeness; and the following notice was first transmitted by them to the Russian governor of Sebastopol:—"Conformably with the orders of my government, the British (or the French) squadron, in concert with that of France (or of England) is on the point of appearing in the Black Sea. The object of this movement is to protect the Ottoman territory from all aggression or hostile act. I apprise your excellency thereof, with a view to prevent all collision tending to disturb the amicable relations existing between our governments, which I am desirous of preserving, and which, no doubt, your excellency is equally anxious to maintain. To this end, I shall feel happy to learn that your excellency, animated by these intentions, had deemed it expedient to give the requisite instructions to the admiral commanding the Russian forces in the Black Sea, so as to obviate any occurrence calculated to endanger peace." This gracious document, which certainly ought to have been written upon perfumed, tinted, and gilt-edged paper, was signed on behalf of England by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and on that of France by General Baraguay d'Hilliers. Certainly war itself may be carried on without harsh language; but the gentle, rose-pink complexion of this notice from the governments of two great kingdoms, towards the underling of a barbarous power, that had just been guilty of a most bloody infringement of the laws of civilised nations, exhibits an extreme of caution that probably created most unfavourable impressions in the mind of the czar—impressions that the great naval powers shrunk apprehensively from the coming contest, and were even trembling on the very verge of pusillanimity. Unhappily, we are compelled

* A letter from St. Petersburg relates that the czar, on hearing of the entrance of the fleets into the Black Sea, evinced the most perfect calmness. In the evening, when talking in his circle of courtiers, composed of the highest personages and superior officers, he is said to have remarked, after announcing to them the entrance of the fleets, "When battle is offered to Russia, she always accepts it: she can wear mourning for a fleet, but not for the national honour. I expected the resolution come to by France and Great Britain. I am not, therefore, taken by surprise; every order has been given in anticipation of an act which, by breaking treaties, releases me from the obligations of them." It is added, that when the emperor asked Prince Mentschikoff whether he could make head against the formidable squadrons about to enter the Black Sea, that the grand admiral replied—"Conquer them, no; fight and die to the last, yes!"

Having entered the Black Sea, the combined fleets proceeded on a cruise to the eastward, along the coast of Anatolia, as far as Trebizond. The Turkish government took this opportunity of sending several of its own line-of-battle ships, to transport reinforcements to the army in Asia; of which mention will be made in the next chapter. The fleet and convoy consisted of nine English and seven French ships-of-the-line, besides steam-frigates and the Turkish squadron. The *Trafalgar* and the *Valmy*, with the British frigate *Arethusa*, remained to guard the Bosphorus. The *Retribution* was sent to Sebastopol to convey to the authorities there a notice, that the combined fleets had entered the Black Sea, to protect the Turkish territory; and also to require the surrender of two British engineers, taken on board the Turkish steamer captured by the Russians. While at Sebastopol, the officers of the *Retribution* employed themselves in sketching its fortifications.

too often to look to the past in English history as furnishing examples rather to be avoided than followed in the present; but we have had rulers,—Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William of Orange, for instance,—from whose conduct British ministers might have taken precedents with advantage.

The polite notice we have just spoken of was given to the governor of the grim fortress and town of Sebastopol, and the allied fleets had steamed into the Euxine; but still, by a pleasant fiction, peace was presumed to exist between England and France on the one hand, and Russia on the other. They were at peace, however, only because war had not been declared; but hundreds of thousands of intelligent men expected that that varnished and deceptive peace might, from hour to hour, be shattered by the roar of cannon and the wild crash of European hostilities.

The Emperor Nicholas was described by those who, at this time, had the opportunity of observing his movements, as living in a state of religious exaltation,* regarding himself as the chosen instrument, under the hand of God, to drive the Moslems from Europe; and only regretting that he should have allowed so many years to pass by without fulfilling his destiny. It is probable that he had played this part so long, that he came at length to believe himself sincere in it. It will excite no surprise, therefore, that the Russian ambassadors, then residing at the French and English

courts, were instructed by the czar to demand whether, by the entry of the combined fleets into the Black Sea, it was intended to take part with Turkey, or to observe a strict neutrality? In the former case, they were to demand their passports. The answer of the English and French governments to this request, was communicated, on the 1st of February, to Baron Brunow, in London; and to M. de Kisseleff, in Paris. It was such as must have been anticipated, and led to a rupture of diplomatic relations, as we have already related. In the meantime the Emperor of France—possibly anxious for the restoration of tranquillity in the councils and deeds of Europe; or, as some have hinted, desirous of inscribing the name of Napoleon III. on one of the monuments of modern history—addressed the following remarkable letter to the Russian czar; a letter, which we need scarcely say, created an “intense excitement” in Paris, and an interested attention in all the other great capitals of Europe. Probably it may be regarded as a justification of the French government to the French people, rather than as an appeal to the prudence of the Emperor of Russia. Not only was it published in the *Moniteur*, but a million copies were printed and distributed throughout France.

“Palace of the Tuileries, Jan. 29, 1854.

“Sire,—The difference which has arisen between your majesty and the Ottoman Porte has assumed such a grave aspect, that I think it

* A letter from Memel, dated 4th of March, 1854, by a person who had just come from St. Petersburg, says—“The Greek cross appears everywhere as the sanctifying symbol of the present war; and on every side we hear the words repeated of ‘Orthodox Faith,’ ‘Holy Confidence,’ ‘Holy Russia,’ &c. Texts from the Scriptures have come to be mingled with the jargon of the fashionable saloons. The emperor himself adopts them in conversation of the most ordinary kind, and in all his public addresses; and he appears struck with the *monomanie* of preaching and haranguing to all about him in a manner that is truly ridiculous. Very recently, and in presence of his whole court, he delivered a sort of sermon, which terminated nearly with the following words: ‘Russia, whose destinies God has especially entrusted to me, is menaced. But woe, woe—to those who menace us: we shall know how to defend the honour of the Russian name, and the inviolability of our frontier. Following in the path of my predecessors—faithful, like them, to the orthodox faith—after having invoked, like them, the aid of the Almighty God, we shall await our enemies with a firm foot, from what side soever they come, persuaded that our ancient device—the Faith, the Czar, and the Country—will open to us, as it has ever done, the path of victory. *Nobiscum Deus! Audite populi, et vincimini; quia nobiscum Deus!*’ The im-

perial court was astounded; it never suspected that the czar possessed this biblical erudition, and could scarcely contain its astonishment. It is certain, that for some time past most people are convinced that something extraordinary is the matter with the emperor; for while his memory appears not to have failed him, his other mental faculties seem to have been seriously affected. He has become sombre and morose to an intolerable degree. Whether it be the effect of years, or of the annoyances or embarrassments in which he sees himself placed, I know not; but such is the fact. Perhaps all combine to produce this effect. The result is a state of exasperation which he can scarcely keep within bounds, even in the presence of the foreign ministers.” Other accounts describe Nicholas as in a state of great nervous excitement. At one time elated by the consciousness of a Divine mission to extirpate infidelity and liberalism from the face of the earth; at another, labouring under the greatest depression of spirits, suspecting all around him—even his most attached friends—of treachery; picturing to himself the future in the most gloomy colours; and not unfrequently fancying that his end is destined to be one of violence. He is, it appears, often oppressed with this dark cloud; and the symptoms of that malady which has more than once affected his family, are evident.

right myself to explain directly to your majesty the part which France has taken in this question, and the means which suggest themselves to me in order to avoid the dangers which menace the tranquillity of Europe. The note which your majesty has just sent to my government, and to that of Queen Victoria, endeavours to prove that it was the system of pressure adopted from the commencement by the two maritime powers which alone involved the question in bitterness. On the contrary, according to my view, the matter would have continued a cabinet question if the occupation of the two principalities had not suddenly transferred it from the region of discussion to that of fact. Nevertheless, although your majesty's troops had entered Wallachia, we advised the Porte not to consider that occupation as a warlike act; thus proving our extreme desire for conciliation. After I had consulted with England, Austria, and Prussia, I proposed to your majesty a note, designed to give satisfaction to all. Your majesty accepted it. We had hardly, however, been informed of this good news when your minister, by explanatory commentaries, destroyed all the conciliatory effects of it, and thus prevented us from insisting at Constantinople upon its pure and simple adoption. The Porte, for its own part, suggested some modifications in the note, to which the representatives of the four powers at Vienna were not indisposed to agree. They were not, however, agreed to by your majesty. It was then that the Porte, wounded in its dignity, its independence threatened, and being compelled to raise an army to oppose that of your majesty, preferred to declare war rather than remain in a state of uncertainty and humility. The Porte had claimed our support; the cause of the Porte appeared to us to be a just one; and the English and French squadrons were therefore ordered to the Bosphorus. Our attitude in reference to Turkey was that of a protector; but it was passive. We did not incite her to war. We unceasingly addressed to the ears of the sultan the advice of peace and moderation, persuaded that this was the best mode of coming to an agreement; and the four powers consulted together again, and submitted to your majesty some other propositions. Your majesty, on your part, exhibiting the calmness which arises from the consciousness of strength, contented yourself with repulsing from the left bank of the Danube, as in Asia, the attacks of the Turks; and, with the moderation worthy of the chief of a great empire, your majesty declared that you would act on the defensive. Up to that period, then, we were, I may say, interested spectators, but simply spectators, of the dispute, when the affair of Sinope compelled us to take a more decisive part. France and England had not thought it necessary to send troops to the assistance of Turkey. Their flag, therefore, was not engaged in the conflicts which took place upon

land. But at sea it was very different. There were at the entrance to the Bosphorus 3,000 guns, the existence of which proclaimed loudly enough to Turkey that the two leading maritime powers would not allow her to be attacked by sea. The affair at Sinope was for us as painful as it was unexpected; for it matters little to us whether or not the Turks wished to convey munitions of war to the Russian territory. In fact, Russian ships attacked Turkish vessels in the waters of Turkey, while those vessels were riding quietly at anchor in a Turkish port. The Turkish vessels were destroyed; in spite of the assurance that there was no wish to commence an aggressive war, and in spite of the vicinity of our squadrons. It was no longer our policy which received a check; it was our military honour. The sound of the cannon-shot at Sinope reverberated painfully in the hearts of all those who in England and in France respect national dignity. There was a general participation in the sentiment that wherever our cannon can reach, our allies ought to be respected. Out of this feeling arose the order given to our squadrons to enter the Black Sea, and to prevent by force, if necessary, the recurrence of a similar event. Thence arose the collective notification sent to the cabinet of St. Petersburg, announcing that if we prevented the Turks from making an aggressive war upon the coasts of Russia, we would also protect the Turks upon their own territory. As to the Russian fleet, in prohibiting its navigation of the Black Sea, we placed it upon a different condition, because it was important during the war to preserve a guarantee equivalent in force to the occupation of the Turkish territory, and thus facilitate the conclusion of peace by having the power of making a desirable exchange. Such, Sire, is the real result and a statement of the facts. It is clear that, having arrived at this point, they must either bring about a definitive understanding or a decided rupture. Your majesty has given so many proofs of your solicitude for the tranquillity of Europe, and by your beneficent influence has so powerfully arrested the spirit of disorder, that I cannot doubt as to the course you will take in the alternative which presents itself to your choice. Should your majesty be as desirous as myself of a pacific conclusion, what would be more simple than to declare that an armistice shall now be signed; that things shall resume their diplomatic course; that all hostilities shall cease; and that the belligerent forces shall return from the places to which motives of war have led them? Thus the Russian troops would abandon the principalities, and our squadrons the Black Sea. Your majesty, preferring to treat directly with Turkey, might appoint an ambassador, who could negotiate with a plenipotentiary of the sultan a convention which might be submitted to a conference of the four powers. Let your majesty adopt this plan, upon

which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly agreed, and tranquillity will be re-established and the world satisfied. There is nothing in the plan which is unworthy of your majesty,—nothing which can wound your honour; but if, from a motive difficult to understand, your majesty should refuse this proposal, then France, as well as England, will be compelled to leave to the fate of arms and the chances of war that which might now be decided by reason and justice. Let not your majesty think that the least animosity can enter my heart. I feel no other sentiments than those expressed by your majesty yourself in your letter of the 17th of January, 1853, in which you write, ‘Our relations ought to be sincerely amicable, based, as they are, upon the same intentions—the maintenance of order, the love of peace, respect for treaties, and reciprocal good feeling.’ This programme is worthy of the sovereign who traced it, and I do not hesitate to declare that I remain faithful to it. I beg your majesty to believe in the sincerity of my sentiments; and it is with these sentiments that

“I am, Sire, your majesty’s good friend,
“NAPOLEON.”

The following is the substance of the reply of the Emperor Nicholas, as published in the *St. Petersburg Journal*:—“If his imperial majesty extends his hand to me, as I extend mine, I am ready to forget the mortification I have experienced—harsh though it be. Then, but then only, can I discuss the matter treated of in his letter; and we may, perhaps, arrive at an understanding. Let the French fleet prevent the Turks from transporting reinforcements to the theatre of war; and let the Turks send me a plenipotentiary to negotiate, whom I will receive as befits his character. The conditions already made

* This manifesto of the Emperor Nicholas elicited a letter from M. Dronyn de Lhuys, the French minister of foreign affairs. It was addressed to the diplomatic agents of the Emperor Napoleon, and contains the following clear and caustic criticism of the announcement which Nicholas put forth to deceive his people, and excite them to a state of religious enthusiasm against the Turks and their allies:—“I will only say one word, sir, of the manifesto in which his majesty, the Emperor Nicholas, announces to his people the resolutions he has taken. Our epoch, however troubled, had at least been exempt from one of the evils which most afflicted the world in former days—I mean the wars of religion. Now, however, an echo of these disastrous times is made to resound in the ears of the Russian people. There is an affectation of opposing the Cross to the Crescent, and an appeal is made to fanaticism for that support which cannot be obtained from reason. France and England need not defend themselves from the imputation made against them. They do not support Islamism against the orthodox Greek faith. They go to protect the Ottoman empire

known to the conference at Vienna are the sole base on which I will consent to treat.” The letter was afterwards published in full, and is of some length; but the above is a correct summary of it. The emperor still endeavoured to give the war a religious character, and to throw on England and France the odium of supporting the enemies of Christianity. In this spirit he added:—“My confidence is in God and my right.” At this period, the Russian government was indefatigable in its exertions to excite the ignorant fanaticism of the people. Every day processions traversed the streets, and exhibited the relics of the saints of the Greek calendar. The clergy, also (unhappily too ready to profane religion in the cause of injustice), everywhere urged the true believers to take up arms in defence of the orthodox faith. In addition to his reply to the Emperor Napoleon, the czar Nicholas also put forth another very pious manifesto to the Russian people.* We subjoin it:—

“We, Nicholas I., &c.—We have already informed our beloved and faithful subjects of the progress of our disagreements with the Ottoman Porte. Since then, although hostilities have commenced, we have not ceased sincerely to wish, as we still wish, the cessation of bloodshed. We entertained even the hope that reflection and time would convince the Turkish government of its misconceptions, engendered by treacherous instigations, in which our just demands, founded on treaties, have been represented as attempts at its independence veiling intentions of aggrandisement. Vain, however, have been our expectations so far. The English and French governments have sided with Turkey, and the appearance of the combined fleets off Constantinople served as a further incentive to against the ambitious covetousness of Russia. They go there with the conviction, that the presence of their armies in Turkey will destroy the prejudices (already much weakened) which still separate the different classes of the subjects of the Sublime Porte, and which cannot be resuscitated unless the appeal sent from St. Petersburg, by provoking hatred of race and a revolutionary explosion, should paralyse the generous intentions of the sultan, Abdul-Medjid. For us, sir, we seriously believe, that by giving our support to Turkey, we shall be of more use to the Christian faith, than the government which uses it as an instrument to advance its temporal ambition. Russia is too oblivious, in the reproaches she makes against others, that she is far from exercising in her own empire, in reference to the sects not professing the dominant faith, a tolerance equal to that to which the Sublime Porte has a good right to lay honourable claim; and that if she were to display less apparent zeal for the Greek religion beyond her frontiers, and more charity towards the catholic religion at home, she would better obey the law of Christ, which she so pompously invokes.”

its obstinacy; and now both the Western powers, without previously declaring war, have sent their fleets into the Black Sea, proclaiming their intention to protect the Turks, and to impede the free navigation of our vessels of war for the defence of our coasts. After a course of proceeding so unheard-of among civilised nations we recalled our embassies from England and France, and have broken off all political intercourse with those powers. Thus, England and France have sided with the enemies of Christianity against Russia combating for the orthodox faith. But Russia will not betray her holy mis-

sion; and, if enemies infringe her frontiers, we are ready to meet them with the firmness bequeathed to us by our forefathers. Are we not still the same Russian nation of whose exploits the memorable events of 1812 bear witness? May the Almighty assist us to prove this by deeds. With this hope, combating for our persecuted brethren, followers of the faith of Christ, with one accord let all Russia exclaim—'O Lord, our Redeemer! whom shall we fear? May God be glorified, and His enemies be scattered!'

"St. Petersburg, 9 (21) February, 1854."

CHAPTER V.

THE WAR IN ASIA; THE CAUCASUS; SCHAMYL, THE PROPHET AND HERO OF THE CAUCASUS; CAPTURE OF FORT ST. NICHOLAS; DEFEAT OF THE TURKS AT THE BATTLE OF AKHALTZIK; THREATENED HOSTILITIES WITH PERSIA.

In the last chapter, we mentioned that the Turks had suffered a defeat at Akhaltzik, a few days before the lamentable destruction of a great part of their navy at Sinope. To prevent confusion, we merely referred to the event in that place; and now the reader must imagine a change of scene from Europe to Asia—from the banks of the Danube to the wild, mountainous regions of the Caucasus.

Accounts of the war in Asia against Russian aggression have reached us in a very confused and uncertain manner. The region, also, is so remote from England, that very imperfect ideas are entertained concerning it. The country of Circassia, bordering on the Black Sea, is commonly supposed to be the theatre of the war; while it is really Daghestan, or that portion of the isthmus which extends along the west coast of the Caspian. Schamyl is spoken of as the native hero of the war; but, to most English readers, Schamyl, the "prophet and hero of the Caucasus," is little more than a name. It will be to the purpose to give some idea of him, the region he inhabits, and his struggles in unison with the Ottomans. It will possess a further interest from the fact that Schamyl and his patriotic mountaineers are the barrier which has prevented Russia from extending its enormous and increasing bulk in the direction of our Indian empire.

First, of the country.—"The great range of the Caucasian Mountains," says a contemporary writer, "which forms one of the highest and most inaccessible regions of the globe, runs in a south-eastern direction across the whole of that country which divides the Euxine and the Caspian seas. To the north of it lies the boundless steppes of Russia, extending from Astrachan to the Sea of Azoff; to the south the Turkish pashalics of Kars, Akhaltzik, and Erzeroum, and the Russian province of Georgia, bounded by the Araxes. The intermediate and mountainous regions of Circassia and Daghestan, have been, for twenty years, the scene of the gallant struggle carried on by Schamyl, and the tribes which follow his standard, against the Russians. Three roads connect the Transcaucasian provinces of Russia with the rest of the empire. The first winds along the coast of the Black Sea by Anapa, Ghelendjik, and Souchem Kaleb, till it enters Imeritia, and reaches the valley of the Kour, in which Teflis lies. The second follows the shore of the Caspian to Derbend, an extensive fortified position, which has, in all ages, been regarded as one of the gates of Asia, and was captured by Peter the Great when he first turned his arms against Persia. The third road passes from Mosdoz to Teflis by the valley of the Terek and the fortress of the Duriel, through one of the most terrific passes in the world.

The rest of the Caucasian chain is supposed to be wholly impassable by an army, though, in the course of the Circassian war, its valleys have been explored in every direction, and the Russians have constructed numerous forts to keep the country in check. Of these roads, the first is insecure if the Russians have not the absolute command of the coast and of the Black Sea. The third is probably impracticable in winter. The second is liable to interruption by the Lesghian tribes of Daghestan, who are the mortal enemies of the Russians; but Derbend, though a bad port, may be reached by the steamers which the Russians alone possess on the Caspian Sea."

The mountain range of the Caucasus extends to about 750 miles in length, and from 65 to 150 in breadth. Mount Elburz, its highest peak, rises to an elevation of 17,796 feet. The Circassians give to it the name of Dshin Padishah, or Commander of the Genii. Many superstitions are connected with it; and tradition relates that Noah's ark first rested on Elburz before it reached Ararat, and that the mountain was cleft in two by its weight. The summits of the Caucasian chain are covered with perpetual ice and snow; but the climate of the valleys is warm and healthy, though parts of it are exposed to burning heats in the summer. According to Greek mythology, the Caucasus was the scene of one of its grandest fictions. It was there that Prometheus was bound, for having made a man of clay, and animated him with fire that he had stolen from heaven. The punishment of the Titan was to last for thirty thousand years, during which period a vulture was to be continually gnawing his liver, which, though constantly devoured, was never diminished. Prometheus, it is said, endured this agony for thirty years, when he was delivered by Hercules, who released him and killed his feathered tormentor. The Circassians and Georgians are considered the finest types of the human family; and the Caucasian race is the name by which the white population, distributed over Europe, America, and part of Asia and Africa, is distinguished. Those portions of the Caucasian region which are situated in Europe are called Cis-Caucasia, and comprise the provinces of Caucasus, Circassia, and Daghestan. The inhabitants of these countries are nominally subject to Russia; but most of the tribes maintain a constant life-and-death struggle against her authority. The Asiatic parts of this interesting region

are called Trans-Caucassia, and comprise the countries situated between Turkey, Persia, the Caspian and the Black seas.

Such is the natural love of liberty of many of these mountain tribes, and so bravely do they fight for their independence, that some Russian military authorities have expressed an opinion, that peace will not be restored to the Caucasus *until all the inhabitants are killed*. We presume, that if the Russians had the power to carry out such an idea, they would have too much humanity to attempt it. However, it is not in their power; and the probability is, that it will become still less so. Russia can only support the semblance of her authority by keeping up an enormous military establishment, distributed over the whole line of frontier. Still, the mountainous and least accessible portion remains unsubdued; and for sixty years the hardy Daghestans and other tribes, have continued the contest against the gigantic power of the north. Of course they are incapable of meeting the Russian troops in open battle, and their efforts have been chiefly directed to the surprise of outlying posts and forts, and to sudden forays and inroads upon the neighbouring Russian territory. Year after year a part of the Russian force attack Schamyl and the other beys in their strongholds, and almost invariably with the same want of success. Protected by these grand natural defences of their land—the mountains—the patriots of the Caucasus permit the Russians to penetrate into defiles where discipline and order are unavailing, and from whence they are compelled to retreat with loss and disgrace.

"Notwithstanding," says an interesting writer, "the length of time the Russians have been making war in that country, they are deplorably ignorant of the ground, and no opportunity has been allowed of making a map of the country. No one has, as yet, penetrated into their glens, their ravines and mountains; and the knowledge of the Russians is very limited indeed. They are, therefore, obliged to creep timidly along, while the natives act with a complete knowledge of the locality. They fall suddenly and terribly upon the columns that are sent against them, whenever they have the superiority in numbers and position, and then as rapidly disappear amid the clefts of the rocks. They often hide among the stunted wood along the banks of the river, and from their place of concealment, attack

sometimes the head of the Russian columns, and sometimes the rear, which they almost invariably destroy; or, with a precision that never misses, bring down the officers. They then fall back through places whither pursuit is hopeless. They often take up their position in the dense forests which serve as one of their principal defences. The Russians, before venturing to enter, send scouts and skirmishers in all directions; but no enemy is discovered. Then, believing that the coast is clear, they penetrate into the forest, and in an instant, as if by magic, every tree is alive with men. Showers of bullets pour from above and below, and before the enemy can recover from his confusion, his men fall in masses or fly. In truth, there is scarcely a tree, the crest of a hill, a defile, a crag, a stream in the Caucasus, which is not steeped in Russian blood. The mountaineers defend every inch of ground with indomitable obstinacy. It is a war without quarter; a war to the knife. On the grave of each Circassian that has fallen by a Russian bullet a mark is affixed, which is never removed until the brother, the father, or some more distant relative, avenges his death by that of an enemy. The pretended civilisation of the barbarians of the north has no charm for the mountaineers, and they are regardless of anything which would put in peril the independence they prize above existence."

For some years past, Prince Woronzoff, governor-general of the Caucasian province, and commander-in-chief of the Russian armies there, has contented himself with confining the inhabitants of the unsubdued territory within a strict cordon—within a circle which has been growing gradually more and more narrow. Within that circle the spirit of the people, and their heroic devotion to independence, has been upheld by the bravery and religious fanaticism of the great warrior and law-giver of the Caucasus, Schamyl; with whom, since the outbreak of the war with Russia, the Sultan of Turkey has wisely entered into an offensive and defensive alliance. The sultan resolved to retaliate on the emperor by an attack on the Russian provinces in Asia. The result was, that a Turkish army of about 70,000 men, was sent into Asia; the struggle between the sons of the mountains and their would-be enslavers, was renewed with fresh vigour; and that which so long seemed hopeless, may at length be crowned with success. By grasping at Constantinople,

Russia will probably lose the Caucasus. The army at present required in the latter, to support the authority of the czar, is enormous. The troops there, and those in the adjoining country under the same command, were stated, by Prince Woronzoff, in conversation with an English officer who visited his camp, as amounting to 300,000 men. Allowing, says the reporter of this incident, for the exaggeration natural to a loose conversational estimate, we may probably safely conjecture them to number 250,000. For ourselves, we cannot say we are inclined to endorse this statement: it savours of that extravagance which has come to be regarded as a characteristic of Russian statistics.

Schamyl was born in the year 1797, at the little village of Himri, near the mountain-fortress of that name in Tchetchentzi, the central country of the Caucasian isthmus. He received a religious education, and in early youth conceived an enthusiastic admiration for the Koran. He was also distinguished for an unbending spirit; a serious dignified manner; a love of knowledge; and a proud ambition. A sort of mystic religion, based upon the Koran, had for some years gained ground in the Caucasus. It was derived from Persia: those who held it were called Sefations, or Attributists, and believed that it was possible for devout men to enter into direct communion with God. One of its most distinguished preachers was Kasi Mullah, who was regarded as a prophet. This man demanded unlimited faith and obedience from his followers; from amongst whom he selected a few, who were called Murids, who pledged themselves to die, if necessary, in the defence of their religion. Schamyl had been a pupil of this man, and became one of his most distinguished Murids. Kasi Mullah was a patriot, as well as a religious man; and he, his Murids, and their forces, had thrown themselves into the mountain-fortress of Himri, which they supposed inaccessible. There they were besieged by the Russians, under General Rosen, in the autumn of 1832. After twenty-five days, the Russians took the last redoubt; Kasi Mullah and all his Murids perished save one, who contrived to escape with a bayonet-stab, and a bullet in his side. That one was Schamyl: and when he again appeared at the head of his countrymen, he was looked upon almost as one raised from the dead. The patriots he commanded regarded him as a special favourite of heaven; and he became the

first of the Murids. His piety and bravery, added to the mystery attaching to him from other escapes from situations where death seemed inevitable, led to his appointment as successor to Hamsad Bey, the chief of the Murids and patriots of the Caucasus.

So great was the reputation and daring of Schamyl, that the czar sent General Grabbe to the Caucasus, with orders to pursue him wherever he might be. The general attacked Schamyl in his strong retreat—the fortress of Alkueho, which was described as a rock-nest, and supposed to be inaccessible. The siege lasted for four months; and, after the shedding of much Russian blood the fort was taken. The Russians, who were in the proportion of thirty to one, murdered every person they found, not sparing even women or children. They then eagerly turned over the ghastly and blood-dripping bodies, in search of the corpse of Schamyl. It was in vain; for, in some mysterious way, the patriot had escaped.

Schamyl and a few faithful Murids had retired to a large cave in the side of a neighbouring mountain, at the foot of which ran a river. In a little while the Russians were upon their track, and death from the sword, or from starvation, seemed inevitable. In this position the Murids resolved to put their doctrine in practice, and lay down their lives to save that of their prophet. Accordingly, they lashed together the trunks of some trees so as to form a raft, and then launched themselves upon the stream. The Russians soon perceived the devoted little party of patriots, and called out, "There is Schamyl!" Hurried orders were given; a party of mounted Cossacks dashed into the river, reached the raft, and massacred every one upon it. Returning from this work of butchery, they exulted in the thought that at last the orders of the czar were obeyed, and Schamyl was no more. They were deceived: while the attention of the Russians had been fixed upon the raft, the hero plunged into the river unobserved, swam across, and soon disappeared among the mountains on the opposite side.

Schamyl retired to Dargo, a town and fortress situated in the midst of steep rocks, on the top of a mountain, to which there is no approach except by tortuous defiles and through immense forests. Again General Grabbe pursued him, bent upon the destruction of the patriot. Schamyl permitted the Russian force to approach Dargo unmolested

until it was completely in his power, when the mountaineers suddenly dashed down upon it with surprising fury. The Russians, hemmed in and attacked on every side, nearly all perished. General Grabbe himself escaped with difficulty, accompanied by a miserable remnant of his dispirited men. The czar, in displeasure, recalled the baffled general, and appointed another in his place. Schamyl, in return for the injuries inflicted on him and his adherents, invaded and ravaged Awaria, which was in alliance with Russia, and compelled a Russian garrison there to surrender at discretion. A body of troops had been sent to its relief; but Schamyl, hearing of their approach, waylaid them and massacred every man. General Kluge then arrived in Awaria with a force thrice as great as that of Schamyl; but the latter encountered and utterly defeated him. After the Russians had suffered many other reverses from the brave mountaineers, Prince Woronzoff was appointed commander-in-chief of the Caucasus, and adopted a different policy for the subjection of Schamyl and his hardy patriots.

To an interesting little work, entitled *Schamyl and Circassia*, by Dr. Friedrich Wagner, we are indebted for the following description of the appearance and manners of this famous mountain-chief:—

"Schamyl is also the worthy head of the fiery sect whose prophet he has been chosen. He is of middle growth, fair, almost red-haired—especially in his beard, where there are also a few grey hairs,—has grey eyes, a well-formed nose, and a little mouth. A marble calmness, which least deserts him in the hour of danger, governs his whole behaviour; and his speech is totally free from excitement, whether conversing with friend, foe, or traitor. He is convinced that his actions are direct inspirations of God: he eats little, drinks water only, sleeps but few hours, and passes all his leisure time in reading the Koran, and in prayer; but when he speaks, he has, so says Berek Bey, the poet of Daghestan,—

"Lightnings in his eye, and on his lip, flowers."

"He is, in fact, master in the highest degree of that Oriental eloquence which is so fitted to rouse the sleeping souls of the faithful; and he manages to outbid the Russian generals in their metaphorical language. If the Russians say that they are numerous as the sands of the sea, Schamyl

replies that the Circassians are the waves that wash away the sands. In his proclamation to the warriors of both Kabardahs, he says:—‘Believe not that God favours the greater number; God stands arrayed in the cause of the good; and the number of the good is less than that of the wicked. Look around and behold proof everywhere of what I tell you. Are there not fewer roses than weeds? Is there not more mud than there are pearls—are there not many more vermin than useful animals? Is not gold rarer than less noble metals? And are we not of more account than gold and roses, than pearls and horses, and all the useful animals upon the earth?—For all the treasures of the earth are perishable, while to us an eternal life is reserved. But, if there be more weeds than roses, shall we, instead of rooting them up, wait until they have overgrown and destroyed the nobler flowers? And if our enemies be more numerous than we, is it a wise thing in us to be snared in their nets? Say not: our enemies have overcome Tsherkey, stormed Achulko, and conquered the land of Awaria! If the lightning strike a tree, do the other trees bow their heads in fear, lest they also should be stricken? O ye of little faith! follow the counsel which the trees of the forest give you, that would shame you if they had the gift of language and could speak! And if one fruit is eaten by worms, do the rest of the fruits putrify in fear, lest they should also be food for the worms? Therefore, be not afraid in that the unfaithful so rapidly multiply, and ever bring new warriors to the battle-field to replace those whom we have destroyed. For I say unto you, a thousand poisonous things shoot up out of the earth ere a single good tree reaches maturity. I am the root of the tree of liberty; the Murids are the trunk; and ye are the branches. But believe not that the withering of one branch will cause the destruction of the entire tree! God will cut off the foul branches, and cast them into the flames of destruction. Therefore, return ye sorrowfully, and place yourselves among those who fight for our faith, and ye will obtain my favour, and I will be your shield. But if ye continue to give more belief to the deceitful words of the infidels than ye do to my speech, I will do that which Kasi Mohammed formerly had it in his mind to do. My bands will overwhelm your villages like a storm-cloud, to compel that which you deny to my friendly as-

suranees. I will come with bloody footsteps; desolation and fear shall follow and precede my hosts; for what the might of eloquence may not do, shall be effected with the edge of the sword.’

“The Kabardians, however, more terrified at the Russians than at Schamyl, remained unmoved, notwithstanding this proclamation; and when Achwerdu Mahommed, Schamyl’s general, entered the country, he was killed by one of the Russianized tribes. Schamyl kept his word, left the Russian forts alone, and fell upon their auls with fire and sword. More than sixty villages of the Kabardah were burnt, and he carried off an immense booty, together with a considerable number of prisoners. Schamyl resided in the little fortress of Achulko, where he had himself a European house of two stories, constructed by Russian deserters and prisoners. At first his government was so poor, that the soldiers had to supply him with the means of existence; and yet religious enthusiasm had rendered him as powerful as if he had possessed tons of gold. His slightest word was sufficient, and his Murids were ready to go to the death for him. None of the chiefs of Daghestan before his time had wielded such authority. Even Sheikh Mansoor, who carried the standard of revolt through the whole of Circassia—the mighty hero, the high-minded sower in the fertile field of faith—was only a famous and dreaded warrior; but Schamyl is not only general and sultan of the Tshetshenzes, but also their prophet; and since 1834, Daghestan’s war-ery is:—‘Mohammed was Allah’s first prophet; Schamyl is His second.’”

When, in 1845, Prince Woronzoff was appointed by the Emperor Nicholas to be commander-in-chief of the Russian armies in the Caucasus, he found Schamyl no longer chief of a few small tribes only, but ruler over a whole nation. His bravery as a warrior, his eloquence as a preacher, his wisdom as a lawgiver, and his reputation as a prophet, enabled him to found a sort of barbarous monarchy among the rude sons of the mountains. Various tribes and races united under his rule in the cause of their religion and liberty. His income, at first derived from the plunder of his enemies, was at length raised in a more legitimate way by taxes levied on his people. He has a thousand picked soldiers for his body-guard, and never leaves his dwelling without being followed by a train of five hundred men.

He governs by a code of laws, written by himself; and when any difficulty arises, retires to some solitary place to pray and wait for a communication from the Deity upon the subject. Schamyl lives soberly, eats but little, sleeps but a few hours at a time, and occasionally sustains prolonged fasts. In one respect he exceeds the bounds of temperance—that is, according to European ideas; for he has three wives. He rules with stern severity; and a wild story is told of the extent to which religious enthusiasm is capable of going, in a mind open to all its promptings. In 1843, the inhabitants of the Great and Little Tshetshna, pressed on all sides by the Russian troops, resolved to send a deputation to Schamyl to entreat for assistance to drive away the Russians, or for permission to submit to their government. Aware that the latter proposition would excite the fury of the chieftain, they applied to his aged mother, and gave her 200 pieces of gold to intercede for them with her son on the subject. This she undertook to do; and after the interview, Schamyl, in astonishment and anger, shut himself up in the mosque, to await in fasting and prayer the will of the great prophet. For three days and nights he remained in the mosque, and at length came forth, looking pale and sorrowful. Having summoned his mother and the people, he thus addressed the latter:—"Inhabitants of Dargo! Fearful is that which I have to tell you! The Tshetshenzes have conceived the horrible idea of submitting to the dominion of the gjaours, and have actually dared to send ambassadors here with their vile proposition. Well these deputies knew their evil-doings; therefore they came not before me, but addressed themselves to my unhappy mother, who weakly gave way to their urgency, and brought the desires of these miscreants before me. My tender consideration for my beloved mother induced me to inquire of Mohammed himself, the prophet of Allah, what his will might be. Therefore have I, for these three days and nights, with fasting and prayers, called upon the name of the prophet. He has esteemed me worthy of a reply; but how horrible for me was his decision! According to the will of Allah, the first who made this proposition known to me is to be punished with a hundred blows of the whip; and the first—oh, that I have to tell it—was my unhappy mother!"

The aged woman was instantly seized,

bound to a pillar of the mosque, and Schamyl himself took the whip and commenced the execution of the unnatural sentence. The poor old mother, probably wounded as much by the ingratitude of her son as by the agony of the lash, fell dead at the fifth blow. The inflexible man threw himself upon the earth in tears; and after remaining for some time in prayer, rose and announced that Mohammed had permitted him to take upon himself the remainder of the blows to which his mother had been condemned. Stripping his broad shoulders, he commanded two soldiers to give him the ninety-five blows, which he received without relaxing a muscle of his rigid features. Then, calling for the deputies from the Tshetshna, he dismissed them to their tribe, with a command to relate all they had seen and heard. The trembling deputies were glad to escape with their lives, and we need scarcely say that no other deputations waited upon Schamyl with projects of submission.

We mentioned that the sultan, Abdul-Medjid, had entered into an alliance with Schamyl. The latter informed Abdi Pasha, the commander of the Turkish army sent to the Asiatic frontier, that he was prepared to act in concert with him, at the head of twenty thousand men; and the two addressed themselves to carry out a plan, which, if successful, would strike a heavy blow at the power of Russia in the Caucasus.

The first incident of the war in Asia, though by no means important, bore an ominous appearance as to the success of Russia. It was the capture of St. Nicholas, a fort situated on the coast of the Black Sea, about thirty miles north of Batoum, and named after the patron saint of the czar himself. This post, though defended by two battalions of infantry, three companies of Cossacks, and one artillery company, was said to be in a wretched condition, and unfit to sustain an attack. The Turks fell upon it at midnight, on the 28th of November, 1853, and after a conflict of four hours' duration, the fort was taken. Only about thirty Russian soldiers and three officers succeeded in cutting a passage through the enemy's ranks and effecting their escape; the rest were either slaughtered or taken prisoners. The loss of the Turks was very considerable; but they took two thousand muskets and four cannons as trophies of their victory. A Russian writer accuses the Turks of great barbarity on this occasion: he states that they crucified the

customs' officer belonging to the fort, and while suspended upon the cross, used him as a target for their bullets; that they sawed off the head of the priest belonging to the establishment, and murdered his wife in an atrocious manner. Such are the horrors incidental to war, when it too often occurs that the worst passions of the worst of our species are not to be restrained in times of excitement. As the Turkish troops generally are not charged with cruelty, but often described as exercising a humanity which is highly commendable, we should imagine that the outrages we have alluded to were, if indeed they actually occurred, perpetrated by some of the irregular troops or Bashi Bazouks. A letter from Constantinople relates, that one of the Russian soldiers who had been taken prisoner on the coast of Asia Minor, was brought before the Seraskier, where he underwent a short examination. Having answered several questions, as to the corps to which he belonged, and the military régime of Russia, an offer was made to him of passing some days at Constantinople, and then of being sent to Prince Gortschakoff, on condition that he would everywhere say what he had seen, and tell his comrades that the Turks do not eat the Christians. The man refused, saying he did not know what awaited him on his return; that the best that could happen to him would no doubt be to be sent back to his regiment; but that he had had enough of it. "But," it was said to him "you can see your family again." "My family!" replied the soldier; "I have been separated from it for eighteen years; and since the day that I was taken from my village, I have had no news of my father, my mother, or any of my relatives! They are, perhaps, all dead, or they have forgotten me! Leave me here until the peace: there will always be time enough to give me up." The Russians made five attempts to retake fort St. Nicholas, and were repulsed in each. At the time when the fort fell into the hands of the Turks, a Russian ship of war, the *Foudroyant*, ran aground on the coast, and was destroyed by the enemy. It was conveying troops, and had 1,600 men on board, 1,400 of whom were drowned; the remaining 200 were saved by the Turks.

Several other conflicts took place, without any important advantage being gained by either side; though military operations appear to be chiefly in favour of the Ottoman arms. At length, on the 26th of November,

1853, the Turks sustained a serious defeat at Akhaltzik, on the borders of Georgia and Armenia, by the Russians under General Andronikoff. In the absence of accounts from both armies engaged, we cannot do better than give a description of the conflict in the language of the Russian general, Prince Andronikoff. Some little deduction may be made, on the score of national vanity; but it appears to be substantially correct.

"On the 12th of November I arrived at Akhaltzik. I reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and obtained the conviction that the ground they occupied was unapproachable. It extended from the village of Ab down to Suppliss, and this position was further strengthened by many breastworks and batteries. The condition of the town and district of Akhaltzik, compelled me to act with decision, and this the more, since I had been informed that the Turks had been reinforced, and that fresh reinforcements were expected from Ardagan, Adjar, and Kars. Early on the morning of the 14th instant, I formed a column of four battalions of foot and fourteen guns, and pushed them forward against the enemy's front at Lower Suppliss. The artillerymen had been draughted from the various regiments, and the horses were taken wherever they could be got. Another column, consisting of three battalions and three light guns, was detached against the left wing of the Turkish position, on the banks of the river of Poskhoff-Tchaï. This second column was supported by nine sotnias (100 men each) of Cossacks, twelve sotnias of Teflis militia, and one detachment of noble volunteers. The engagement commenced with the fire of the artillery, which was continued on either side till thirty minutes past eleven, A.M. This obstinacy of the enemy, in the defence of the position they had taken, convinced me of the necessity of storming that position, in spite of its natural advantages and fortifications, and although the river is of considerable depth. The Turks made a desperate defence in their entrenchments, in the houses, gardens, and, in short, in every point which offered the possibility of resistance. Exposed to the grapeshot of the whole of the enemy's artillery, and harassed by the fire from the Turkish foot, our own infantry, up to their necks in the water, crossed the river and attacked the enemy with such violence and overwhelming force, that in spite of their

obstinaey, they commenced losing ground. The first step backward was the commencement of a total defeat of the Turks. On this side, in Lower and Upper Suppliss, we captured nine pieces of artillery; and in the village of Pamatsh, we took three pieces of artillery and two light field-pieces. The streets and houses of the village were covered with the bodies of the slain. While a hand-to-hand combat was raging on the right bank of the Poskhoff-Tehai, a second victory was gained on the left bank. At ten o'clock, a large column of the enemy, horse and foot, was descried approaching the heights of the mountain Obas Tuman-siki. Six sotnias of Cossacks were sent against this force, and the firing commenced at two o'clock, P.M. A detachment of the mountain battery No. 1, consisting of guns taken from the enemy, was sent to support the Cossacks. The six sotnias of Cossacks and the noble volunteers, who joined them from Upper Suppliss, attacked and routed the enemy. Two hundred were killed, and the rest dispersed; and in spite of their attempts, they could not effect a junction with the main force. At sunset the combat was over, because there were no antagonists for us to conquer. I must confess that this success, unheard-of in its way, which was obtained by perseverance in a cannonade of four hours, and after a fire of grape and musketry, which lasted two hours, and which was consummated by a hand-to-hand engagement, could be expected only from the dauntless courage of Russian troops. All this proves that there can be no obstacles for the orthodox army, fighting at the call of the mighty Sovereign for its creed, czar, and country. Can there be obstacles for an army which is mindful of the imperial word?—'In Thee, O Lord! have we trusted; let us not for ever be confounded!' We have lost one officer and thirty-nine privates, and nine officers and 179 privates were wounded. The loss of the enemy must have been very severe, for above 1,000 Turks remained dead on the field of battle. We took 120 prisoners of foot, horse, and artillery, and among them a mullah and the servants of the pasha. They were taken to the fortress. We took also ten field-pieces and two mountain guns, two artillery parks, several flags and standards, and a large number of small flags, with stores, &c."

* A leading journal gives the following account of the difference between the governments of England and Persia:—"A quarrel had arisen between the

This reverse of the Turks at Akhalzik was followed by another at Baschkady-Lar, in which, however, the Russians (though victors) suffered considerable loss. According to their own account, it amounted, in killed and wounded, to about 1,500 men. They captured twenty-four pieces of artillery, and an immense quantity of ammunition, which the state of the roads did not permit them to carry away. The Russian generals and colonels marched twenty yards in advance of the columns, to give an example to their soldiers. Amongst the men, Georgians and Russians vied with each other in deeds of daring. Great numbers of horses fell dead from fatigue, both during and after the battle; and the slaughter was so great, that the advancing troops were compelled to jump over heaps of dead bodies. The Turks fought with desperate bravery, and the fire of their artillery was remarkably correct: but the Russians better understood the ground, and their men (seasoned in the wars of the Caucasus against the Circassians) showed a vigour and resolution that carried them through every difficulty. After the battle, one of the Russian generals was heard to say:—"We may thank Schamyl for this triumph; but for him we should not possess such magnificent troops."

At this period, the Eastern question was rendered still more perplexed and complicated by a report that the Persian government had declared in favour of Russia against Turkey. This country (once so famous for the prowess of its population) has sunk into comparative helplessness; and it was probably influenced by the solicitations or intimidations of Russia. Such a policy, on the part of Persia, would be perfectly suicidal, as Russia has always been its deadliest enemy. It was even rumoured that, at the instigation of Russia, Nusser-ed-Din (the Shah of Persia) had declared war, not only against Turkey, but against England also. Persia was said to have applied for a Russian general for 30,000 Persian troops, who were to attack the Turks in Armenia; and diplomatic relations between Turkey and Persia, and between England and Persia, were suspended. The misunderstanding between the two latter countries did not, however, arise out of the Eastern war.* Serious

British *chargé d'affaires* at Teheran and the Persian court, with reference to the affairs of one Hadji Abdul Kerim, a native of Candahar, protected by

results might have followed; but ultimately the Persian government offered explanations which led to the restoration of pacific connexions. The reader may form an estimate of the folly of the shah in provoking

the anger of the allied powers, when we inform him that the revenue of that potentate does not amount to £2,000,000, and that the population of Persia is supposed not to exceed 8,000,000 persons.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE OF CITATE; THE TURKS AT KALAFAT; DEPUTATION OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS TO THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS; INSURRECTION OF THE GREEK SUBJECTS OF THE PORTE.

THE mind travels swifter than the flight of the eagle, or than the lightning's flash, "which hath ceased to be ere one can say it lightens." Let us, then, quit the wild mountainous regions of the Caucasus, and the Asiatic shores of that salt lake of storms, the Black Sea, and bring our thoughts back to the marshy banks of the river Danube.

Though successful at Oltenitza, the Turks had retired from the left bank of the Danube, except at the town of Kalafat, where they had erected formidable military works. Kalafat is a straggling place, rising gradually from the water's edge, and composed of scattered farm-houses, mercantile establishments, and the residences of small landed proprietors. The military works at Kalafat, which have been compared, by an eye-witness, to the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, cannot be covered except by a much larger number of troops than the place can accommodate. To live in tents during the winter, in that bitter and variable climate, would be little better than a lingering death. An ingenious mode was therefore hit upon to provide lodgings for the soldiers. Spaces, equal in size to a long barrack-room, were dug out of the earth, and covered over

with a ridged roof. Light and ventilation were secured by garret and gable windows, and fires were kept burning to consume the earthy odour. Within these underground habitations, mats served for arras; a clear space was left in the centre for passage; on each side were the soldiers' blankets and kits; the centre supporting-beams were ranged round with muskets; and at the gables were the drums, ready at a moment's notice, to beat the alarm. These subterranean lodgings or *burdehs* have, however, been condemned as extremely unhealthy; and it has been said that more men fall ill in them than when lodged in tents, which cannot properly protect them from the inclemency of the weather.

The Russians contemplated striking a blow at Kalafat on the 13th of January (1854); and, for that purpose, they concentrated their forces in entrenchments at Citate, sometimes called Zetali. Omar Pasha was aware of this, and resolved to become the assailant. Accordingly, on the 6th, a Turkish army of 15,000 or 18,000 men, under the orders of Ismail Pasha and Ahmed Pasha, marched out of Kalafat to attack the Russians, who had fortified themselves in the village of Citate, about five

the British government. This person, who is a man of great wealth, has demands upon the Persian government which it has been the duty of the British legation to support. The Persian government, on the other hand, claimed him as its own subject, liable to all such exactions as it might please the shah to put upon him; and at length refused, with so much insolence, to grant the redress the case required, that the British *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Taylour Thompson, was compelled to suspend diplomatic relations with the ministers of the shah. The effect of this spirited measure was prompt and effectual. Within a very short time the Persian government showed its readiness to comply with his demands, and to restore friendly relations with England. The tables were completely turned on Prince Dolgorouki,

the Russian minister; and although he threatened the Shah of Persia with the supreme displeasure of the czar, his master, and exerted every means to restore Russian influence, the British *chargé d'affaires* remained master of the field. * * * Fortunately, the settlement of the dispute with England seems to have included an arrangement with the Porte; for the Turkish minister at Teheran received positive assurances from the Sudder Azim, or first minister of the shah, that no movement of troops hostile to the Ottoman empire will be made by Persia; and that the forces concentrated in the northern provinces of the kingdom are placed there solely to watch the progress of events, and to prevent internal disturbances." Persia has, however since acted in a vacillating manner.



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hours' march from Kalafat. The Russian troops were not so numerous as the Turks: some accounts represent them as 10,000 strong; but their position was one of great advantage, as the Russians were distributed in all the houses of the village, which is of some extent, and surrounded by a double ditch.

When the Turks approached the village, they supposed it to be abandoned, as a profound silence reigned, and not a Russian was to be seen. Six companies of chasseurs advanced firing *en tirailleurs*, but without eliciting a response. They were about to enter, when the sudden roar of artillery announced the presence of the enemy, who forthwith made their appearance. Still the chasseurs pushed on, and close behind them came four battalions of infantry, under Ismail Pasha, with a battery of field-artillery, which opened a tremendous fire. The superiority of the Turkish artillery was immediately evident; and the Russian gunnery has been described as execrable. The Russians retired into the village, and taking shelter in and around the houses, opened a deadly fire upon the enemy. Still the Turks steadily approached; and Ismail Pasha rode into the village at the head of his troops, mounted on a white horse, and wearing a white pelisse. This costume, added to the many glittering orders that sparkled upon his breast, made him the mark for showers of bullets. But the brave often escape the fate that cowards meet; and although the Turkish general had two horses killed beneath him, he himself escaped with only a slight wound in the arm.

At first the Turks were mowed down rapidly by the fire of their opponents; but, though the greatest part of them had never before been exposed to musketry, they displayed an indomitable courage. Rushing upon the enemy in the houses, they fought with terrific energy, hand-to-hand, with sword and bayonet. The slaughter was hideous; for the Turks, stung into desperation, rushed on like madmen. Quarter was neither asked nor given: in the feverish excitement of that awful time, the Turks listened to nothing but the voice within, which urged them to take vengeance on the oppressors of their country. All who fell into their hands were slaughtered without pity. The Russians contested every wall and room with heroic courage, but were massacred in heaps. Some of their officers, seeing no escape, and scorning to yield,

pulled down their caps tightly on their foreheads, and rushed with mad despair to meet their death. Streams of blood ran down from the houses into the streets; the spaces around them were covered with bodies, heaped one upon another; and, to add to the horror of that dreadful scene, a number of pigs, which had got loose in the confusion, were seen making a revolting meal upon the dead, as yet scarcely cold.

The Russians who escaped this slaughter took refuge in a redoubt at the head of the village, and from thence recommenced a deadly fire upon the Turks. The latter suffered considerably, but returned the fire so vigorously, that the Russians decided upon abandoning the entrenchments. Having done so, the Turkish cavalry endeavoured to surround them, so as to cut off their escape. The Russians, animated by the terrible energy of despair, recommenced the fight with a wild desperation, and in a vigorous *sortie* succeeded in capturing two guns; still, a brief time would doubtless have seen the extermination of the Russian force, had not the sound of the firing reached the ears of Russian troops stationed in other villages.

About noon, large black masses of troops were discerned at about six miles distance, rapidly advancing towards the scene of action. Information of this was instantly given to Ahmed Pasha, who commanded the Turkish reserve, and he, by a skilful manœuvre, placed his soldiers in such a position as to prevent the junction of the new comers with the besieged troops. The Russian reinforcements consisted of about 10,000 men, together with sixteen pieces of cannon. They directed their march towards the Kalafat road, so as to cut off the retreat of the Turks, and to place them between two fires. Achmet Pasha met this movement by making front in his rear—a dangerous position, which few troops in the world have the courage to stand firm in. The report of an enemy in the rear will frequently spread a panic through a brave and well-disciplined army. The Turks were then opposed to three times their number of Russians, and they were in a position from which there was no retreat. Defeat was utter destruction. Nothing remained for them, in case of a reverse, but to retreat upon the village and sell their lives as dearly as possible—a resolution which every man among them seemed to take, and one they would doubtless have put in practice. The Russians came on with a steady cool-

ness that would have appalled a timid enemy. The conflict began with the firing of artillery; but that of the Russians was served so badly, that its balls went whistling over the heads of the Turks, and did scarcely any mischief. The Turks, on the contrary, managed their artillery admirably—(they conduct this branch of the service with an ability and precision which would do credit to any country in Europe)*—and their balls plunged into the Russian columns, and ploughed deep furrows through the living masses. But as the men were struck down, others took their places, and the line was redressed with singular coolness. Again and again deep gaps were made, and, at length, the Russians taking advantage of a momentary slackness in the Turkish fire, closed up into a serried column and prepared to make a charge with the bayonet, in the hope of spreading confusion and death among their enemies. They were received by a deadly storm of grape from the Turkish batteries, and mowed down like ripe wheat. At the same time an order was given for the Turkish infantry to advance. The command was responded to with the national war-cry and a sweeping fire. For a few minutes the Russians bore up; the columns then wavered, turned, and fled. The Turks were exhausted by a combat that had lasted eight hours, during which time they had been standing over their ankles in mud, their ammunition was running short, and Achmet Pasha deemed it prudent to retire to the quarters at Kalafat. In the confusion of the fight, the Turks committed the error of omitting to destroy the guns of the enemy, and the Russians gained courage enough to return and carry off their artillery.

The loss on both sides is, as usual, differently reported. The Turks acknowledged their loss to be 338 in killed, and 700 in wounded. It was estimated that the Russians had about 1,500 killed (amongst whom were many officers), and about 2,000 wounded.† The Turkish wounded were

taken to Kalafat in carts, and then sent across the river to be placed in the hospitals at Widdin. The poor fellows comforted themselves, to some extent, by the sight of watches or handfuls of gold, which they had gathered on the field of battle, and now placed by their beds of pain as a solace to their sufferings. A witness of the scene said, the poor men, while being conveyed to the hospital, seemed to treat the affair very lightly, talking and laughing in the boats with so much cheerfulness, that but for their blood-stained bandages, it would have been difficult to have believed the reality of their situation.

The unfortunate people of Wallachia are said to have rejoiced at this victory, and to have looked forward to the Turks as their probable liberators. Well they might; for the Russians had been guilty of gross tyranny and violence towards them. Crowds of peasants and farmers fled from their homes and took refuge in Austria, or crossed the Danube and joined the Turks, rather than submit to the cruelties and exactions imposed upon them. In one instance, the Russian general had ordered that women and young girls should do the work the soldiers might require of them. The villagers refused obedience; and a body of Cossacks were sent amongst them to enforce it. The Cossacks were attacked by a numerous body of peasants, armed only with scythes and clubs. Upon this, the general sent troops with directions to inflict "exemplary chastisement" on the rebellious men who had dared to protect their wives and children. This exemplary chastisement amounted to nothing less than the massacre of the inhabitants of three whole villages. A few weeks before the battle, some Cossacks at a small village near Plewna, cut off the heads of three Wallachians and violated several women. Some of the Wallachian militia were incorporated with the Russian troops, but a mutual dislike existed between them. One Wallachian captain refused to

* When the Prussian general, Von Wrangel, took his leave of the Emperor Nicholas at St. Petersburg, before setting off for the Ottoman capital, the czar exclaimed, "When you get to Constantinople, mind you examine the artillery well; its one of the best in Europe. We have to thank you Prussians for that. It will take hard teeth to crack that nut." The Turks were instructed in this branch of war by the Prussian lieutenant-colonel, Von Kuczkowski.

† A letter from Omar Pasha, dated Shumla, January, 17 (29th), gives a widely different estimate. We extract the following:—"The loss of the Russians, according to the most accurate accounts,

amounted to 3,000 dead, including three colonels, three chiefs of battalions, and at least sixty officers. More than 200 chariots, each carrying four or five wounded, were sent to Krajova and Slatina, besides the wounded soldiers who were on foot. Among the wounded is General Orloff, two colonels, and seven chiefs of battalions. Another colonel is missing. Three waggons, laden with munitions and a quantity of baggage, 500 muskets, sixty officers' swords, and 500 horses, most of them wounded, form the trophies of the day. Several crosses of St. George now ornament the breasts of our soldiers. General Orloff has since died of his wounds."

march against the Turks; and knowing the consequences of his conduct, sought a dreadful refuge from the severity of the military tyranny of Russia by blowing out his brains. The Turkish soldiers generally enjoy a good character for honesty and decent behaviour; but this reputation is sometimes tarnished by the brutality of individuals. In spite of the strictest orders to the contrary, the revolting custom of cutting off the noses and ears of their enemies, is still practised by some of the Albanian and Arnaut irregular troops. After the battle of Citate, one savage wretch had made a complete necklace of these hideous trophies. It is some satisfaction to know, that his barbarous triumph was mitigated by a severe application of the bastinado.

On the 7th, the conflict was resumed between the Turks and the Russians; and again upon the 8th, when the latter were completely defeated and driven back upon Krajova. We presume that these subsequent affairs were but skirmishes, as no details have reached us. The victory at Citate created so much joy and confidence among the Ottoman troops, that they expressed a belief that one Turk was a match for three Russians. The sultan sent from Constantinople some sabres with golden hilts, and other honourable decorations, for several of the most distinguished officers. On the other hand, General Aurep, the Russian officer who commanded at Citate, though severely wounded during the battle, was sent in disgrace to the rear-guard of the Russian army in the Caucasus, and General Liprandi was appointed to the command of the Russian army in Lower Wallachia. This circumstance looks like an admission of defeat on the part of the emperor.

It was supposed that the Russians would soon attempt to wash off the disgrace they had sustained by another effort to advance upon Kalafat. The Turkish garrison there, consisting of about 20,000 men, was increased by ten battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery. These reinforcements raised the army at Kalafat to 30,000 men, and further additions were expected. Some idea may be formed of the formidable character of the fortifications at Kalafat, when we mention that they, together with those at Widdin, contain 250 pieces of cannon of the heaviest calibre. The Turkish redoubts are partly raised on two high hills in the plain of Kalafat, about a mile distant from each other. From these

hills all the neighbouring country is commanded in such a way that no approach to the Danube can be made. It was reported that the Russian troops intended to attack Kalafat on the 19th of January, being the anniversary (according to their calendar) of the festival of St. John the Baptist. While under the influence of religious excitement they were to be led against the Turks beneath the shadow of the cross; for that sacred symbol was to be carried before them.

In the meantime, several skirmishes took place near Matschin, a small Turkish fortress opposite Brailow, on account of General Lüders, who had taken up his quarters at the latter place, attempting to establish himself on the Turkish side of the Danube. The Russians suffered considerably, and a steamer of theirs was almost destroyed. On the 12th of the month, the Turks again became the attacking party, and made an attempt to cross over to the left bank of the Danube, by Karalash; but, after a short engagement, they were repulsed by General Bogushewski, at the head of 2,000 men. Another skirmish took place for the possession of an island which eventually remained in the hands of the Turks. On the 18th, the Turks again crossed the river at Nicopoli, Sistow, Rustchuk, Silistria, Hirsova, and Matschin, and after giving considerable annoyance to the Russians, returned again to the right bank. The object of the Russian troops in making excursions across the river, was to divide the Turks and make it a safer thing to attack them at Kalafat; that of the Turks, was to keep their foes in continual uneasiness and alarm. It was said, that orders had arrived from St. Petersburg that Kalafat was to be taken immediately, cost what it might. A private letter states that General Gortschakoff, while conversing with a person attached to the Austrian embassy, who had remarked that Ismail Pasha was strongly intrenched at Kalafat, and that he had the advantage of position, replied—"We have received the most imperative orders to drive the Turks out of Kalafat. I know that it must cost me a number of men; but I will succeed at any price." "It is a difficult undertaking," responded the other, "for although you wish to capture Kalafat at any price, the Turks will preserve it at any price."

It was truly a difficult task, as it was calculated that the capture of Kalafat could not be effected without sacrificing the lives of 10,000 Russians. Prodigious as the gene-

erals of that country usually are of the blood of their soldiers when the commands of the czar are concerned, yet Gortschakoff evidently shrunk from such a frightful carnage. If 10,000 men were to be sacrificed every time the Turks were to be driven from a strong position, even the power of Russia would fall prostrate before the gigantic work of aggression it had undertaken. But Russia is prudent: the attack which was to have taken place on the 13th of January, was deferred to the 19th, in consequence of the battle at Citate; then until the 23rd or 24th; and then it was rumoured that nothing was to be done against Kalafat until reinforcements had arrived, because, from sickness, and the bullets and sabres of the Turks, the army of occupation had lost 35,000 men since it had crossed the Pruth in July, 1853. The total number of Russians that had crossed the Pruth into the Danubian provinces up to the 1st of January, 1854, was 129,188: so that deducting 35,000, they had still about 94,000; yet the brave Russian general resolved to wait for reinforcements; and the Russian government, it was said, intended to raise the army in the border provinces to 200,000 men. At the latter end of January, reinforcements did arrive, and then the *prudent* Russian generals were of opinion that Kalafat could hardly be taken without trenches, parallels, &c.; and the taking of this important position was postponed indefinitely. About the end of March, it was supposed that the Emperor Nicholas himself would make his appearance at the seat of war, and then, of course, the fortifications of Kalafat would melt like snow before the advancing spring.

Early in 1854, a singular episode in the history of the war occurred. This was a visit of three English Quakers to the Emperor Nicholas at St. Petersburg, in order to appeal to him, as a Christian prince, to avert the horrors of an impending European war. These gentlemen—Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham; Robert Charleton, of Bristol; and Henry Pease, of Darlington—left London on the 20th of January, as a deputation of the Society of Friends. Proceeding by way of Berlin, Königsberg, and Riga, they arrived at St. Petersburg on the 2nd of February. These sincere if simple-minded men, undertaking their mission upon religious grounds, and wholly irrespective of political considerations, thought it best not to communicate, before leaving England,

either with the Russian ambassador in London or with any member of the British government. They were going to plead with the czar on behalf of humanity—to urge him, in the name and for the cause of the Divine Teacher of Galilee, to sheathe the swords which might otherwise make thousands of women widows, and bereaved mourners throughout three-quarters of the whole world. For the same reason, on arriving at St. Petersburg, they made a direct application to Count Nesselrode, without the intervention of Sir Hamilton Seymour, the British ambassador. Their motives, however, were subsequently stated, in personal interviews, both to the government at home and to its representative in Russia. Much has been said in ridicule of these earnest Quaker gentlemen and their uncourtly and unworldly proceeding. What, it was urged, could they hope to do? Did they expect the ambitious czar would abandon his great project at the solicitations of three private and obscure men? We do not suppose they expected anything of the kind; and we think their manly, unconventional behaviour, deserves a word of praise rather than of censure. It is well that the deeds of princes should sometimes be tested by the pure principles of eternal truth; that the disturbers of the poor world's peace should, even while living, be weighed in the iron balance of the obscure masses of the nations; that the truths of that religion which they use as a cloak for their unholy deeds, should be quoted against them; and that humble men should be bold enough to rise and say—"In the name of the Redeemer you profess to worship, why doest thou this great sin in the eyes of God and man?" Truly we think this visit of the three Quakers to the czar a silent index of the progress of the world—an index which points, with a mute but significant eloquence, to the time when the voice of the peoples of the world shall be regarded in the palaces of their princes; and when sovereigns shall bend from their thrones to listen to the earnest words of wholesome truth, even from the lips of the humble.

On arriving at St. Petersburg, our Quaker adventurers obtained an introduction to a gentleman who had lived in Russia for forty years, and who, it was thought, would be of service to them in their delicate mission. As Count Nesselrode, the chancellor of the empire, was believed from the first to have objected to the war, the gentleman recom-

mended the deputation to address a note to him, requesting an interview. The letter was forwarded; and the count almost immediately responded by sending a messenger who could speak good English (apparently one of his private secretaries), and fixing an early hour for receiving his English visitors. He added, that he was instructed to offer them any services in his power. On the 5th of February, Messrs. Sturge, Charleton, and Pease were visited by the English consul, who, though he had but little hope of their success, expressed his belief that the emperor would receive them. He said that the trade of Russia, as far as England was concerned, was greatly paralysed by what had taken place; and that this circumstance being known to the emperor, it was hoped would have its influence with him on the side of peace.

The English consul was correct in his opinion that the emperor would receive the deputation in the name of peace. Through the prompt courtesy of Count Nesselrode, an interview was arranged to take place at the Winter Palace on the 10th of February, for the presentation of the address. At the appointed time the Friends were admitted to the presence of the emperor, and remained with him for nearly half-an-hour. He received them very graciously, and expressed himself much pleased with the object of their visit and the motives which induced them to make so long a journey. They then presented the following really interesting and admirable address:—

“To Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias.—May it please the Emperor,—We, the undersigned members of a meeting representing the religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers in Great Britain, venture to approach the imperial presence, under a deep conviction of religious duty, and in the constraining love of Christ our Saviour.

“We are, moreover, encouraged so to do by the many proofs of condescension and Christian kindness manifested by thy late illustrious brother, the Emperor Alexander, as well as by thy honoured mother, to some of our brethren in religious profession.

“It is well known that apart from all political considerations, we have, as a Christian church, uniformly upheld a testimony against all war, on the simple ground that it is utterly condemned by the precepts of Christianity, as well as altogether incompatible with the spirit of its Divine Founder, who is emphatically styled the ‘Prince of Peace.’ This conviction we have repeatedly pressed upon our own rulers; and

often, in the language of bold, but respectful remonstrance, have we urged upon them the maintenance of peace as the true policy, as well as manifest duty of a Christian government.

“And now, O great prince, permit us to express the sorrow which fills our hearts as Christians and as men, in contemplating the probability of war in any portion of the continent of Europe. Deeply to be deplored would it be were that peace (which, to a large extent has happily prevailed for so many years) exchanged for the unspeakable horrors of war, with all its attendant moral and physical suffering.

“It is not our business, nor do we presume to offer any opinion upon the questions now at issue between the imperial government of Russia and that of any other country; but, estimating the exalted position in which Divine Providence has placed thee, and the solemn responsibilities devolving upon thee, not only as an earthly potentate, but also as a believer in that gospel which proclaims ‘peace on earth and good will toward men;’ we implore Him, by whom ‘Kings reign and princes decree justice,’ so to influence thy heart, and to direct thy counsels, at this momentous crisis, that thou mayest practically exhibit to the nations, and even to those who do not profess the ‘like precious faith,’ the efficacy of the gospel of Christ, and the universal application of his command, ‘Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven.’

“The more fully the Christian is persuaded of the justice of his own cause, the greater his magnanimity in the exercise of forbearance. May the Lord make thee the honoured instrument of exemplifying this true nobility, thereby securing to thyself and to thy vast dominions that true glory and those rich blessings which could never result from the most successful appeal to arms.

“Thus, O mighty prince, may the miseries and devastations of war be averted; and in that solemn day, when ‘every one of us shall give account of himself to God,’ may the benediction of the Redeemer apply to thee;—‘Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God;’ and mayest thou be permitted, through a Saviour’s love, to exchange an earthly for a heavenly crown, ‘a crown of glory which fadeth not away.’

“London, 11th of 1st month, 1854.”

[Here follow the signatures.]

Nicholas listened with the greatest attention while the address was being read; and the deputation were induced to hope, from his tone and manner, that he was not

insensible to the appeal. At the conclusion, he said he wished to offer some explanation of his views as to the causes of the present unhappy differences. His observations, in the course of the conversation which followed, were, as nearly as could be gathered, as follows :—

“We received the blessings of Christianity from the Greek empire; and this has established and maintained ever since a link of connexion, both moral and religious, between Russia and that power. The ties that have thus united the two countries have subsisted for 900 years, and were not severed by the conquest of Russia by the Tartars; and when, at a later period, our country succeeded in shaking off that yoke, and the Greek empire, in its turn, fell under the sway of the Turks, we still continued to take a lively interest in the welfare of our co-religionists there; and when Russia became powerful enough to resist the Turks, and to dictate the terms of peace, we paid particular attention to the well-being of the Greek church, and procured the insertion in successive treaties of most important articles in her favour. I have myself acted as my predecessors had done, and the treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, was as explicit as the former ones in this respect. Turkey, on her part, recognised this right of religious interference, and fulfilled her engagements until within the last year or two, when for the first time, she gave me reason to complain. I will not now advert to the parties who were her principal instigators on that occasion. Suffice it to say that it became my duty to interfere, and to claim from Turkey the fulfilment of her engagements. My representations were pressing but friendly, and I have every reason to believe that matters would soon have been settled if Turkey had not been induced by other parties to believe that I had ulterior objects in view,—that I was aiming at conquest, aggrandisement, and the ruin of Turkey. I have solemnly disclaimed, and do now as solemnly disclaim every such motive. . . . I do not desire war; I abhor it as sincerely as you do; and am ready to forget the past, if only the opportunity be afforded me. . . . I have great esteem for your country, and a sincere affection for your queen, whom I admire, not only as a sovereign, but as a lady, a wife, and a mother. I have placed full confidence in her, and have acted towards her in a frank and friendly spirit. I felt it my duty to call her attention to future dangers, which I considered sooner or later likely to arise in the East, in consequence of the existing state of things. What, on my part, was prudent foresight, has been unfairly construed in your country into a designing policy and an ambitious desire of conquest. This has deeply wounded my feelings and afflicted my heart. Personal insults and

invectives I regard with indifference. It is beneath my dignity to notice them; and I am ready to forgive all that is personal to me, and to hold out my hand to my enemies in the true Christian spirit. I cannot understand what cause of complaint your nation has against Russia. I am anxious to avoid war by all possible means. I will not attack, and shall only act in self-defence. I cannot be indifferent to what concerns the honour of my country. I have a duty to perform as a sovereign. As a Christian I am ready to comply with the precepts of religion. On the present occasion my great duty is to attend to the interests and honour of my country.”

In reply to the emperor, the deputation observed that their mission was not of a political character, but merely intended to convey to his majesty the sentiments of their own society, as a religious body. They did not, therefore, feel it to be their place to enter into any of the questions involved in the present dispute; but, with the emperor's permission, they would be glad to call his attention specially to a few points. They, and many other Englishmen, had incurred the displeasure of the supporters of the present military system, by advocating the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. They also remarked, that as while Mohammedanism avowedly justifies the employment of the sword in propagating its doctrines, Christianity is emphatically a religion of peace, there appeared, therefore, a peculiar propriety in a Christian emperor's exercising forbearance and forgiveness. They concluded by observing, that in the event of a European war, among the thousands who would be its victims, those who were the principal causes of it would, probably, not be the greatest sufferers; but that the heaviest calamities would fall upon innocent men, and their wives and children.

The deputation were then about to retire, but the emperor said they should not leave without being introduced to the empress. That lady, accompanied by the grand-duchess Olga, then entered the room, and conversed with Mr. Sturge and his friends in a very agreeable manner. On taking their leave, Nicholas shook each of his visitors heartily by the hand, and desired them to remain some days in St. Petersburg. They were afterwards informed, through Baron Nicolay, that the emperor desired to transmit to the Society of Friends a written reply to their address. A reply in the French language was accordingly for-

warded to them. It is unnecessary to insert it here, as it is scarcely more than a reiteration of the sentiments expressed by the emperor in the observations he addressed to the deputation, after listening to their expostulation. Although it was the wish of the Friends to be as quiet as possible during their stay in St. Petersburg, yet their presence created a considerable degree of interest among the inhabitants. So much so, that they were not unfrequently followed in the streets by crowds of persons, who seemed to take a favourable interest in the object of their mission.

We must now call attention to another episode of the war of a very different character—an episode which threatened to add considerably to the perplexities of the already intricate Oriental question. We allude to the insurrections of the sultan's Greek and other Christian subjects in that portion of the Ottoman territory which joined the kingdom of Greece. Undoubtedly the Turks had behaved in an extremely oppressive manner to the Greeks; so much so, as to elicit the interference of the European powers in 1827—an interference which led to the destruction of the Turkish navy at the battle of Navarino.

For nearly four centuries the Greeks, and other Christian subjects of the Ottoman, were in a state not widely different from that of slavery. The evidence of a Christian was not admitted at a Turkish tribunal of justice: his right of property was limited; his personal security treated contemptuously; and he was so mistrusted by the government as not to be allowed to bear arms in its service. This state of things lasted until the close of the first quarter of the present century, when the insurrection of the Greeks, supported by England, France, and Russia, wrung from Turkey a partial independence. The Porte has, since that time, entered on a course of legislative and social reforms which are bringing about the effect so earnestly desired.

It was natural that the Greeks should rise against their oppressors when the latter were visited with adversity and danger; and

that they should hail the then probable fall of Turkey as the roseate dawning of Greek independence and the restoration of the Greek empire. It was also difficult for Englishmen to avoid sympathising with a people struggling for liberty;—difficult also to forget that centuries ago, in the days of Pericles, that Athens was a proud and glorious city—the home of all that was brilliant and elegant in intellect and art; and that her people were the rulers of the world. It was natural for the Greeks to have acted as they had done; but they had chosen an unhappy time for the assertion of their independence—a time when the sympathies of most of the great European powers must of necessity be against them. By rising against Turkey, she, in effect, united herself with Russia against the Ottoman and the allied Western powers. If Greece had been successful, she would have helped to trample under foot the European balance of power, and to place the despotic genius of Russia triumphant on the ruins of order and freedom. Having done this, she would merely have changed her master, and become a dependency of Russia instead of a dependency of Turkey.

Though England would not ally herself with a Mohammedan power against a Christian one, yet it was evident the Greek insurrection must be repressed, or Russia would be materially assisted in her attack on the territory of the Ottoman, and supported in her resistance of the propositions of France and England. It was difficult for the respective governments of these states to satisfy the Greeks and other Christian subjects of the Porte, that although supporting the sovereignty of the sultan, they were not the less anxious to obtain for them a complete reform of their condition. A spirit of remarkable liberality has indeed appeared in the conduct both of the sultan Abdul-Medjid, and his father Mahmoud; still, we think it would be well to have followed out the suggestion of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and made the assistance given to Turkey conditional upon the extension of ample rights to his Christian subjects.*

Signs of coming insurrection were visible

* The English government has not lost sight of the interesting subject of religious liberty in the East. Notwithstanding the liberality of Sultan Abdul-Medjid, many of the grievances arising from Mussulman intolerance are still in force, and doubtless are extremely difficult to be remedied. This circumstance induced the foreign minister, on the 24th of June, 1853, to impress upon the sultan the importance of removing all civil distinctions between his

Christian and Mohammedan subjects. To this recommendation, Lord Clarendon added the following important declaration:—"It is the deliberate opinion of her majesty's government, that the only real security for the continued existence of Turkey as an independent power, is to be sought by enlisting the feelings of its Christian subjects in its preservation; that although Turkey may get over her present difficulties by the aid of her allies, she must not reckon on

in Greece soon after the commencement of the dispute between Russia and Turkey. The agents of the czar were at work, persuading the Greeks that Russia was their friend and natural protectress, and that the hour had arrived for the recovery of their ancient freedom. During the autumn of 1853, the following inflammatory address was circulated among the Greeks, with the object of causing them to rise against the Mussulmans:—

"To the enslaved Greeks of Thessaly, Macedonia, Thrace, and Epirus, Asia Minor and its islands, Candia, and all the islands of the Archipelago:—

"Brethren and Countrymen,—To arms, to arms! For four centuries you have been groaning beneath the Turkish yoke. The happy hour has come. Rise, and time lose not;—let the Crescent disappear before the Cross. Your cause is sacred, and the Almighty will help you. Think of the glory of your noble ancestors, and blush for your degradation. Fear not the bloodthirsty hounds of the sultan nor his renegade friends; they are ferocious, yet craven hordes, which you will soon vanquish and disperse. Rise, fight! and do not allow your sword one moment's rest until you have plunged it into the heart of the last of the Moslems. Down with the barbarians!—the plunderers of your vaunted and classic country—the murderers of your brethren, of Scios and Kidonies! *Your northern brethren in faith are shedding their blood on the banks of the Danube for your own cause. Be grateful to them and to their most noble master*; but do not let them accomplish alone that which it is your duty to perform. Soon that mighty river will witness the total destruction of the wild legions of the Turk. Let your war-cry be religious independence, and you will assuredly overcome the savage Moslems. Do not place any trust in the Franks for your freedom; they are your bitterest foes and the friends of your oppressors. Remember that the English sold Parga to the Turks. Bear in mind also that English cannon threatened to burn the houses of your fellow-

external aid as a permanent resource: but that she must create for herself a surer defence in the affections of the most intelligent, active, and enterprising class of her subjects; and that it is impossible to suppose that any true sympathy for their rulers will be felt by the Christians, so long as they are made to experience in all their daily transactions the inferiority of their position as compared with that of their Mussulman fellow-subjects—so long as they are aware that they will seek in vain for justice for wrongs done either to their persons or their properties, because they are deemed a degraded race, unworthy to be put in comparison with the followers of Mohammed. Your excellency will plainly and authoritatively state to the Porte, that this state of

countrymen of liberated Greece in behalf of the despicable Jew Pacifico. The Latin Frenchmen are worse than the English. Despise them all—aim well at the enemy. God is with you, and you will soon be free!

"Athens, Nov. 10.

A. O. D."

At length, on the 28th of January, 1854, a regularly-organised conspiracy was discovered in Albania, Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia. Large sums of money had been raised by the wealthy Greeks in different parts of the world; and the intended insurrection was arranged by men of ability and energy, prepared to die, if necessary, in the cause of their country. There is very little doubt that a general insurrection was aimed at, like that which took place when the war of liberation commenced. In many parts, revolutionary committees, or their agents, went from village to village, urging the inhabitants to rise against the Turks, and distributing guns among those who expressed their willingness to join the insurgents. Great numbers of officers, students, and others, left Athens, and rushed eagerly to the gatherings in the mountains to join the revolt; and early in February the insurrectionary army was reported to number 8,000 men. They were under the command of Spiridion Karakaisis, a Greek lieutenant, who received orders from the government of his native country to return to Athens immediately, under pain of being struck out of the army-list; but the Greek government was unable to restrain the revolutionary ardour of the people, and its command was disregarded. The Turkish garrison at Arta was thrice besieged by a detachment of the insurgents. Janina shared a similar fate. An encounter occurred in the port of Arta between the Turkish guardship and a Greek cutter, in which the former was destroyed; and in Asia Minor collisions between the Turks and Greek were occurring almost daily. In Epirus, the insur-

things cannot be longer tolerated by the Christian powers. The Porte must decide between the sacrifice of an erroneous religious principle and the loss of the sympathy and support of its allies. You will point out the immense importance of the election which it has to make; and her majesty's government conceive that very little reflection will suffice to satisfy the Turkish ministers that the Porte can no longer reckon upon its Mussulman subjects alone as a safeguard against external danger; and that without the hearty assistance of its Christian dependents, and the powerful sympathy and support of its Christian allies, the Turkish empire must soon cease to exist." It is the Turkish people, rather than the government, that are the opponents of religious equality.

gents, adding religious fanaticism to patriotic ardour, pulled down all the crescents from the mosques, and performed Christian service in them. From the following documents, issued from a village near to Arta, and consisting of an oath and proclamation, the state of feeling among the Greek population may be inferred:—

“PROCLAMATION.

“We, the undersigned, inhabitants and primates (elders) of Radobitsi, in the province of Arta, sighing under the pressure of the exorbitant taxation which has been imposed on us by Ottoman conquerors, who are not only incapable of civilisation, but besides violate the chastity of our maidens, do renew the struggle of 1821, and swear by the name of the Almighty and by our sacred fatherland, in no case and under no plea to lay down our arms until we have obtained our liberty.

“Now, at the commencement of the struggle, we hope to rouse the sympathy of our brethren, of the free Greeks, and of all those groaning under the Ottoman yoke, so that they may take up arms to renew the holy war of 1821, and fight for faith, fatherland, and our inalienable rights.

“The war is holy and just, and no one who considers the weight of our burden and the rights of nations will utter a word in defence of our barbarous oppressors, or advocate the cause of the Crescent, which is planted on the summit of our sacred church.”

“Up then, brethren!—rush to battle, throw off the hated yoke of our tyrants, and with us loudly proclaim to God and the world that we do battle for our fatherland, and that the Most High is our shield of defence.

“Johann Cosovakis; Demeter Kokas; Costi Kosma; Bas Nakos; Ntulas Basos; Colios Mavromati; K. C. Stuma, Demeter Scaltroijanni; Georg Calzigami; C. Merikas; K. Katzilas; Konst; Zegarides.”

“THE OATH.

“I swear by the Holy Gospels, by the Holy Trinity, and by Him crucified, that I take up arms which shall not be cast aside until our oppressors are driven from the homes of our fathers, and my fatherland is free. I also swear by an Almighty God to be faithful to my flag, and if necessary, to shed the last drop of my blood in defence of my comrades.”

It is asserted, that the Turkish police had intercepted a letter from some of the Greek revolutionists, addressed to General Gortschakoff, desiring him to cross the Danube at once, as the insurrection in Bulgaria was on the point of breaking out. King Otho was then believed, not only to be altogether unconnected with the untimely outbreak of

his people, but to have viewed it with feelings of considerable alarm. Subsequent events have shown that he, his queen, and court, used what influence they possessed to promote the designs of Russia. Otho gave at first secret, and finally open encouragement to the intended revolution. The designs of the czar were, of course, materially promoted by the revolt, and Russian agents had been busily employed in the disturbed districts. Mr. Layard, the accomplished traveller and explorer of the remains of ancient Nineveh, stated, in the House of Commons, that “he could speak, almost from personal experience, of the way in which the affair had progressed. Last year (1853), there was scarcely a convent inhabited by a single priest on Pelion or Olympus, in which were not to be seen pieces of plate and presents from the Emperor of Russia.”

Though the governments of both England and France could not avoid feeling some sympathy for the Greek patriots and the Christians under Turkish rule, yet they could not permit them to pursue a career calculated to injure the cause of Ottoman independence, and fling the Greeks themselves into the arms of Russia. The French minister, therefore, addressed a note, couched in energetic and decided language, to the government of King Otho, which was also informed by the British minister that England would interfere, if necessary, to restore order in the disturbed districts. It has been justly observed, that the true interests of the Christian subjects of the Porte, was to place their cause wholly in the hands of the Western powers, who were in a position to require for them what they could not obtain or demand for themselves.

The representatives at Athens of the four great powers of Europe protested against any invasion by the free Greeks of the rights of the sultan, and Sir Henry Ward, lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands, issued a circular to the English functionaries, urging them not to allow anything of a nature to compromise the good faith of England with the Sublime Porte. “Your duty, sir,” said the circular, “is to convince the authorities of your island, that the movement which has so unfortunately commenced in Greece is certainly calculated to remove all hope of amelioration in the condition of the Greek population of Turkey, by impelling them into a barbarous struggle of a nature to endanger themselves, their

families, and their property, without the slightest chance of success; since no one can imagine that the treaties and declarations of the great cabinets of Europe can depend on committees at Athens, the acts of which are assuredly not admitted by any established government."

The Turkish government took active steps to suppress the rising storm of revolution. Hafiz Pasha, the vizier, proclaimed drum-head law in the eastern districts of Albania: many persons were arrested; and every Greek who joined the insurrection was threatened with death. The Turkish government dispatched a corps of 5,000 troops, which, with the troops previously at the disposal of the governors of Thessaly and Epirus, made an effective strength of 8,000 men. This, it was supposed, would be sufficient to put down the revolt, and cause the authority of the sultan to be respected. The Porte also required, from the Greek minister at Constantinople, a formal disavowal of all participation in, or connivance with, the Greek insurrection. Redschid Pasha even declared that if, within a given time, authentic proofs were not forthcoming that the Greek government had nothing whatever to do with the insurrection, or of its not having done all in its power to prevent it, the Greek minister should receive his passports. The insurrection did not meet with the expected success: out of a province containing a Christian population of 400,000 persons, only 8,000 rose in arms; and it is said, that not more than 3,000 of them were Greeks. The liberal conduct of the sultan probably had a considerable influence in bringing about this result. He promised to accede to the demands of the four powers relative to the emancipation of his Christian subjects, and also to cause the excesses and oppressions of the Turkish officials and soldiers to be duly restrained. Such had been the violent conduct of the latter, that the progress of the insurrection was largely attributed to the soldiers who were sent to put it down. Another circumstance that cooled the enthusiasm of the Greeks, was

the knowledge that England and France were ready to interfere for the preservation of tranquillity. Indeed, an Anglo-French squadron in the Adriatic, had intercepted a supply of arms and ammunition intended for the Albanian insurgents. As the Greeks in arms desired to induce the Servians to join the insurrection, Austria became interested in the struggle, and declared that she would not permit of any revolutionary movement.

Still the insurrection of the Greek subjects of the Porte was not destined to die out without alarming circumstances. On the 9th of March, the Porte addressed a note to the British and French ambassadors, complaining of the connivance of the Greek court in the revolt; and on the 21st, a Turkish, a British, and a French vessel of war entered the Pireus, for the purpose of conveying Ali Pasha on a special mission to Athens, to present the demands of the Porte to the Greek government. These demands were to the effect that all Greek officers who had taken up arms against the Turks should be recalled to their own country; that all revolutionary committees in Greece should be suppressed; that the Greek press should not be permitted to write against Turkey; that certain Greek professors should be dismissed from the university; and that some rioters, who had been liberated from prison by the patriotic party, should be punished. After a cabinet council, at which King Otho presided, had been held by the Greek government, a very curt and independent answer was returned. This not being satisfactory, Nessel Bey, the Turkish *chargé d'affaires* at Athens, demanded his passport, and returned to Constantinople. General Metaxas, the Greek ambassador at the city of the sultan, followed his example, and diplomatic relations between Greece and Turkey were broken off.

The following extract from a letter dated March 28th, from Syra, gives a lively picture, at this period, of the feelings of the population of the Greek islands:—"The nervous agitation which is pervading alike

* Some of our readers may not be aware that the kingdom of Greece is divided into three parts. Hellas, or that portion which adjoins the Turkish dominions; the Morea, known anciently as the Peloponnesus, and of numerous islands. Of these Syra is the seat of a Greek archbishopric. In ancient times the Greeks were first governed by kings, and there was as many monarchs as there were cities. As the monarchical power declined, the love of liberty cherished by the people induced them to adopt a

republican form of government. In the height of their power and glory they several times defeated the Persians, then regarded as the mightiest people on the earth. The Greek cities afterwards turned their arms against each other. Greece then sunk from its glorious altitude, submitted to the yoke of Alexander and his successors, and at length became a Roman province. When, in 1451, Sultan Mohammed II. took Constantinople, and the ancient eastern empire was overturned, Greece fell beneath the

all classes, takes a different expression in each of them. Thus, while the wealthy merchants, with whom caution has become a prominent feature of character, betrays it only by his anxious looks and by the suspicious manner in which he imparts his apocryphal information to the stranger, the mass of the people rather glory in the display of what they call patriotism. All the streets are full of groups, discussing the actual state of affairs, indulging in the wildest schemes and hopes, and using their loud voices as proofs of their assertions. The coffee-houses and gin-shops resound in the evening with the 'Parisienne' and the 'Marseillaise,' both of which have been quite naturalised in Greece, and become national melodies, with suitable words adapted to them. Outside of the town, some forty or fifty patriots are drilling, under the superintendence of a serjeant; while in the town, the soldiers, as well as the sailors of the two men-of-war cutters (which would be more appropriately called *boys-of-war*) are treated with marked regard. Even the rising generation seems to be roused. The excitement has taken, with them, a purely artistic turn, and shows itself in sundry chalk portraits of the Emperor Nicholas on the walls.

"If one analyzes this excitement, the chief ingredient is certainly an inveterate and implacable hatred against the Turks; and the other—scarcely less powerful—the wish of aggrandisement for individuals, as well as for the Greek nation. Their chief argument is always, that Greece cannot exist as she is; and that it is preferable not to exist at all, than in such an humble way. This idea, which reminds one involuntarily of the dog letting the bone fall from the bridge to catch the shadow of it, which appeared larger, is firmly seated here in every Greek mind. The sympathy for their co-religionists in Albania and Thessaly is scarcely used as a pretext; they consider the whole as purely a Greek affair. They speak, indeed, in a general way of grievances and oppressions sometimes; but, if you ask in what they consist, almost every one will say the same—they have no liberty of the press. How this can be a grievance to the population of Albania and Thessaly, among whom there is scarcely anybody who can sway of the Turks. Thus it remained until the war of independence. In August, 1832, Greece again became a kingdom. The government was at first an almost absolute monarchy: the revolution of September, 1833, introduced a constitution; and in March, 1844, a government, on the basis of those of France

read, is rather difficult to understand. It is in vain to tell them that they possess already more land than they can cultivate; and that the population of Greece is on the decrease, rather than on the increase. The truth is, that the state of the whole population is very unsatisfactory. Through several successive years the crops have been insufficient; and, in consequence of this, and the heavy taxation which the expenses of the government and court require, the whole country, with the exception of some of the maritime towns, is in a state of misery. It is natural that, under such circumstances, most people should wish for a change, and be ready for every disturbance in which they have nothing to lose, and may win something. The lower classes, who are eager to join the insurgents, hope for booty; the upper classes for office and pay; which an aggrandisement of territory would facilitate. It would be a redeeming point in this headlong movement, if it was an offspring of a feeling of repressed energy, and if they intended to obtain the realisation of their vague hopes by their own strength. But such is not the case: their eyes are turned towards Russia. If Russia has hitherto failed in rousing the Slavonic population of European Turkey, she certainly has been successful in Greece. Not that much exertion was wanted; for all calculations, or rather expectations of Greek patriots, were always based on Russia: but one can perceive distinct traces of recent activity in the positiveness with which people look for Russian help. Of course, the Greek church is not behind in this movement. You cannot visit a Greek church without seeing signs of the czar's munificence, which the *papas* will not fail to point out to you. He will also show you divers passages from their liturgy: such as 'A great smoke arose from the north,' &c.; upon which he will comment in connexion with the present events. Besides Russia, they also count on Austria. It is useless to point out that Austria has declared for the Western powers: a sly wink is all you get as an answer."

At this point we must, for a time, leave the struggle of the Greek subjects of the sultan, to bring forward other and contemporaneous events.

and England, was proclaimed. Our readers are aware that the insurrection is in those parts of the sultan's dominions which lie next to the kingdom of Greece, and in ancient times formed part of it—namely, Thessaly, Macedonia, and Albania. The once illustrious Macedonia is now a Turkish province.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FINAL ULTIMATUM OF THE ALLIED POWERS TO THE CZAR; ENGLAND PREPARES FOR WAR; DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE BALTIC FLEET; THE CHALLENGE OF THE ST. PETERSBURG JOURNAL, AND PRODUCTION OF THE SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

PREPARATIONS for the inevitable war had for some time been making both in England and France; still, at the eleventh hour the allied powers resolved to give the Emperor of Russia one last chance of retracing his ambitious steps, and restoring peace to Europe. Late in February, an ultimatum—a *final* ultimatum—was dispatched to St. Petersburg, requiring that Russia should pledge herself, within six days, to evacuate the principalities before the end of April. The governments of France and England both felt that they could not permit the wrongful occupation of the territories of Turkey by Russia to be continued, and they signified that they should consider the czar's not withdrawing his troops from the principalities as equivalent to a declaration of war. Forbearance has its boundaries; and, in this case, those boundaries had been fully reached. At the time it was sent, this final ultimatum was felt to be a mere form; and, before the answer to it was received, two powerful fleets had left our shores, and an English army was on its way to the territories of the sultan.

Let us relate what occurred before the reply of the Emperor Nicholas to the ultimatum returned. Incessant preparations were making for the coming war, the most prominent and interesting of which we will refer to. The English government resolved to send out to Malta, as the first division of the British division destined for the defence of Turkey, a body of infantry, amounting to 10,000 men, accompanied by a proportionable force of cavalry and artillery. The division consisted of three battalions of the guards; the 4th, 28th, 33rd, 50th, 77th, and 93rd regiments of the line; and the 2nd battalion of the rifle brigade. The artillery force included five field-batteries and one brigade for small-arm ball-cartridge. The brigade of cavalry comprised the Scots-greys, the carbineers, the 17th lancers, the 11th hussars, the 8th hussars, and the Enniskillens. Lord Raglan was appointed to the chief command of the expedition, the forces of which were afterwards raised to 25,000

men. The army consisted of two divisions, one of which was under the command of General Sir George Browne, and the other of his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge. One item of preparation has a painful significance: we allude to that of the medical stores, which were provided partly by the Apothecaries' Hall, and partly from the well-known firm of Savory and Sons, New Bond-street. Among the articles were 1,000 lbs. of lint, 1,000 lbs. of tow, 200 old sheets, and 1,000 yards of adhesive plaster. Such things unpleasantly remind the thoughtless of the hideous sabre-gashes and rending bullet-wounds to which the poor soldier is liable.

On the 14th of February, the inhabitants of London beheld in their streets the first evidences of the war. At noon the 1st battalion of Coldstream guards marched out from St. George's barracks, Trafalgar-square, *en route* for Chichester, preparatory to embarking for the Mediterranean. The men seemed in the highest spirits, and marched cheerfully along to the familiar air of "The girl I left behind me," and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled multitude.

On the 20th of the same month his royal highness Prince Albert reviewed the 1st battalion of the fusileers, and the 3rd of the grenadier guards, at the Wellington barracks. The prince was accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Hardinge, and a numerous suite. The troops were drawn up in open columns of companies on the parade-ground in front of the barracks, and the formal inspection was carried on from company to company, and from man to man, in every detail of accoutrement. "The towering bear-skin cap," says a spectator, "had been diminished by several inches; the Minié rifle was substituted for 'brown Bess;' the 'heavy-marching order' of the battalions carried along with it a strongly-marked campaigning character; the sappers seemed hung round with an extra supply of pick-axes, saws, and hatchets; even the officers seemed to take an unusual interest in the fit

of their sword-hilts. Then there were, as the intervals of discipline permitted, the grasping of hands, and words of brief and hearty farewell. The excitement and the anticipation of active service visibly extended through the ranks. Nor were the spectators indifferent witnesses of the scene before them. Thoughts of what war might do with those stately battalions could hardly be avoided on an occasion of the kind; yet at least it was satisfactory to feel that the honour of the country was confided to their keeping. As the grenadiers returned to their quarters at St. George's barracks, they were followed by excited thousands, eager to have a good look at them before they embarked."

On the 22nd, the 2nd battalion of the Coldstreams, and the 3rd of the grenadier guards, proceeded from London to Southampton, and embarked for Malta. Though scarcely daylight when the grenadiers left St. George's barracks for the Waterloo station, they were accompanied to the terminus by crowds of people, whose hearty cheers showed the true English interest they took in those who were leaving their country for the defence of the brave and the oppressed. Arrived at Southampton, the Coldstreams and the grenadiers embarked on board three steamers, and passed out of the docks amidst shouts from the spectators that rent the air—shouts that were lustily returned by the departing soldiers.

On the 28th of this month of military

• Our readers will not censure us for placing before them a few facts concerning the brave seaman who has led forth the British fleet to the icy seas of the north, and to whom the maintenance of our naval supremacy and glory is entrusted. Sir Charles Napier is of a noble Scotch family, and was born on the 6th of March, 1786; entered the army in 1799; and soon gave proofs of that fearlessness and spirit for which he has so long been celebrated. He distinguished himself in the West Indies, in the Spanish war of succession (when in 1833 he commanded the fleet of Don Pedro, and gained a victory over the far superior squadron of Don Miguel), and in the war in Syria, when that memorable land, fraught with so many venerable associations which render it dear both to Christians and Mohammedans, was wrested in 1840 from the hands of Mehemet Ali, who had revolted against the sultan. Sir Charles then held the rank of commodore, and distinguished himself by taking the towns of Beyrout, Saida, Sidon, and Acre. Sir Charles has won laurels as a statesman and author, as well as in the capacity of a naval officer. He has published several useful papers on topics connected with his profession, and an *Historical Account of the War in Syria*; and another of that in Portugal.

In 1833, he desired to enter parliament, and stood for Portsmouth, where he gave the following bluff

bustle, the 1st battalion of the Scots fusileer guards left London and embarked at Portsmouth for the East. In consequence of her majesty having expressed a desire to see this splendid corps, it marched to Buckingham Palace at half-past seven in the morning; and having passed within the railing which surrounds the principal façade of that building, drew up and formed in front of the main entrance. As this was done, the queen, Prince Albert, and the royal children, surrounded by the household, presented themselves in the balcony. The troops saluted their sovereign, and then raised three tremendous cheers. Her majesty seemed deeply touched at the spectacle before her: then the notes of the national anthem rose into the air, mingled with the measured tramp of the soldiers as they resumed their march. Emotions of pride, mingled with sadness, no doubt, affected our beloved queen as she gazed upon that mass of noble fellows, then so full of life and alacrity. Where would they be when a twelvemonth had elapsed? Perhaps returned in triumph to their native land; or, perhaps, whitening the marshy banks of the Danube, or the wild plains of the Crimea, with their unburied bones. The troops reached Portsmouth about one, and embarked on board the commodious transport-ship, the *Simoon*, by three in the afternoon. The next day the vessel departed for Malta.

At Portsmouth every day saw the fleet under the brave old Sir Charles Napier*:

sailor-like account of himself to the electors:—"In the course of my canvass, I have been asked who I am. I'll tell you. I am Captain Charles Napier, who twenty-five years ago commanded the *Recruit* brig in the West Indies, and who had the honour of being twenty-four hours under the guns of three French line-of-battle ships flying from a British squadron, the nearest of which, with the exception of the *Hawk* brig, was from five to six miles astern the greatest part of the time. I kept flying double-shotted broadsides into them. One of the ships (the *Hautpoll*) was captured by the *Pompey* and *Castor*, the other two escaped by superior sailing. Sir Alexander Cochrane, my commander-in-chief, promoted me on the spot into her. At the siege of Martinique, the *Æolus*, *Cleopatra*, and *Recruit*, were ordered to beat up in the night between Pigeon Island and the main, and anchor close to Fort Edward: the enemy, fearing an attack, burnt their shipping. At daylight in the morning, it appeared to me that Fort Edward was abandoned; this, however, was doubted. I offered to ascertain the fact, and with five men I landed in open day, scaled the walls and planted the union-jack on the ramparts. Fortunately, I was undiscovered from Fort Bourbon, which stood about a hundred yards off, and commanded it. On this being reported to Sir Alexander Cochrane, a regiment was landed in the night, Fort

and Admiral Chads advanced towards the completion of its equipment. The latter practised the fleet, morning and afternoon, in gunnery; the blazing and booming of cannon was almost perpetual, and Spithead presented glorious studies to enthusiastic artists. On the 8th of March, the signal—"Prepare for sea," was made by the port-

Edward was taken possession of, and the mortars turned against the enemy. I am in possession of a letter from Sir Alexander, saying, that 'my conduct was the means of saving many lives and shortening the siege of Martinique.' I had once the misfortune of receiving a precious licking from a French corvette; the first shot she fired broke my thigh, and a plumper carried away the mainmast. The enemy escaped, but the British flag was not tarnished. On my return to England in command of the *Jason*, I was turned out of her by a tory admiralty, because I had no interest; but as I could not lead an idle life I served a campaign with the army in Portugal as a volunteer, when I was again wounded. At the battle of Busaco, I had the honour of carrying off the field my gallant friend and relative, Colonel Napier, now near me, who was shot through the face. On my return to England, I was appointed to the *Thames*, in the Mediterranean; and if I could bring the inhabitants of the Neapolitan coast into this room, they would tell you that, from Naples to the Faro point, there was not a spot where I did not leave my mark, and brought off with me upwards of one hundred sail of gun-boats and merchant-vessels. I had the honour of running the *Thames* and *Furieuse* into the small mole of Ponza, which was strongly defended, and before they could recover from their surprise I captured the island without the loss of a man. I was then removed to the *Euryalus*, and had the good fortune to fall in with two French frigates and a schooner; I chased them in the night close into Calvi, in the Island of Corsica, passing close under the stern of one, plumpering her as I passed; and though we were going eight knots, I tried to run aboard of her consort, who was a little outside, standing athwart my hause; the night was dark, the land close, and she succeeded in crossing me, but I drove her ashore on the rocks, where she was totally wrecked, and her consort was obliged to anchor close to her; the *Euryalus* wore round and got off, almost brushing the shore as she passed: these ships were afterwards ascertained to be *Armées en flûte*, mounting twenty-two guns each, and the schooner fourteen. From the Mediterranean I was ordered to America; and if my gallant friend, Sir James Gordon, was here he would have told you how I did my duty in that long, arduous service up the Potomac: he would have told you that in a tremendous squall the *Euryalus* lost her bowsprit and all her top-masts, and that in twelve hours she was again ready for work; we brought away a fleet from Alexandria, were attacked going down the river by batteries built close to what was the residence of the great Washington, and I was again wounded in that action in the neck."

In 1837 he presented himself as a candidate in the liberal interest to the electors of Greenwich, and polled 1,153 votes; but was defeated by forty votes. In 1841 he was more fortunate, being elected member for Marylebone. Since then he has frequently taken a prominent part in the councils of the nation, and

admiral's flag-ship, *Victory*, to Sir Charles Napier's fleet at Spithead and in harbour. It was immediately followed by another—"Be prepared to sail at the shortest notice." On the 10th her majesty, attended by the court, arrived from London, and after embarking on board the *Fairy* yacht, passed through the fleet at Spithead on her way to

always spoken with a sailor-like bluntness, and exhibited a political acuteness not generally found in gentlemen whose lives had been passed in the duties of a profession which almost excludes any profound study of the mysteries of statesmanship. In 1846, Sir Charles was made rear-admiral of the blue; and, in 1853, elevated to the rank of vice-admiral. We ought not to close this little account of the career of the gallant admiral without a slight reference to the banquet given to him by the members of the Reform Club, on the 7th of March, just previously to his departure for the Baltic. The speech of Lord Palmerston—that veteran statesman, who yet possesses more than the customary vivacity and brilliancy of youth—when proposing the health of Sir Charles, may be called a humorous but admirable essay on the life and character of the latter. Alluding to Sir Charles's improvements in agriculture, the noble lord observed:—"My gallant friend is a match for everything, and whatever he turns his hand to he generally succeeds in it. However, gentlemen, he now, like Cincinnatus, leaves his plough, puts on his armour, and is prepared to do that good service to his country which he will always perform whenever an opportunity is afforded to him." The noble viscount added:—"I cannot refrain from repeating an observation which was made to me by a very discriminating, calm-minded friend of mine, who passed some time in the East, and saw a great deal of my gallant friend, and who, when he came to town, visited me to give me an account of what he had observed. When I mentioned to him my gallant friend, and praised his enterprise and boldness, his daring and his intrepidity, this gentleman said, 'Yes, all that is very true; but there is another quality that Sir Charles Napier possesses, which is as valuable as any of these, and as important an ingredient in his success. I never saw any man in my life who calculated so many moves beforehand.'"

In his reply, Sir Charles, with the humorous bluntness of a sailor, observed, amidst much laughter:—"I cannot say we are at war, because we are still at peace; but I suppose we are very nearly at war, and probably when I get into the Baltic I'll have an opportunity of declaring war." Sir James Graham, possibly rendered a little more communicative, and less cautious, by the conviviality and excitement of the scene, than a minister of the state is expected to be, exclaimed:—"My gallant friend says, when he goes into the Baltic he will declare war. I, as first lord of the admiralty, give him my free consent so to do." This expression was severely censured by the press, and brought before the notice of the House of Commons by Mr. French, who desired to know by what authority Sir James Graham delegated a power of declaring war to Sir Charles Napier, or to any other person, as it was provided by the constitution of this country that such power should rest exclusively in the sovereign. A rather warm debate followed; but the matter ultimately dropped, Sir James Graham's observations being regarded as a little after-dinner indiscretion.



THE GREAT EASTERN



Osborne. On the arrival of the queen at Portsmouth, the guns of the *Victory*, from which floated the flag of Sir Charles Napier, gave the signal to dress ship. Almost instantly the fleet was decked with flags, and every ship had its yards manned. Then the *Fairy*, with the royal standard flaunting from her mainmast, glided out of the harbour amid the lusty cheers of the crowds assembled upon the shore. As the yacht steered towards the head of the fleet, the salute from the latter began. The sixteen grim floating giants roared forth a welcome from their iron mouths that seemed to rend the air and make the shore tremble. The little royal yacht was completely enveloped in smoke, and the fleet itself almost shrouded from view. At length nothing could be seen through the vapour but the bright flashes of fire, as the cannons continued their wild thunderings. As the smoke cleared away, the yacht could be seen steaming swiftly through the fleet, on its way to Osborne.

On the following day, March the 11th, the first division of the Baltic fleet departed on its mission. It comprised, as will be seen from the following list, eight screw line-of-battle ships, four screw and four paddle-wheel ships of inferior rank, making a total of sixteen war steamers; of which two—the *Duke of Wellington* and the *Royal George*—are three-deckers, while three carry admirals' flags: Sir Charles Napier's in the *Duke*, Admiral Chads' in the *Edinburgh*, and Admiral Plumridge's in the *Leopard*:—

SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
The Duke of Wellington	131	1,100	780
The Royal George	121	990	400
The St. Jean d'Acre	101	900	650
The Princess Royal	91	850	400
The Blenheim	60	660	450
The Hogue	60	660	450
The Ajax	58	630	450
The Edinburgh	58	630	450
	680	6,420	4,030

SCREW FRIGATES.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
The Impérieuse	50	530	360
The Arrogant	47	450	360
The Amphion	34	320	300
The Tribune	30	300	300

PADDLE-WHEELS.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
The Leopard	18	280	560
The Dragon	6	200	560
The Bulldog	6	160	500
Valorous	16	220	400
	46	860	2,020

This, the first division only, was soon augmented to twenty-two sail; and it was intended that, when the northern fleet was complete, Sir Charles Napier would have under his command forty-four noble vessels, manned by upwards of 22,000 men, and propelled by a steam power of more than 16,000 horses. The most commanding-looking vessel, upon this occasion, was the flag-ship of Sir Charles, the *Duke of Wellington*. It lay upon the placid water, silent and grim, with an air of reserved strength which threatened to be terrible in action. Sir Charles was anxious to get to sea; but, in compliance with the desire of the mayor, aldermen, and town-council of Portsmouth, he attended at the Guildhall, to receive an address they were anxious to present to him. This address reminded him of the responsibility which rested upon him; of the expectations which the British people entertained of his prowess; desired that the God of battles might aid and prosper him while fighting in a righteous cause, and enable him to bring it to a speedy and decisive issue. In conclusion, it wished him "God speed!" and prayed that the war, which had been needlessly forced upon Europe, might eventually result in a lasting peace, check the barbarous policy of aggression, and promote the civilisation of the world. The admiral replied in a brief and characteristic speech; and then, hastening to the Victoria pier, was taken by the *Sprightly* on board his stately flag-ship, the *Duke of Wellington*. The main and lower decks of the latter vessel were covered with red cloth, as it was understood that the queen would visit the fleet. Just before one o'clock the *Fairy* left Cowes, and approached the grim noble vessels that were ready to receive it. Again a thundering salute roared and blazed from every ship, to welcome the fair sovereign of that prond island which its national poet has described as a "precious stone set in the silver sea." Again the crews poured forth thrilling cheers of welcome, while the marines presented arms upon the quarter-decks, and the bands played the national anthem. A signal from the *Fairy* expressed that the queen would receive the captains of the different ships in her yacht, instead of herself visiting the *Duke of Wellington*. In consequence of this, Sir Charles, together with the other admirals and captains, went and paid their respects to her majesty. Upon their return, the signal was given to

weigh anchor; the huge sails were spread, and the first division of the British fleet sailed proudly away to the Baltic. It was followed, for several miles, by the queen's yacht; and before returning, her majesty stood for some time waving her handkerchief to her bold seamen, who had gone forth, upon the bosom of the ocean, in the holy cause of sustaining the injured in the struggle against the oppressor and foe of peace and civilisation. When out in the broad sea, Sir Charles issued the following highly characteristic address to the fleet—an address well calculated to go right to the hearts of our bluff Jack tars:—"Lads! war is declared. We are to meet a bold and numerous enemy. Should they offer us battle, you know how to dispose of them. Should they remain in port, we must try to get at them. Success depends upon the quickness and precision of your fire. Lads! sharpen your cutlasses, and the day is your own."

Preparations on a large scale were being carried on in France simultaneously with those in England. Marshal de St. Arnaud was appointed commander-in-chief of their army; the first division being commanded by General Canrobert, and the second by General Bosquet. Prince Napoleon also commanded a corps of reserve. The first division of the French army consisted of 40,000 men; and a French fleet of five-and-twenty vessels, including nine ships of the line, sailed from Brest to the Baltic.

The *Moniteur*, of April 21st, gives the following account of the French fleet:—

"The Baltic fleet, under the command of Vice-admiral Parseval-Deschênes, has sailed from Brest for the Gulf of Finland. This fleet, on board of which a body of infantry and marine artillery has embarked, is composed of the following vessels:—*Tage*, 100 guns; *Austerlitz*, screw, 100; *Hercule*, 100; *Jemmapes*, 100; *Breslaw*, 90; *Duguesclin*, 90; *Inflexible*, 90; *Duperré*, 80; *Trident*, 80; *Semillante*, 60; *Andromaque*, 60; *Vengeance*, 60; *Poursuivante*, 50; *Virginie*, 50; *Zenobie*, 50; *Psyché*, 40; *Darien*, steam-frigate, 14; *Phlegeton*, steam-corvette, 10; *Souffleur*, ditto, 6; and *Milan*,

Lucifer, *Aigle*, and *Daim*, small steamers. The French naval force in the Black Sea, under the command of Vice-admiral Hammelin, is composed of the *Friedland*, 120 guns; *Valmy*, 120; *Ville de Paris*, 120; *Henry IV.*, 100; *Bayard*, 90; *Charlemagne*, screw, 90; *Jéna*, 90; *Jupiter*, 90; *Marengo*, 80; steam-frigate, *Gomer*, 16; *Descartes*, 20; *Fauban*, 20; *Mogador*, 8; *Cacique*, 14; *Magellan*, 14; *Sané*, 14; *Caton*, steam-corvette, 4; *Sérieuse*, sailing ditto, 30; *Mercur*, *Olivier*, and *Beaumanoir*, 20-gun brigs; *Cerf*, 10-gun brig; *Prométhée*, *Salamandre*, *Héron*, and *Monette*, small steamers. The squadron of Vice-admiral Bruat, intended to act in the Black Sea, the Sea of Gallipoli, and in the Eastern Archipelago, comprises the following vessels:—*Montebello*, 120 guns; *Napoleon*, screw, 92; *Suffren*, 90; *Jean Bart*, screw, 90; *Ville de Marseille*, 80; *Alger*, 80; *Pomone*, screw, 40; *Caffarelli*, steam-frigate, 14; *Roland* and *Primauguet*, steam-corvettes, eight guns each. Independently of these three squadrons and all the frigates, or steam-corvettes, which are assembled in the Mediterranean for the transport of the army of the East, all the naval stations in the West Indies, the Pacific Ocean, the Indo-China seas, and in all quarters where the fisheries are carried on, have been reinforced. The French navy has now embarked on different seas 56,000 sailors, and England has an equal force."

By the time Sir Charles Napier had reached his destination, all the English newspapers were full of what was called "The Secret Correspondence!" Every city, every town, every village, every club, every little knot of talkers spoke mysteriously of the secret correspondence! What was this secret correspondence? We will lay it before you, reader, and first tell you how it arose. The *St. Petersburg Journal* of the 2nd of March, contained an elaborate attempt to explain and vindicate the conduct of the Russian government in its aggressive transactions with respect to Turkey. The article in the *St. Petersburg Journal* (elicited by a speech of Lord John Russell in the British House of Commons) was regarded, in a semi-official character, as having been written by or at the dictation of the Emperor Nicholas, in reply to this speech, which it described as a brutal outrage.* As

* The speech referred to occurred in a debate in the House of Commons on the 17th of February, on the then probable war with Russia. It was a sort of review of the causes of the war, and a defence of the proceedings of the government of which Lord John Russell was a member. For our own part we cannot recognise in it the brutal outrage upon the virtuous emperor, or the extremely intemperate language so unbecoming to a cabinet minister. Lord John inferred that the conduct of the Russian

government had been deceptive: he stated that the course adopted by the emperor showed a total disregard of the peace of Europe, and an utter contempt of its opinion; and he added, that the cause was not alone for the independence of Turkey, but it involved the peace of Europe, of which the Emperor of Russia was the wanton disturber; and it was for mankind to throw upon the head of that disturber the consequences which he so flagrantly and imprudently provoked.

will be observed, it alludes to a frank and unreserved declaration, said to be made by the emperor to the English government in the early part of the year 1853, respecting his views concerning Turkey, and contained a sort of challenge to the English ministry to produce certain documents, showing it shared and approved of the intentions of the emperor with regard to the probable partition of the Ottoman empire. The article is possessed of so singular and striking an interest, that we subjoin it:—

“ We have just received a report of the sitting of the House of Commons of the 17th of February, and the speech which Lord John Russell made on that occasion. It is not here the place to repeat brutal outrages, of which every faithful servant of the emperor will preserve the recollection, but which do not reach the august person to whom they are addressed. We shall confine ourselves to remarking that the parliamentary annals might be searched in vain for an example of such intemperate language from the mouth of a cabinet minister, in reference to a sovereign against whom the country of that minister has not yet declared war. What are of importance in this speech, are not the invectives of the minister, but the nature of the determinations of the government which the speech reveals. It must be very evident henceforward, that the peace of the world does not depend upon chance only; but that war forms a decided element of the plans of the English ministry. From this cause has necessarily arisen that fatal distrust which in the Eastern question was the origin of all the previous difficulties, and which will lead at last to the most deplorable result. That such distrust may have been entertained by France—that it may, up to a certain point, have found a place in the mind of a government still recent, which has not had time to acquire by long experience of former relations with it an exact idea of our real intentions, and abandoning itself involuntarily to the almost traditional opinion which has been formed of Russian policy in the East,—that may be easily conceived; but on the part of England, which is aware of the antecedents and the character of the emperor from a connexion of long date, an opinion of such a nature justly excites surprise. *Less than any other the British government should entertain such suspicions. It has in its hands the written proof that there is no foundation for them; for long before the present condition of affairs—before the questions which led to the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople had assumed so serious an aspect of difference—before Great Britain had adopted the same line of policy as France, the emperor had spontaneously explained himself with the most perfect candour to the queen and her ministers, with the object of*

establishing with them a friendly understanding, even upon the most important result which can affect the Ottoman empire. Since the year 1829, his majesty followed with great attention the march of events in Turkey. The emperor could not shut his eyes to the consequences of the changes which were, one after the other, introduced into that state. Ancient Turkey disappeared from the time when it was sought to establish those institutions diametrically opposed as well to the genius of Islamism as to the character and usages of the Mussulmans—institutions more or less borrowed from modern liberalism, and consequently entirely opposed to the spirit of the Ottoman government. It became evident that Turkey was undergoing a complete transformation, and that these experiments, at least doubtful so far as regarded the reorganisation of the empire, seemed rather calculated to lead to a crisis which would overturn it. It seemed likely that a new order of things would arise which, although indefinable, would at all events destroy that which existed. To these permanent and increasing causes of dissolution recent complications have been added, resulting from the affairs of Montenegro, the religious persecutions exercised in several Christian provinces, a difference with the Austrian government, considerable financial embarrassment, and, lastly, the important affair of the holy places, to which the imperious demands of the French ambassador at Constantinople were beginning to give a serious and menacing character. These complications, which created sullen excitement among the Christian population, were likely from one day to another to bring about a sudden catastrophe which it was urgent to prevent. Penetrated with the extreme importance of such a result, and having at that period almost reached the region of the possible, if not entirely of the probable,—convinced of the disastrous consequences which might result from it, the emperor thought it necessary to assure himself beforehand whether the English government shared his apprehensions. He wished more particularly, by a frank previous understanding, to remove every subject of misunderstanding between Great Britain and himself. It seemed of the highest importance to his majesty to establish the most perfect identity of views with the government of Great Britain. With this view the emperor engaged the English minister at St. Petersburg to cause her majesty to be informed of his anticipations with respect to the danger, more or less imminent, that menaced Turkey. He requested on this subject a confidential interchange of opinions with her Britannic majesty. That was certainly the most evident proof of confidence which the emperor could give to the court of St. James; and thus did his majesty most openly signify his sincere wish to prevent any ulterior divergence between the two governments. Sir. H.

Seymour acquitted himself forthwith of the important commission which the emperor had impressed on him in a long and familiar conversation. The result has shown itself in a correspondence of the most friendly character between the present English ministers and the imperial government. It is not permitted to us to divulge the contents of non-official documents, which do not concern the emperor alone, and which contain the expression of a mutual confidence. What we are permitted to say is, that in examining the circumstances more or less likely to affect the duration of the *status quo* in the East,—an examination undertaken from the conviction respectively entertained that every effort should be made to sustain that *status quo*, and to prolong it as long as possible, there never was any question of a plan by which Russia and England might dispose beforehand, and between themselves, of the destiny of the different provinces which constitute the Ottoman empire; still less of a formal agreement to be concluded between them, without the knowledge and unassisted by the counsel and intervention of the other courts. The two parties were limited to a frank and single confidence, but without reserve on either side, to communicate what might be adverse to English interests, what might be so to Russian, so that in any given case hostile or even contradictory action might be avoided. In looking over the different parts of this confidential correspondence—in recalling the spirit in which they themselves had interpreted it—the ministers with whom at the time it was carried on, and who since have permitted themselves to be swayed by prepossessions to be regretted, will be able to decide if those prepossessions are just. Let Lord J. Russell more especially *reperuse* that correspondence, in which he was the first to take part, before ceding to Lord Clarendon the direction of foreign affairs. Let him consult his conscience, if the passion which leads him astray permit him to recognise its voice. He can decide now, whether it be really true that the emperor has been wanting in frankness towards the English government; or if rather his majesty has not unbosomed himself to England with as little reserve as possible; if there exists the least reason for believing that we have ambitious or *exclusive* views on Constantinople; or, if on the contrary, the emperor has not explained himself in a way to remove all doubt as to his real intentions on the subject of the political combinations to be avoided, in the extreme case which he at the time pointed out to the foresight of the British government."

The charge of complicity thus made against the English government was an artful and a serious one. The Earl of Derby rose in the House of Lords, and demanded of Lord Aberdeen whether the confidential

correspondence referred to by the *St. Petersburg Journal* did actually take place, and whether the noble earl, being challenged by the Emperor of Russia, would satisfy the people of this country by *producing the whole of such correspondence?* Lord Aberdeen, in reply, said:—"The communications to which the noble earl referred, and which took place between his majesty the Emperor of Russia and some of her majesty's ministers, were not printed with the papers laid on the table, in consequence of the confidential character which was considered to be in some degree attached to them. It has not been usual, under circumstances similar to those under which these communications were made, to lay upon the table of parliament a statement of familiar conversation, such as those described, between a sovereign and a foreign minister; and for this reason her majesty's government did not think it proper or consistent with that respect or delicacy which was due to a prince with whom we were on terms of alliance, to produce papers which had a somewhat private and confidential character. The statement in the *St. Petersburg Journal*, which must be considered as in some degree official, and by which it appears that there is no reluctance on the part of Russia that her majesty's government should produce and make public all communications which had passed on the subject, relieves her majesty's ministers from much difficulty in treating with the matter, and removes any reasonable scruple they might have entertained relative to the production of the papers to which the noble earl refers. I can assure the noble earl, that if he had not made the observations he has, I should still have laid these papers on the table, and stated these communications to your lordships, the object to retain them and consider them as private having now ceased. The whole of this correspondence will therefore be laid upon the table."

This secret correspondence attracted so much attention, is so necessary to the perfect understanding of the politics of the war, and contains matter of so much interest of an historical and anecdotal character, that we deem its introduction a duty we owe to our readers. It might be not incorrectly described as glances of Nicholas at home; of Nicholas while weaving subtle webs for the enslavement of nations and the aggrandisement of the future czars of Russia:—

No. 1.

Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord J. Russell.—(Received Jan. 23rd.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, Jan. 11th, 1853.

"My Lord,—On the evening of the 9th instant, I had the honour of seeing the emperor at the palace of the Grand Duchess Helen, who, it appeared, had kindly requested permission to invite Lady Seymour and myself to meet the imperial family. The emperor came up to me, in the most gracious manner, to say that he had heard with great pleasure of her majesty's government having been definitively formed,* adding that he trusted the ministry would be of long duration. His imperial majesty desired me particularly to convey this assurance to the Earl of Aberdeen, with whom, he said, he had been acquainted for nearly forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem. His majesty desired to be brought to the kind recollection of his lordship.

"'You know my feelings,' the emperor said, 'with regard to England. What I have told you before I say again; it was intended that the two countries should be upon terms of close amity; and I feel sure that this will continue to be the case. You have now been a certain time here, and, as you have seen, there have been very few points upon which we have disagreed; our interests, in fact, are upon almost all questions the same.'

"I observed, that 'I really was not aware that since I had been at St. Petersburg there had been any actual disagreements whatever between us, except with regard to Louis Napoleon's No. III.,—a point, respecting which each government had its own opinion (*manière de voir*), but a point which, after all, was very immaterial.'

"'The No. III.,' the emperor replied, 'would involve a long explanation; I will therefore not touch upon the subject at present; I should be glad, however, that you should hear what I have to say upon the question, and will beg of you to call upon me some morning when I am a little free from engagements.'

"I, of course, requested that his majesty would be good enough to lay his orders upon me.

"In the meantime the emperor went on to say:—'I repeat that it is very essential that the two governments—that is, that the English government and I, and I and the English government—should be upon the best terms; and the necessity was never greater than at present. I beg you to convey these words to Lord John Russell. When we are agreed (*d'accord*), I am quite without anxiety as to the west of Europe; it is immaterial what the others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question; that country is in a critical state, and may give us all a great deal of trouble. And now I will take my leave of you;' which his majesty pro-

* That is, the Aberdeen administration.

ceeded to do by shaking hands with me very graciously. It instantly occurred to me that the conversation was incomplete and might never be renewed, and, as the emperor still held my hand, I said, 'Sir, with your gracious permission, I would desire to take a great liberty.' 'Certainly,' his majesty replied, 'what is it? let me hear.' 'Sir,' I observed, 'your majesty has been good enough to charge me with general assurances as to the identity of views between the two cabinets, which assuredly have given me the greatest pleasure, and will be received with equal satisfaction in England; but I should be particularly glad that your majesty should add a few words which may tend to calm the anxiety with regard to the affairs of Turkey, which passing events are so calculated to excite on the part of her majesty's government. Perhaps you will be pleased to charge me with some additional assurances of this kind.'

"The emperor's words and manner, although still very kind, showed that his majesty had no intention of speaking to me of the demonstration which he is about to make in the south. He said, however, at first with a little hesitation, but, as he proceeded, in an open and unhesitating manner,—'The affairs of Turkey are in a very disorganised condition; the country itself seems to be falling to pieces (*menace ruine*); the fall will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England and Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised.'

"I observed in a few words, that I rejoiced to hear that his imperial majesty held this language; that this was certainly the view I took of the manner in which Turkish questions were to be treated.

"'Tenez,' the emperor said, as if proceeding with his remark, 'tenez; nous avons sur les bras un homme malade—un homme gravement malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous échapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions nécessaires fussent prises. Mais enfin ce n'est point le moment de vous parler de cela.'

"It was clear that the emperor did not intend to prolong the conversation. I therefore said, 'Votre majesté est si gracieuse qu'elle me permettra de lui faire encore une observation. Votre majesté dit que l'homme est malade; c'est bien vrai, mais votre majesté daignera m'excuser si je lui fais observer, que c'est à l'homme généreux et fort de ménager l'homme malade et faible.'

"The emperor then took leave of me in a manner which conveyed the impression of my having, at least, not given offence, and again expressed his intention of sending for me on some future day. Whether the intention will be acted upon is not to me so certain. It may be right that I should state to your lordship

that I propose giving Count Nesselrode an account of my conversation with his imperial master. I am convinced that the chancellor is invariably favourable to measures of moderation, and, as far as lies in his power, to English views. His desire, then, to act in harmony with her majesty's government cannot but be strengthened by learning the cordial declarations which the emperor has made to me upon the subject. Upon reading over my despatch, I am convinced that the conversation, although abridged, has been faithfully reported; the only point of any interest which I am aware of not having touched upon being, that the emperor observed that the last accounts from Constantinople were more satisfactory, the Turks appearing to be more reasonable, although by what process they had become so had not been made apparent. I will only observe that we have every interest in its being understood that no decision should be taken in the affairs of Turkey, without concert with her majesty's government, by a sovereign who can dispose of several hundred thousand bayonets.

"Would the understanding be acted upon?—That, indeed, may well be doubted, and the rather as the emperor's assurances are a little contradicted by the measures to which it has been my duty to call your lordship's attention. Still, his imperial majesty's words appear to me to possess considerable value, and certainly they offer me at this moment an advantage of which I shall not be backward in availing myself. Your lordship will pardon me if I remark that, after reflecting attentively upon my conversation with the emperor, it appears to me that this, and any overture of the kind which may be made, tends to establish a dilemma by which it is very desirable that her majesty's government should not allow themselves to be fettered. The dilemma seems to be this:—If her majesty's government do not come to an understanding with Russia as to what is to happen in the event of the sudden downfall of Turkey, they will have the less reason for complaining if results displeasing to England should be prepared. If, on the contrary, her majesty's government should enter into the consideration of such eventualities, they make themselves in some degree consenting parties to a catastrophe which they have so much interest in warding off as long as possible. The sum is probably this:—That England has to desire a close concert with Russia, with a view to preventing the downfall of Turkey; while Russia would be well pleased that the concert should apply to the events by which this downfall is to be followed.

"I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

"P. S.—Since this despatch was written I have heard from the Austrian minister, that the emperor has spoken to him of the conversation which he had held with me. 'I told Sir Hamil-

ton Seymour,' his majesty said, 'that the new ministry appears to me to be strong, and that I am anxious for its duration; although, to say the truth, as regards England, I have learnt that it is the country with which we must be allied. We must not lean to this or that party.'

"G. H. S."

No. 2.

Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord John Russell.—(Received Feb. 6th.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, Jan. 22nd, 1853.

"My Lord,—On the 14th instant, in consequence of a summons which I received from the chancellor, I waited upon the emperor, and had the honour of holding with his imperial majesty the very interesting conversation of which it will be my duty to offer your lordship an account, which, if imperfect, will, at all events, not be incorrect. I found his majesty alone; he received me with great kindness, saying, that I had appeared desirous to speak to him upon Eastern affairs; that, on his side, there was no indisposition to do so, but that he must begin at a remote period.

"'You know,' his majesty said, 'the dreams and plans in which the Empress Catherine was in the habit of indulging; these were handed down to our time; but while I inherited immense territorial possessions, I did not inherit those visions—those intentions, if you like to call them so. On the contrary, my country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess; on the contrary, I am the first to tell you that our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large. Close to us lies Turkey, and, in our present condition, nothing better for our interest can be desired; the times have gone by when we had anything to fear from the fanatical spirit or the military enterprise of the Turks, and yet the country is strong enough, or has hitherto been strong enough, to preserve its independence, and to insure respectful treatment from other countries. Well, in that empire there are several millions of Christians whose interests I am called upon to watch over (*surveiller*), while the right of doing so is secured to me by treaty. I may truly say that I make a moderate and sparing use of my right, and I will freely confess that it is one which is attended with obligations occasionally very inconvenient; but I cannot recede from the discharge of a distinct duty. Our religion, as established in this country, came to us from the East, and there are feelings, as well as obligations, which never must be lost sight of. Now, Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude, that, as I told you the other night, eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man

(and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuance of his life, I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands (*nous rester sur les bras*); we cannot resuscitate what is dead; if the Turkish empire falls, it falls to rise no more; and I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to be provided beforehand for a contingency, than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched? This is the point to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your government.'

" 'Sir,' I replied, 'your majesty is so frank with me that I am sure you will have the goodness to permit me to speak with the same openness. I would then observe that, deplorable as is the condition of Turkey, it is a country which has long been plunged in difficulties supposed by many to be insurmountable. With regard to contingent arrangements, her majesty's government, as your majesty is well aware, objects, as a general rule, to taking engagements upon possible eventualities, and would, perhaps, be particularly disinclined to doing so in this instance. If I may be allowed to say so, a great disinclination (*répugnance*) might be expected in England to disposing by anticipation (*d'escompter*) of the succession of an old friend and ally.'

" 'The rule is a good one,' the emperor replied, 'good at all times, especially in times of uncertainty and change, like the present; still it is of the greatest importance that we should understand one another, and not allow events to take us by surprise; maintenant je désire vous parler en ami et en gentleman; si nous arrivons à nous entendre sur cette affaire, l'Angleterre et moi, pour le reste peu m'importe; il m'est indifférent ce que font ou pensent les autres. Usant donc de franchise, je vous dis nettement, que si l'Angleterre songe à s'établir un de ces jours à Constantinople, je ne le permettrai pas; je ne vous prête point ces intentions, mais il vaut mieux dans ces occasions parler clairement; de mon côté, je suis également disposé de prendre l'engagement de ne pas m'y établir, en propriétaire, il s'entend, car en dépositaire je ne dis pas; il pourrait se faire que les circonstances me misent dans le cas d'occuper Constantinople, si rien ne se trouve prévu, si l'on doit tout laisser aller au hazard.'

" I thanked his majesty for the frankness of his declarations, and for the desire which he had expressed of acting cordially and openly with her majesty's government, observing at the same time that such an understanding appeared the best security against the sudden danger to which his majesty had alluded. I added that, although unprepared to give a decided opinion upon questions of such magnitude and delicacy, it appeared to me possible that some

such arrangement might be made between her majesty's government and his majesty as might guard, if not for, at least against certain contingencies. To render my meaning more clear I said, further, 'I can only repeat, sir, that in my opinion her majesty's government will be indisposed to make certain arrangements connected with the downfall of Turkey, but it is possible that they may be ready to pledge themselves against certain arrangements which might, in that event, be attempted.'

" His imperial majesty then alluded to a conversation which he had held the last time he was in England with the Duke of Wellington, and to the motives which had compelled him to open himself to his grace; then, as now, his majesty was, he said, eager to provide against events which, in the absence of any concert, might compel him to act in a manner opposed to the views of her majesty's government. The conversation passed to the events of the day, when the emperor briefly recapitulated his claims upon the holy places—claims recognised by the firman of last February, and confirmed by a sanction to which his majesty said he attached much more importance—the word of a sovereign. The execution of promises so made and so ratified the emperor said he must insist upon, but was willing to believe that his object would be attained by negotiation, the last advices from Constantinople being rather more satisfactory. I expressed my belief that negotiation, followed, as I supposed it had been, by the threats of military measures, would be found sufficient to secure a compliance with the just demands of Russia. I added that I desired to state to his majesty what I had previously read from a written paper to his minister—viz., that what I feared for Turkey were not the intentions of his majesty, but the actual result of the measures which appeared to be in contemplation. That I would repeat, that two consequences might be anticipated from the appearance of an imperial army on the frontiers of Turkey—the one the counter-demonstration which might be provoked on the part of France; the other, and the more serious, the rising, on the part of the Christian population against the sultan's authority, already so much weakened by revolts and by a severe financial crisis.

" The emperor assured me that no movement of his forces had yet taken place (*n'ont pas bougé*), and expressed his hope that no advance would be required. With regard to a French expedition to the sultan's dominions, his majesty intimated that such a step would bring affairs to an immediate crisis; that a sense of honour would compel him to send his forces into Turkey without delay or hesitation; that if the result of such an advance should prove to be the overthrow of the Great Turk, he should regret the event, but should feel that he had acted as he was compelled to do.

"To the above report I have only, I think, to add that the emperor desired to leave it to my discretion to communicate or not to his minister the particulars of our conversation; and that before I left the room his imperial majesty said, 'You will report what has passed between us to the queen's government, and you will say that I shall be ready to receive any communication which it may be their wish to make to me upon the subject.' The other topics touched upon by the emperor are mentioned in another despatch. With regard to the extremely important overture to which this report relates, I will only observe that, as it is my duty to record impressions, as well as facts and statements, I am bound to say that if words, tone, and manner offer any criterion by which intentions are to be judged, the emperor is prepared to act with perfect fairness and openness towards her majesty's government. His majesty has, no doubt, his own objects in view; and he is, in my opinion, too strong a believer in the imminence of dangers in Turkey. I am, however, impressed with the belief that, in carrying out those objects, as in guarding against those dangers, his majesty is sincerely desirous of acting in harmony with her majesty's government.

"I would now submit to your lordship that this overture cannot with propriety pass unnoticed by her majesty's government. It has been on a first occasion glanced at, and on a second distinctly made by the emperor himself to the queen's minister at his court, while the conversation held some years ago with the Duke of Wellington proves that the object in view is one which has long occupied the thoughts of his imperial majesty. If, then, the proposal were to remain unanswered, a decided advantage would be secured to the imperial cabinet, which, in the event of some great catastrophe taking place in Turkey, would be able to point to proposals made to England, and which, not having been responded to, left the emperor at liberty, or placed him under the necessity of following his own line of policy in the East. Again, I would remark that the anxiety expressed by the emperor, even looking to his own interests, for an extension of the days 'of the dying man,' appears to me to justify her majesty's government in proposing to his imperial majesty to unite with England in the adoption of such measures as may lead to prop up the falling authority of the sultan. Lastly, I would observe that, even if the emperor should be found disinclined to lend himself to such a course of policy as might arrest the downfall of Turkey, his declarations to me pledge him to be ready to take beforehand, in concert with her majesty's government, such precautions as may possibly prevent the fatal crisis being followed by a scramble for the rich inheritance which would remain to be disposed of. A

noble triumph would be obtained by the civilisation of the nineteenth century if the void left by the extinction of Mohammedan rule in Europe could be filled up without an interruption of the general peace, in consequence of the precautions adopted by the two principal governments the most interested in the destinies of Turkey.

I have, &c.,
"G. H. SEYMOUR."

No. 3.

Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord J. Russell.—(Received Feb. 6th.—Secret and confidential.)
(Extract.) "St. Petersburg, Jan. 22, 1853.

"I have generally found straightforward conduct to be the best policy, and as it is peculiarly called for towards those who have acted by us in a similar manner, upon leaving the palace on the 14th inst. I drove to the Foreign-office, and gave Count Nesselrode a correct summary of the conversation I had just had the honour of holding with the emperor."

No. 4.

Lord J. Russell to Sir G. H. Seymour.—(Secret and confidential.)

"Foreign-office, Feb. 9, 1853.

"Sir,—I have received and laid before the queen your secret and confidential despatch of the 22nd of January.

"Her majesty, upon this as upon former occasions, is happy to acknowledge the moderation, the frankness, and the friendly disposition of his imperial majesty.

"Her majesty has directed me to reply in the same spirit of temperate, candid, and amicable discussion.

"The question raised by his imperial majesty is a very serious one. It is, supposing the contingency of the dissolution of the Turkish empire to be probable, or even imminent, 'whether it is not better to be provided beforehand for a contingency than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched; this is the point,' said his imperial majesty, 'to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your government.'

"In considering this grave question, the first reflection which occurs to her majesty's government is, that no actual crisis has occurred which renders necessary a solution of this vast European problem. Disputes have arisen respecting the holy places, but these are without the sphere of the internal government of Turkey, and concern Russia and France rather than the Sublime Porte. Some disturbance of the relations between Austria and the Porte has been caused by the Turkish attack on Montenegro; but this, again, relates rather to dangers affecting the frontier of Austria than the authority

and safety of the sultan; so that there is no sufficient cause for intimating to the sultan that he cannot keep peace at home, or preserve friendly relations with his neighbours.

"It occurs further to her majesty's government to remark that the event which is contemplated is not definitely fixed in point of time. When William III. and Louis XIV. disposed, by treaty, of the succession of Charles II. of Spain, they were providing for an event which could not be far off. The infirmities of the sovereign of Spain and the certain end of any human life, made the contingency in prospect both sure and near. The death of the Spanish king was in no way hastened by the treaty of partition. The same thing may be said of the provision, made in the last century, for the disposal of Tuscany upon the decease of the last prince of the house of Medici. But the contingency of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire is of another kind. It may happen twenty, fifty, or 100 years hence.

"In these circumstances it would hardly be consistent with the friendly feelings towards the sultan which animate the Emperor of Russia, no less than the Queen of Great Britain, to dispose beforehand of the provinces under his dominion. Besides this consideration, however, it must be observed, that an agreement made in such a case tends very surely to hasten the contingency for which it is intended to provide. Austria and France could not, in fairness, be kept in ignorance of the transaction, nor would such concealment be consistent with the end of preventing an European war. Indeed, such concealment cannot be intended by his imperial majesty. It is to be inferred that, as soon as Great Britain and Russia should have agreed on the course to be pursued, and have determined to enforce it, they should communicate their intentions to the great powers of Europe. An agreement thus made, and thus communicated, would not be very long a secret; and while it would alarm and alienate the sultan, the knowledge of its existence would stimulate all his enemies to increased violence and more obstinate conflict. They would fight with the conviction that they must ultimately triumph, while the sultan's generals and troops would feel that no immediate success could save their cause from final overthrow. Thus would be produced and strengthened that very anarchy which is now feared, and the foresight of the friends of the patient would prove the cause of his death.

"Her majesty's government need scarcely enlarge on the dangers attendant on the execution of any similar convention. The example of the succession war is enough to show how little such agreements are respected when a pressing temptation urges their violation. The position of the Emperor of Russia as depositary, but not proprietor, of Constantinople, would be

exposed to numberless hazards, both from the long-cherished ambition of his own nation, and the jealousies of Europe. The ultimate proprietor, whoever he might be, would hardly be satisfied with the inert, supine attitude of the heirs of Mahomet II. A great influence on the affairs of Europe seems naturally to belong to the sovereign of Constantinople, holding the gates of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

"That influence might be used in favour of Russia; it might be used to control and curb her power.

"His imperial majesty has justly and wisely said:—'My country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess. On the contrary,' he observed, 'our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large.' A vigorous and ambitious state, replacing the Sublime Porte, might, however, render war on the part of Russia a necessity for the emperor or his successors.

"Thus European conflict would arise from the very means taken to prevent it; for neither England nor France, nor probably Austria, would be content to see Constantinople permanently in the hands of Russia.

"On the part of Great Britain, her majesty's government at once declare that they renounce all intention or wish to hold Constantinople. His imperial majesty may be quite secure upon this head. They are likewise ready to give an assurance that they will enter into no agreement to provide for the contingency of the fall of Turkey without previous communication with the Emperor of Russia.

"Upon the whole, then, her majesty's government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe than that which his imperial majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory.

"With a view to the success of this policy, it is desirable that the utmost forbearance should be manifested towards Turkey; that any demands which the great powers of Europe may have to make should be made matter of friendly negotiation rather than of peremptory demand; that military and naval demonstrations to coerce the sultan should as much as possible be avoided; that differences with respect to matters affecting Turkey, within the competence of the Sublime Porte, should be decided after mutual concert between the great powers, and not be forced upon the weakness of the Turkish government.

"To these cautions her majesty's government wish to add, that in their view it is essen-

tial that the sultan should be advised to treat his Christian subjects in conformity with the principles of equity and religious freedom which prevail generally among the enlightened nations of Europe. The more the Turkish government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the Emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which his imperial majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty.

"You may read this despatch to Count Nesselrode, and, if it is desired, you may yourself place a copy of it in the hands of the emperor. In that case you will accompany its presentation with those assurances of friendship and confidence on the part of her majesty the queen, which the conduct of his imperial majesty was so sure to inspire.

"I am, &c.,

"J. RUSSELL."

No. 5.

Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord John Russell.—(Received March 6th.—Secret and confidential.) (Extract.) "St. Petersburg, Feb. 21, 1853.

"The emperor came up to me last night, at a party of the Grand Duchess Hereditary's, and in the most gracious manner took me apart, saying that he desired to speak to me. After expressing, in flattering terms, the confidence which he has in me, and his readiness to speak to me without reserve upon matters of the greatest moment, as, his majesty observed, he had proved in a late conversation, he said:—'And it is well it is so; for what I most desire is, that there should be the greatest intimacy between the two governments: it never was so necessary as at present. Well,' the emperor continued, 'so you have got your answer, and you are to bring it to me to-morrow?'

"'I am to have that honour, sir,' I answered; 'but your majesty is aware that the nature of the reply is very exactly what I had led you to expect.'

"'So I was sorry to hear; but I think your government does not well understand my object. I am not so eager about what shall be done when the sick man dies,* as I am to determine with England what shall not be done upon that event taking place.'

"'But, sir,' I replied, 'allow me to observe, that we have no reason to think that the sick man (to use your majesty's expression) is dying. We are as much interested as we believe your majesty to be in his continuing to live; while, for myself, I will venture to remark that experience shows me that countries

do not die in such a hurry. Turkey will remain for many a year, unless some unforeseen crisis should occur. It is precisely, sir, for the avoidance of all circumstances likely to produce such a crisis that her majesty's government reckons upon your generous assistance.'

"'Then,' rejoined the emperor, 'I will tell you that, if your government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of existence, your government must have received incorrect information. I repeat to you, that the sick man is dying; and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding; and this we should do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient; and in this case I am certain that the confidence would be as great on the side of the queen's ministers as on mine. So no more for the present; you will come to me to-morrow, and you will remember that as often as you think your conversing with me will promote a good understanding upon any point, you will send word that you wish to see me.'

"I thanked his majesty very cordially, adding that I could assure him that her majesty's government, I was convinced, considered his word, once given, as good as a bond. It is hardly necessary that I should observe to your lordship that this short conversation, briefly but correctly reported, offers matter for most anxious reflection. It can hardly be otherwise but that the sovereign, who insists with such pertinacity upon the impending fall of a neighbouring state, must have settled in his own mind that the hour, if not of its dissolution, at all events for its dissolution, must be at hand. Then, as now, I reflected that this assumption would hardly be ventured upon unless some, perhaps general, but at all events intimate understanding, existed between Russia and Austria. Supposing my suspicion to be well founded, the emperor's object is to engage her majesty's government, in conjunction with his own cabinet and that of Vienna, in some scheme for the ultimate partition of Turkey, and for the exclusion of France from the arrangement."

No. 6.

Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord J. Russell.—(Received March 6th.—Secret and confidential.) (Extract.) "St. Petersburg, Feb. 22nd, 1853.

"I had the honour of waiting yesterday upon

* The duplicity of the emperor will be better understood, by remembering that at this time Prince Mentschikoff was already on his way to Constantinople with the celebrated note which led to the subsequent rupture between Russia and the Porte.

Nicholas was at that moment striving to induce England and Austria to enter into a conspiracy with him for the partition of Turkey. He was in a condition to say that Turkey was sick, when he was himself administering it poison.

the emperor, and of holding with his majesty one of the most interesting conversations in which I ever found myself engaged. My only regret is my inability to report in full detail a dialogue which lasted an hour and twelve minutes. The emperor began by desiring me to read to him aloud your lordship's secret and confidential despatch of the 9th inst., saying that he should stop me occasionally, either to make an observation, or to call upon me for the translation of a passage.

"Upon arriving at the fourth paragraph, the emperor desired me to pause, and observed, that he was certainly most desirous that some understanding should be entered into with her majesty's government for providing against a contingency so probable as that of the downfall of Turkey; that he was, perhaps, even more interested than England could be in preventing a Turkish catastrophe, but that it was constantly impending; that it might be brought about at any moment, either by an external war, or by a feud between the old Turkish party and that of the 'new superficial French reforms,' or again, by a rising of the Christians, already known to be very impatient of shaking off the Mussulman yoke (*joug*). As regards the first cause, the emperor said that he had a good right to advert to it, inasmuch as, if he had not stopped the victorious progress of General Diebitsch in 1829, the sultan's authority would have been at an end.

"The emperor likewise desired me to remember that he, and he only, had hastened to the assistance of the sultan, when his dominions were threatened by the Pasha of Egypt.

"I proceeded to read, and was again stopped at the sentence beginning, 'In these circumstances it would hardly be consistent with the friendly feelings,' when the emperor observed, that her majesty's government did not appear to be aware that his chief object was to obtain from her majesty's government some declaration, or even opinion, of what ought not to be permitted in the event of the sudden downfall of Turkey. I said, 'Perhaps your majesty would be good enough to explain your own ideas upon this negative policy.' This his majesty for some time declined doing; he ended, however, by saying:—'Well, there are several things which I never will tolerate; I will begin by ourselves. I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians; having said this, I will say that it never shall be held by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state; still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit to any of these arrangements I

would go to war, and as long as I have a man and a musket left would carry it on. These,' the emperor said, 'are at once some ideas; now give me some in return.'

"I remarked upon the assurance which would be found respecting the English resolution of never attempting to possess Constantinople, and upon the disinclination of her majesty's government to enter into eventual arrangements; but, upon being still pressed by his imperial majesty, I said—'Well, sir, the idea may not suit your majesty, may not suit her majesty's government, but what is good between man and man is often a good system between one state and another; how would it be, if in the event of any catastrophe occurring in Turkey, Russia and England were to declare that no power should be allowed to take possession of its provinces; that the property should remain, as it were, under seals, until amicable arrangements could be made as to its adjudication?'

"'I will not say,' the emperor observed, 'that such a course would be impossible, but, at least, it would be very difficult; there are no elements of provincial or communal government in Turkey; you would have Turks attacking Christians, Christians falling upon Turks, Christians of different sects quarrelling with each other; in short, chaos and anarchy.'

"'Sir,' I then observed, 'if your majesty will allow me to speak plainly, I would say that the great difference between us is this—that you continue to dwell upon the fall of Turkey, and the arrangements requisite before and after the fall; and that we, on the contrary, look to Turkey remaining where she is, and to the precautions which are necessary for preventing her condition from becoming worse.' 'Ah!' replied the emperor, 'that is what the chancellor is perpetually telling me; but the catastrophe will occur some day, and will take us all unawares.'

"His imperial majesty spoke of France. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that I should accuse any one wrongfully, but there are circumstances both at Constantinople and Montenegro, which are extremely suspicious; it looks very much as if the French government were endeavouring to embroil us all in the East, hoping in this way the better to arrive at their own objects, one of which, no doubt, is the possession of Tunis.'

"The emperor proceeded to say that, for his own part, he cared very little what line the French might think proper to take in eastern affairs, and that little more than a month ago he had apprised the sultan that if his assistance was required for resisting the menaces of the French, it was entirely at the service of the sultan!

"In a word, the emperor went on to observe, 'As I before told you, all I want is a good understanding with England, and this not as to

what shall, but as to what shall not be done; this point arrived at, the English government and I, I and the English government having entire confidence in one another's views, I care nothing about the rest."

"I remarked that I felt confident that her majesty's government could be as little disposed as his imperial majesty to tolerate the presence of the French at Constantinople; and being desirous, if possible, of ascertaining whether there was any understanding between the cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, I added, 'But your majesty has forgotten Austria; now all these eastern questions affect her very nearly; she, of course, would expect to be consulted.'

"'Oh!' replied the emperor, greatly to my surprise, 'but you must understand that when I speak of Russia I speak of Austria as well; what suits the one suits the other; our interests as regards Turkey are perfectly identical.' I should have been glad to make another inquiry or two upon this subject, but I did not venture to do so.

"I ought to have stated that in a preceding part of the conversation his majesty, although without any appearance of anger, evinced some surprise at an expression in your lordship's despatch, 'the long-cherished ambition of his (the emperor's) own nation; he would ask what that phrase meant? It happened that I was prepared for the surprise expressed, and ready to answer any reflection which it might call forth. 'Sir,' I said, 'Lord John Russell is not speaking of your ambition, he speaks of that entertained by your people.'

"The emperor could not at first admit that the phrase was applicable to the Russian nation any more than to himself; when I said, 'Your majesty will permit me to remark that Lord John Russell only repeats what was said thirty years ago by your brother, of glorious memory. In writing confidentially to Lord Castlereagh, in the year 1822, the Emperor Alexander spoke of being the only Russian who resisted the views of his subjects upon Turkey, and of the loss of popularity which he had sustained by this antagonism.'

"This quotation, which, by accident, I could make almost in the words of the letter, seemed to change the current of the emperor's ideas. 'You are quite right,' he said; 'I remember the events to which my late brother alluded. Now it is perfectly true that the Empress Catherine indulged in all sorts of visions of ambition, but it is not less so that these ideas are not at all shared by her descendants. You see how I am behaving towards the sultan. This gentleman (*ce monsieur*) breaks his written word to me, and acts in a manner extremely displeasing to me, and I have contented myself with dispatching an ambassador to Constantinople to demand reparation. Certainly, I could send an

army there if I chose—there is nothing to stop them; but I have contented myself with such a show of force as will prove that I have no intention of being trifled with.'

"'And, sir,' I said, 'you were quite right in refraining from violence; and I hope, upon future occasions, you will act with the same moderation; for your majesty must be sensible that any fresh concessions which have been obtained by the Latins are not referable to ill-will towards you, but to the excessive apprehensions of the French entertained by the unfortunate Turks; besides, sir,' I observed, 'the danger, I will venture to say, of the present moment is not Turkey, but that revolutionary spirit which broke out four years ago, and which in many countries still burns underground; there is the danger, and no doubt a war in Turkey would be the signal for fresh explosions in Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere. We see what is passing at Milan.'

"His imperial majesty spoke of Montenegro, observing that he approved the attitude taken by the Austrian cabinet, and that in these days it could not be permitted that the Turks should ill-treat and even murder a Christian population.

"I ventured to remark that upon this point the wrongs were at least divided between the Turks and the Montenegrins, and that I had full reason for believing that the provocation came from the latter. The emperor, with more impartiality than I had expected, admitted that there had been wrongs on both sides; that certainly the mountaineers were rather addicted to brigandage; and that the taking of Djablak had caused him great indignation. At the same time his majesty said, 'It is impossible not to feel great interest in a population warmly attached to their religion, who have so long kept their ground against the Turks;' and the emperor continued, 'It may be fair to tell you that if any attempts at exterminating those people should be made by Omar Pasha, and should a general rising of the Christians take place in consequence, the sultan will, in all probability, lose his throne; but in this case he falls to rise no more. I wish to support his authority, but, if he loses it, it is gone for ever. The Turkish empire is a thing to be tolerated, not to be reconstructed. In such a cause, I protest to you I will not allow a pistol to be fired.'

"The emperor went on to say that, in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed. 'The principalities are,' he said, 'in fact an independent state under my protection; this might so continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria. There seems to be no reason why this province should not form an

independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can then only say, that if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objections to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia : that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession.

"As I did not wish that the emperor should imagine that an English public servant was caught by this sort of overture, I simply answered that I had always understood that the English views upon Egypt did not go beyond the point of securing a safe and ready communication between British India and the mother-country.

"The conversation now drawing towards an end, the emperor expressed his warm attachment to the queen our gracious sovereign, and his respect for her majesty's present advisers. The declarations contained in your lordship's despatch had been, he said, very satisfactory; he could only desire that they should be a little amplified. The terms in which your lordship had spoken of his conduct were, the emperor said, very flattering to him.

"In dismissing me, his imperial majesty said,—'Well, induce your government to write again upon these subjects—to write more fully, and to do so without hesitation. I have confidence in the English government. Ce n'est point un engagement, une convention que je leur demande; c'est un libre échange d'idées, et, au besoin, une parole de *gentleman*; entre nous cela suffit.' I might venture to suggest that some expressions might be used in the despatch to be addressed to me which might have the effect of putting an end to the further consideration, or, at all events, discussion of points which it is highly desirable should not be regarded as offering subject for debate. I may only add, apologetically, that I may possibly have failed in reporting some parts of his majesty's conversation, and that I am conscious of having forgotten the precise terms employed by him with respect to the commercial policy to be observed at Constantinople when no longer held by the Turks. The purport of the observation was, that England and Russia had a common interest in providing for the readiest access to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. A copy of your lordship's despatch was left in the emperor's hands.

No. 7.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received March 19th.—Secret and confidential.)

(Extract.) "St. Petersburg, March 9th, 1853.

"When I waited upon Count Nesselrode on the 7th instant, his excellency said that, in pur-

suance of orders which he had received from the emperor, he had to place in my hands a very confidential memorandum which his imperial majesty had caused to be drawn up, and which was intended as an answer to, or a comment upon, the communication which I had made to his imperial majesty on the 21st ult. At first Count Nesselrode invited me to read the paper; he subsequently observed that if, instead of reading it at that time, I chose to take it away, I was at liberty to do so; that, in fact, the paper was intended for my use (*sic.*) Very little conversation upon the subject passed between the chancellor and me. He observed that I should find in the memorandum indications of the emperor's wish to be further informed of the feelings of her majesty's government as to what should not be permitted to take place in the event of any great catastrophe in Turkey; and I, on my side, remarked that, as there is danger in handling hot coals, it appeared to me desirable that communications upon a subject so delicate should not long be kept up.

"I have the honour of enclosing to your lordship a copy of what, under the circumstances which have attended its drawing up and delivery, cannot fail of being considered as one of the most remarkable papers which have been issued, I do not say from the Russian 'chancellerie,' but from the emperor's secret cabinet. It would not be difficult either to controvert some of the facts which the memorandum advances, or to show that the impression under which it has been framed is an incorrect one; that impression being evidently that, in the disputes carried on between Russia and France, her majesty's government has leant partially to the latter power.

"Three points appear to me to be fully established by the imperial memorandum—the existence of some distinct understanding between the two imperial courts upon the subject of Turkey, and the engagement taken by the Emperor Nicholas neither to possess nor establish himself at Constantinople, nor to enter into arrangements respecting the measures to be taken in the event of the fall of the Ottoman empire without previous concert with her majesty's government. The wording of this engagement, coupled with the conversation which I had the honour of holding with the emperor, leaves upon my mind the impression that, while willing to undertake not to make himself the permanent master of Constantinople, his majesty is intentionally inexplicit as to its temporary occupation. Assuming, as a certain and now acknowledged fact, the existence of an understanding or compact between the two emperors as to Turkish affairs, it becomes of the deepest importance to know the extent of the engagements entered into between them. As to the manner in which it has been concluded, I conjecture that little doubt is to be entertained.

Its basis was, no doubt, laid at some of the meetings between the sovereigns which took place in the autumn; and the scheme has probably been worked out since under the management of Baron Meyendorff, the Russian envoy at the Austrian court, who has been passing the winter at St. Petersburg, and is still here."

(Translation.)

"February 21st, 1853.

"The emperor has, with the liveliest interest and real satisfaction, made himself acquainted with the secret and confidential despatch which Sir Hamilton Seymour communicated to him. He duly appreciates the frankness which has dictated it. He has found therein a fresh proof of the friendly sentiments which her majesty the queen entertains for him.

"In conversing familiarly with the British envoy on the causes which, from one day to another, may bring on the fall of the Ottoman empire, it had by no means entered into the emperor's thoughts to propose for this contingency a plan by which Russia and England should dispose beforehand of the provinces ruled by the sultan—a system altogether arranged; still less a formal agreement to be concluded between the two cabinets. It was purely and simply the emperor's notion that each party should confidentially state to the other less what it wishes than what it does not wish; what would be contrary to English interests, what would be contrary to Russian interests; in order that, the case occurring, they might avoid acting in opposition to each other.

"There is in this neither plans of partition, nor convention to be binding on the other courts. It is merely an interchange of opinions, and the emperor sees no necessity of talking about it before the time. It is precisely for that reason that he took especial care not to make it the object of an official communication from one cabinet to another. By confining himself to speaking of it himself, in the shape of familiar conversation, to the queen's representative, he selected the most friendly and confidential form of opening himself with frankness to her Britannic majesty, being desirous that the result, whatsoever it might be, of these communications, should remain, as it ought to be, a secret between the two sovereigns.

"Consequently, the objections which Lord John Russell raises to any concealment as regards the other powers, in the event of a formal agreement being entered into—of which there is at present no question—fall to the ground; and consequently, also, the inconveniences disappear, which he points out as calculated to contribute to hasten the occurrence of the very event which Russia and England are desirous of averting, if the existence of such an agreement should become prematurely known to Europe and to the subjects of the sultan.

"As regards the object of this wholly confidential interchange of opinions, the possible downfall of the Ottoman empire, doubtless that is but an uncertain and remote contingency. Unquestionably, the period of it cannot be fixed, and no real crisis has arisen to render the realisation of it imminent. But, after all, it may happen; even unexpectedly. Without mentioning the ever-increasing causes of dissolution which are presented by the moral, financial, and administrative condition of the Porte, it may proceed gradually from one, at least, of the two questions mentioned by the English ministry in its secret despatch. In truth, it perceives in those questions only mere disputes, which would not differ in their bearing from difficulties which form the ordinary business of diplomacy. But that kind of dispute may, nevertheless, bring on war, and, with war, the consequences which the emperor apprehends from it. If, for instance, in the affair of the holy places, the *amour-propre* and the menaces of France, continuing to press upon the Porte, should compel it to refuse us all satisfaction, and if, on the other hand, the religious sentiments of the orthodox Greeks, offended by the concessions made to the Latins, should raise the immense majority of his subjects against the sultan. As regards the affair of Montenegro, that, according to the late accounts, may happily be looked upon as settled. But at the time that the emperor had his interview with Sir Hamilton Seymour, it might be apprehended that the question would take a most serious turn. Neither ourselves nor Austria could have allowed a protracted devastation or forced submission of Montenegro, a country which, up to the present time, has continued actually independent of the Porte, a country over which our protection has been extended for more than a century. The horrors which are committed there, those which, by Ottoman fanaticism, have a short time since been extended over Bulgaria, Bosnia, and the Herzegovine, gave the other Christian provinces of the Porte only too much reason to anticipate that the same fate awaited them. They were calculated to provoke the general rising of the Christians who live under the sceptre of the Turkish empire, and to hasten its ruin. It is not, then, by any means an idle and imaginary question, a contingency too remote, to which the anxiety of the emperor has called the attention of the queen his ally.

"In the face of the uncertainty and decay of the existing state of things in Turkey, the English cabinet expresses the desire that the greatest forbearance should be shown towards the Porte. The emperor is conscious of never having acted otherwise. The English cabinet itself admits it. It addresses to the emperor, with reference to the numerous proofs of moderation which he has given up to the present

time, praises which his majesty will not accept, because in that he has only listened to his own overbearing conviction. But, in order that the emperor may continue to concur in that system of forbearance, to abstain from any demonstrations—from any peremptory language—it would be necessary that this system should be equally observed by all the powers at once. France has adopted another. By menace she obtained, in opposition to the letter of the treaties, the admission of a ship of the line into the Dardanelles. At the cannon's mouth she twice presented her claims, and her demands for indemnity at Tripoli, and afterwards at Constantinople. Again, in the contest respecting the holy places, by menace she effected the abrogation of that firman and that of the solemn promises which the sultan had given the emperor. With regard to all these acts of violence England observed a complete silence. She neither offered support to the Porte nor addressed remonstrances to the French government. The consequence is very evident. The Porte necessarily concluded from this that from France alone it has everything to hope as well as everything to fear, and that it can evade with impunity the demands of Austria and of Russia. It is thus that Austria and Russia, in order to obtain justice, have seen themselves compelled in their turn, against their will, to act by intimidation, since they have to do with a government which only yields to a peremptory attitude; and it is thus that by its own fault, or rather by that of those who have weakened it in the first instance, the Porte is urged on in a course which enfeebles it still more. Let England, then, employ herself in making it listen to reason. Instead of uniting herself with France against the just demands of Russia, let her avoid supporting, or even appearing to support, the resistance of the Ottoman government. Let her be the first to invite the latter, as she herself considers it essential, to treat its Christian subjects with more equity and humanity. That will be the surest means of relieving the emperor from the obligation of availing himself in Turkey of those rights of traditional protection to which he never has recourse but against his will, and of postponing indefinitely the crisis which the emperor and her majesty the queen are equally anxious to avert.

"In short, the emperor cannot but congratulate himself at having given occasion for this intimate interchange of confidential communications between her majesty and himself. He has found therein valuable assurances, of which he takes note with a lively satisfaction. The two sovereigns have frankly explained to each other what in the extreme case of which they have been treating their respective interests cannot endure. England understands that Russia cannot suffer the establishment at Constantinople of a Christian power sufficiently

strong to control and disquiet her. She declares that for herself she renounces any intention or desire to possess Constantinople. The emperor equally disclaims any wish or design of establishing himself there. England promises that she will enter into no arrangement for determining the measures to be taken in the event of the fall of the Turkish empire, without a previous understanding with the emperor. The emperor, on his side, willingly contracts the same engagement. As he is aware that in such a case he can equally reckon upon Austria, who is bound by her promises to concert with him, he regards with less apprehension the catastrophe which he still desires to prevent and avert as much as it shall depend on him to do so. No less precious to him are the proofs of friendship and personal confidence on the part of her majesty the queen, which Sir Hamilton Seymour has been directed on this occasion to impart to him. He sees in them the surest guarantee against the contingency which his foresight had deemed it right to point out to that of the English government.

No. 8.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received March 19.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, March 9th, 1853.

"My Lord,—As it appears very evident that the secret memorial which, by a despatch of this day, I have the honour of bringing to your lordship's knowledge, has been drawn up under a complete misapprehension (real or assumed) of the part taken by her majesty's government in the late Turkish affairs, I have thought it my duty to address to Count Nesselrode the private and confidential letter of which I beg to enclose a copy to your lordship.

"I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

(Enclosure in No. 8.)

Sir G. H. Seymour to Count Nesselrode.—
(Private and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, Feb. 24th (March 8th), 1853.

"My dear Count Nesselrode,—There is an observation respecting the very important memorandum placed yesterday by your excellency in my hands, which I feel obliged to make. I am most anxious to observe that this paper must have been drawn up under the impression of English policy at Constantinople having been very different from what in reality it has been. I can affirm, conscientiously and distinctly, that the object proposed to themselves, as well by the late as by her majesty's present government, has been to act as a common friend in the contests between the allied governments; and that, far from having inclined, as has been stated, to France in the course of the late critical transactions, it has been the desire of the queen's advisers (to the full ex-

tent permitted to a government compelled to observe a neutral attitude) that ample satisfaction should be given to the demands which his imperial majesty's government were justified in making. This assertion I should have no difficulty in substantiating by written evidence; and I will add that, in any just demand which England may have to make upon a foreign cabinet, I only desire that the conduct of a friendly power towards us may be that which quietly and unostentatiously the English government has pursued in the complicated question of the holy places with regard to the claims of Russia. I request your excellency's good offices for causing this, the real state of the case, to be rightly understood; at all events, for preventing a contrary belief from being adopted until it shall be clearly ascertained whether or not my statement is correct.

"I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

No. 9.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received March 19.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, March 10th, 1853.

"My Lord,—I have just had a very amicable and satisfactory conversation with the chancellor, who, under the impression of my letter of the 8th inst. having originated in a misconception with regard to the emperor's memorandum, had desired to see me. We read over the memorandum together, and Count Nesselrode observed that all that was desired here was, that, while appealing to the emperor's magnanimity and feelings of justice, her majesty's government should employ some effort towards opening the eyes of the French ministers as to the false course into which they have been led by M. de Lavalette.

"To this I replied that such had been the conduct pursued by her majesty's government, not on one occasion, but on various occasions; and that, as a specimen of the language held by your lordship's predecessor to the French government, I would beg to read to him an extract from one of Lord John Russell's despatches. I read accordingly the five or six lines of Lord John Russell's despatch to Lord Cowley of January 28th, beginning 'But her majesty's government cannot avoid perceiving,' and concluding with 'the relations of friendly powers,' which passage I had copied out and taken with me.

"Count Nesselrode expressed his warm satisfaction at finding that her majesty's government had given such excellent advice to the French government; and only regretted that he had not long ago been put in possession of evidence so conclusive as to the part taken upon the question of the holy places by her majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs.

"In conclusion the chancellor requested that

I would consider the passage in the imperial memorandum commencing with the words, '*Que l'Angleterre s'emploie donc*,' as expressing a hope, and not as implying a reproach—as referable to the course which it was desired should be taken by her majesty's government, and not as alluding to that which had been pursued.

"I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

No. 10.

The Earl of Clarendon to Sir G. H. Seymour.—
(Secret and confidential.)

"Foreign-office, March 23rd, 1853.

"Sir,—Your despatches of the 21st and 22nd ult. have been laid before the queen, and I am commanded to express her majesty's entire approval of the discretion and judgment displayed by you in the conversations which you had the honour to hold with the emperor. I need not assure you that the opinions of his imperial majesty have received from her majesty's government the anxious and deliberate consideration that their importance demands; and, although her majesty's government feel compelled to adhere to the principles and the policy laid down in Lord J. Russell's despatch of the 9th of February, yet they gladly comply with the emperor's wish that the subject should be further and frankly discussed. The generous confidence exhibited by the emperor entitles his imperial majesty to the most cordial declaration of opinion on the part of her majesty's government, who are fully aware that, in the event of any understanding with reference to future contingencies being expedient, or indeed possible, the word of his imperial majesty would be preferable to any convention that could be framed.

"Her majesty's government persevere in the belief that Turkey still possesses the elements of existence, and they consider that recent events have proved the correctness of the opinion expressed in the despatch of my predecessor, that there was no sufficient cause for intimating to the sultan that he cannot keep peace at home or preserve friendly relations with his neighbours.

"Her majesty's government have accordingly learnt with sincere satisfaction that the emperor considers himself even more interested than England in preventing a Turkish catastrophe; because they are convinced that upon the policy pursued by his imperial majesty towards Turkey will mainly depend the hastening or the indefinite postponement of an event which every power in Europe is concerned in averting. Her majesty's government are convinced that nothing is more calculated to precipitate that event than the constant prediction of its being near at hand; that nothing can be more fatal to the vitality of Turkey than the assumption of its rapid and inevitable decay; and that if the opinion of the emperor that the days of the Turkish

empire were numbered became notorious, its downfall must occur even sooner than his imperial majesty now appears to expect.

"But, on the supposition that, from unavoidable causes, the catastrophe did take place, her majesty's government entirely share the opinion of the emperor that the occupation of Constantinople by either of the great powers would be incompatible with the present balance of power and the maintenance of peace in Europe, and must at once be regarded as impossible; that there are no elements for the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire; that the systematic misgovernment of Greece offers no encouragement to extend its territorial dominion; and that, as there are no materials for provincial or communal government, anarchy would be the result of leaving the provinces of Turkey to themselves, or permitting them to form separate republics. The emperor has announced that, sooner than permit a settlement of the question by any one of these methods, he will be prepared for war at every hazard; and, however much her majesty's government may be disposed to agree in the soundness of the views taken by his imperial majesty, yet they consider that the simple predetermination of what shall not be tolerated does little towards solving the real difficulties, or settling in what manner it would be practicable, or even desirable, to deal with the heterogeneous materials of which the Turkish empire is composed. England desires no territorial aggrandisement, and could be no party to a previous arrangement from which she was to derive any such benefit. England could be no party to any understanding, however general, that was to be kept secret from other powers; but her majesty's government believe that no arrangements could control events, and that no understanding could be kept secret. They would, in the opinion of her majesty's government, be the signal for preparation for intrigues of every description, and for revolts among the Christian subjects of the Porte. Each power and each party would endeavour to secure its future interests, and the dissolution of the Turkish empire would be preceded by a state of anarchy which must aggravate every difficulty, if it did not render a peaceful solution of the question impossible. The only mode by which such a solution could be attempted would be that of an European congress, but that only affords an additional reason for desiring that the present order of things in Turkey should be maintained, as her majesty's government cannot without alarm reflect on the jealousies that would then be evoked, the impossibility of reconciling the different ambitions and the divergent interests that would be called into play, and the certainty that the treaties of 1815 must then be open to revision, when France might be prepared to risk the chances of a European war to get rid of the obligations which she considers injurious to her

national honour, and which, having been imposed by victorious enemies, are a constant source of irritation to her.

"The main object of her majesty's government—that to which their efforts have been and always will be directed—is the preservation of peace; and they desire to uphold the Turkish empire, from their conviction that no great question can be agitated in the East without becoming a source of discord in the West, and that every great question in the West will assume a revolutionary character, and embrace a revision of the entire social system, for which the continental governments are certainly in no state of preparation. The emperor is fully cognizant of the materials that are in constant fermentation beneath the surface of society, and their readiness to burst forth even in times of peace; and his imperial majesty will probably, therefore, not dissent from the opinion that the first cannon-shot may be the signal for a state of things more disastrous even than those calamities which war inevitably brings in its train. But such a war would be the result of the dissolution and dismemberment of the Turkish empire; and hence the anxiety of her majesty's government to avert the catastrophe. Nor can they admit that the signs of Turkish decay are now either more evident or more rapid than of late years. There is still great energy and great wealth in Turkey; a disposition to improve the system of government is not wanting; corruption, though unfortunately great, is still not of a character, nor carried to an extent, that threatens the existence of the state; the treatment of Christians is not harsh, and the toleration exhibited by the Porte towards this portion of its subjects might serve as an example to some governments who look with contempt upon Turkey as a barbarous power.

"Her majesty's government believe that Turkey only requires forbearance on the part of its allies, and a determination not to press their claims in a manner humiliating to the dignity and independence of the sultan that friendly support, in short, that with states, as with individuals, the weak are entitled to expect from the strong—in order not only to prolong its existence, but to remove all cause of alarm respecting its dissolution. It is in this work of benevolence and of sound European policy that her majesty's government are desirous of co-operating with the emperor. They feel entire confidence in the rectitude of his imperial majesty's intentions, and, as they have the satisfaction of thinking that the interests of Russia and England in the East are completely identical, they entertain an earnest hope that a similar policy there will prevail, and tend to strengthen the alliance between the two countries, which it is alike the object of her majesty and her majesty's government to promote. You will give a copy of this despatch to the chancellor or to the emperor, in the event of

your again having the honour to be received by his imperial majesty.

"I am, &c.,

"CLARENDON."

No. 11.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received March 26.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, March 12th, 1853.

"My Lord,—The chancellor sent for me this morning, when he placed in my hands a copy of the memorandum which was brought to your lordship's knowledge by my despatch of the 9th inst. Upon this copy the emperor had written in pencil that he was sorry to find that Sir Hamilton Seymour had considered a passage in the paper as reflecting upon the conduct of her majesty's government; that no reproach had been intended, and that the chancellor would do well to see me and to state that if it should be my wish, the paper might be taken back and altered. After a few moments' reflection it occurred to me that the explanations which I had received were sufficient, so that a record could be obtained of the emperor's amicable intentions, and that the paper, if taken back, might be altered in more than one of its passages; I therefore stated that, instead of changing the memorandum, I would suggest that his excellency should write me a few lines explanatory of the purport of the passage which I had considered objectionable. To this the chancellor at once acceded, and it only remained for me to request that his excellency would be kind enough to express to the emperor how sensibly I felt his gracious solicitude to efface a disagreeable impression.

"I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

No. 12.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received April 4th.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, March 16th, 1853.

"My Lord,—With reference to the despatch marked 'secret and confidential,' which I had the honour of addressing to your lordship on the 12th inst., I beg to transmit the letter which Count Nesselrode undertook to write to me expressive of the emperor's willingness to change the passage in his memorandum which I had considered open to some misinterpretation.

"I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

"March 3 (15), 1853.

"I have the pleasure, my dear Sir Hamilton, to add to the explanation which I had the honour to offer to you verbally, that having communicated your doubts to the emperor, his majesty has authorised me to modify the passage which had caused you to entertain them, at least if you should consider it necessary. The emperor is, above all things, desirous of re-

moving from a communication altogether personal and friendly with the government of her majesty the queen what might give occasion even to an erroneous interpretation, which would be contrary to the intentions by which it was dictated, as also to the object which his majesty proposes to himself.

"Be pleased, &c.,

"NESSELRODE."

No. 13.

The Earl of Clarendon to Sir G. H. Seymour.—
(Secret and confidential.)

"Foreign-office, April 5th, 1853.

"Sir,—Your despatches of the 9th, 10th, and 12th ultimo have been laid before the queen.

"My despatch of the 23rd ultimo will have furnished you with answers upon all the principal points alluded to in the memorandum which Count Nesselrode placed in your hands; but it is my duty to inform you that that important and remarkable document was received by her majesty's government with feelings of sincere satisfaction, as a renewed proof of the emperor's confidence and friendly feelings; and her majesty's government desire to convey their acknowledgments to his imperial majesty for having thus placed on record the opinions he expressed at the interview with which you were honoured by his imperial majesty. Her majesty's government do not consider that any useful purpose would be served by prolonging a correspondence upon a question with respect to which a complete understanding has been established; and I have only, therefore, further to state that her majesty's government observe with pleasure that, in the opinion of the emperor, the fall of the Turkish empire is looked upon as an uncertain and distant contingency, and that no real crisis has occurred to render its realisation imminent. Her majesty's government have never any wish to disguise their policy, which they trust is honest and straightforward towards all other countries; but on such a question they would particularly regret that any misapprehension existed on the mind of the emperor, and they accordingly approve the confidential note which you addressed to Count Nesselrode, for the purpose of rectifying some ideas which reflected upon the course pursued by her majesty's government. On the subject of the *Charlemagne* coming up to the Bosphorus a correspondence took place between the English and French governments, and, although the Porte gave its sanction unconditionally, the eventual solution of the question was in conformity with the opinion of her Majesty's government, and it was settled that the *Charlemagne* should convey M. de Lavalette to Constantinople, under which circumstances it was stated that the passage of the French ship of war would not be further remonstrated against by her majesty's government, but that it must not be drawn into a precedent.

"As regards the holy places, you are aware of the instructions given to Colonel Rose for his guidance at the Porte, and of the despatch addressed to her majesty's ambassador at Paris, which was communicated to the French government, and I have further to inform you that Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe was instructed to bear in mind that her majesty's government, without professing to give an opinion on the subject, were not insensible to the superior claims of Russia, both as respected the treaty obligations of Turkey, and the loss of moral influence that the emperor would sustain throughout his dominions, if, in the position occupied by his imperial majesty with reference to the Greek church, he was to yield any privileges it had hitherto enjoyed to the Latin church, of which the emperor of the French claimed to be the protector.

"With respect to the advice which the emperor recommends should be given to the Porte by her majesty's government, you will inform the chancellor that Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe was directed to return to his post, and a special character was given to his mission by an autograph letter from her majesty, under the impression that the Porte would be better disposed to listen to moderate counsels when offered by one of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe's high position and great knowledge and experience of Turkish affairs; and he was particularly desired to advise the Porte to treat its Christian subjects with the utmost leniency.

"Upon this latter point her majesty's government are inclined to believe that the Turkish government are at length awakened to a sense of their own true interests. At the beginning of this year we know that orders were sent to Kiamil Pasha to proceed instantly to Bosnia in order to redress Christian grievances, and to empower the Christian communities to build churches. About the same time, also, the Porte sent the strongest instructions to Omar Pasha to act with unvaried moderation and humanity towards his enemies (the Montenegrins); and the English vice-consul at Scutari confirmed all the previous statements that the inhabitants of Montenegro committed an unprovoked attack on the troops and subjects of the Porte; while the accounts that have reached her majesty's government respecting the atrocities said to have been committed by the Turks in Bosnia, Herzegovine, and Montenegro are extracted from Austrian newspapers, and must necessarily, therefore, be received with caution.

"I have only in conclusion to add that, as her majesty and the emperor have now mutually renewed the assurances of their intention to uphold the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire, it is the earnest desire of her majesty's government that the representatives of the two powers may henceforward co-operate together in carrying out this intention by giving

similar advice in the same friendly spirit to the Porte.

"You are instructed to read this despatch to the chancellor, and to furnish him with a copy, should he desire it.

"I am, &c.,
"CLARENDON."

No. 14.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received May 2nd.—Secret and confidential.)

(Extract.) "St. Petersburg, April 20th, 1853.

"The emperor on rising from the table when I had the honour of dining at the palace on the 18th inst., desired me to follow him into the next room. His majesty then said that he had wished to state to me the real and sincere satisfaction which he received from your lordship's despatch, marked 'secret and confidential,' of the 23rd ultimo.

"It had been, his majesty said, most agreeable to him to find that the overtures which he had addressed to her majesty's government had been responded to in the same friendly spirit in which they were made; that, to use a former expression, there was nothing in which he placed so much reliance as '*la parole d'un gentilhomme*;' that he felt that the relations of the two courts stood upon a better basis now that a clear understanding had been obtained as to points which, if left in doubt, might have been productive of misintelligence, and, as his majesty was pleased to add, he felt obliged to me for having contributed towards bringing about this friendly *entente*. And his majesty said, 'I beg you to understand, that what I have pledged myself to will be equally binding on my successor; there now exist memorandums of my intentions, and whatever I have promised, my son, if the changes alluded to should occur in his time, would be as ready to perform as his father would have been.' The emperor proceeded to state that he would very frankly offer an observation or two—it might be a criticism—on your lordship's despatch.

"The despatch spoke of the fall of the Turkish empire as an uncertain and distant event. He would remark that the one term excluded the other; uncertain it was certainly, but for that reason not necessarily remote. He desired it might be, but he was not sure that it might so prove. His majesty desired further to observe that he could not doubt that her majesty's government had taken too favourable a view of the state of the Christian population in Turkey; the sultan might have intended to better their condition, might have given orders in that sense, but he was quite certain that his commands had not been attended to.

"Upon my remarking that her majesty's government were understood to receive very accurate reports of what passes in Turkey, the emperor replied, with considerable animation, that he called this fact in question; that he be-

lieved, on the contrary, that some of the English consular agents were incorrect in their reports. He would only refer to Bulgaria; the greatest discontent prevailed there, and his majesty would affirm that were it not for his continued efforts to repress the manifestation of feelings of the sort, the Bulgarians would some time since have been in insurrection.

"His majesty proceeded to contrast the threatening attitude which had been assumed by Count Leiningen with the peaceable character of Prince Mentschikoff's mission, not, however, that he desired to blame the Emperor of Austria, a noble prince, whom he loved sincerely, and all of whose acts he approved; the difference existed in circumstances, and when Montenegro was threatened with utter devastation, the Emperor of Austria was obliged to act with energy. His majesty would, he said, have acted in the same manner.

"I am desirous of remarking here that part of the emperor's observations were, it was obvious, addressed to me personally, and were intended as a reply as well to an allusion which I had made as to religious intolerance in Tuscany, as to my comments to the chancellor upon the conduct of the Austrian cabinet with regard to the late confiscatory measures in Lombardy.

"His majesty, after observing that, according to the accounts just received (those of the 29th ult.), little or no progress had been made towards an adjustment of difficulties at Constantinople, said that as yet he had not moved a ship or a battalion; that he had not done so from motives of consideration for the sultan and from economical motives; but that he would repeat that he had no intention of being trifled with, and that if the Turks did not yield to reason, they would have to give way to an approach of danger.

"I ventured to remark to the emperor that it was only by the despatches just arrived that he had received intelligence of the landing at Pera of the French ambassador, who was understood to be a party to the arrangements about to be concluded; the indirect answer, however, returned to me by his majesty and the expressions which he used led me to apprehend that this consideration did not receive the attention of which in fairness it appears to me deserving.

No. 15.

Sir G. H. Seymour to the Earl of Clarendon.—
(Received May 2nd.—Secret and confidential.)

"St. Petersburg, April 21st, 1853.

"My Lord,—I have had the honour of receiving your lordship's despatch marked 'secret and confidential,' of the 5th inst., which, in obedience to your lordship's orders, I communicated to Count Nesselrode on the 15th inst.

"His excellency, before the arrival of this messenger, had desired to see me for the pur-

pose of communicating to me a paper which had been drawn up by the emperor's desire, and which was to be considered as an answer to your lordship's despatch of the 23rd ult.

"This document, which I beg to transmit in original, was accordingly placed in my hands by the chancellor, who observed that he had previously thought that it would close the correspondence, but that it was possible that the fresh despatch which I had brought to his knowledge might, upon being laid before the emperor, call for some fresh observations on the part of his majesty.

"The only passage in the enclosed paper to which Count Nesselrode was desirous of drawing my attention was that in which an observation is made respecting the treatment of the Christian population as described by English or by Russian agents.

"I remarked, in reply, that the point was the less material, her majesty's government being (as his excellency had been made aware) as desirous as the imperial cabinet could be that no effort should be wanting on the part of the Porte to remove any and every cause of complaint which could be made in justice by the sultan's Christian subjects.

"Your lordship will perhaps allow me to observe that, supposing the present crisis in Turkish affairs to pass over, an intimation is made in the enclosed paper which, if taken up and embodied in a joint resolution by all the great powers, might possibly be the means of long averting a catastrophe which, happen when it may, will probably have disastrous consequences even to those to whom it may be considered the most profitable.

"Since the preceding part of this despatch was written, the chancellor has intimated to me that the emperor, being of opinion that the paper which I now enclose, followed up by the conversation which I had the honour of holding with his majesty on the 18th, may be considered as replying to any points touched upon in your lordship's despatch, does not propose to offer any fresh observation upon the subjects which have been under discussion. His excellency does not conceal from me his satisfaction at this resolution, these subjects being, as he remarked, of so delicate a nature that there are always objections to their being brought under discussion.

I have, &c.,

"G. H. SEYMOUR."

(Translation.)

"The emperor has, with lively satisfaction, made himself acquainted with Lord Clarendon's despatch of the 23rd of March. His majesty congratulates himself on perceiving that his views and those of the English cabinet entirely coincide on the subject of the political combinations which it would be chiefly necessary to avoid in the extreme case of the contingency

occurring in the East, which Russia and England have equally at heart to prevent, or, at all events, to delay as long as possible. Sharing generally the opinions expressed by Lord Clarendon on the necessity of the prolonged maintenance of the existing state of things in Turkey, the emperor, nevertheless, cannot abstain from adverting to a special point which leads him to suppose that the information received by the British government is not altogether in accordance with ours. It refers to the humanity and the toleration to be shown by Turkey in her manner of treating her Christian subjects.

"Putting aside many other examples to the contrary of an old date, it is, for all that, notorious that recently the cruelties committed by the Turks in Bosnia forced hundreds of Christian families to seek refuge in Austria. In other respects, without wishing on this occasion to enter upon a discussion as to the symptoms of decay, more or less evident, presented by the Ottoman power, or the greater or less degree of vitality which its internal constitution may retain, the emperor will readily agree that the best means of upholding the duration of the Turkish government is not to harass it by overbearing demands, supported in a manner humiliating to its independence and its dignity. His majesty is disposed, as he has ever been, to act upon this system, with the clear understanding, however, that the same rule of conduct shall be observed, without distinction, and unanimously, by each of the great powers, and that none of them shall take advantage of the weakness of the Porte to obtain from it concessions which might turn to the prejudice of the others. This principle being laid down, the emperor declares that he is ready to labour, in concert with England, at the common work of prolonging the existence of the Turkish empire, setting aside all cause of alarm on the subject of its dissolution. He readily accepts the evidence offered by the British cabinet of entire confidence in the uprightness of his sentiments, and the hope that, on this basis, his alliance with England cannot fail to become stronger.

"St. Petersburg, April 3rd (15th), 1853."

The following is the memorandum by Count Nesselrode delivered to her majesty's government, and founded on communications received from the Emperor of Russia subsequently to his imperial majesty's visit to England in June, 1844:—

(Translation.)

"Russia and England are mutually penetrated with the conviction that it is for their common interest that the Ottoman Porte should maintain itself in the state of independence and of territorial possession which at present constitute that empire, as that political combination is

the one which is most compatible with the general interest of the maintenance of peace. Being agreed on this principle, Russia and England have an equal interest in uniting their efforts in order to keep up the existence of the Ottoman empire, and to avert all the dangers which can place in jeopardy its safety. With this object, the essential point is to suffer the Porte to live in repose, without needlessly disturbing it by diplomatic bickerings, and without interfering unless with absolute necessity in its internal affairs. In order to carry out skilfully this system of forbearance, with a view to the well-understood interest of the Porte, two things must not be lost sight of. They are these:—

"In the first place, the Porte has a constant tendency to extricate itself from the engagements imposed upon it by the treaties which it has concluded with other powers. It hopes to do so with impunity, because it reckons on the mutual jealousy of the cabinets. It thinks that if it fails in its engagements towards one of them, the rest will espouse its quarrel, and will screen it from all responsibility. It is essential not to confirm the Porte in this delusion. Every time that it fails in its obligations towards one of the great powers, it is the interest of all the rest to make it sensible of its error, and seriously to exhort it to act rightly towards the cabinet which demands just reparation. As soon as the Porte shall perceive that it is not supported by the other cabinets, it will give way, and the differences which have arisen will be arranged in a conciliatory manner, without any conflict resulting from them.

"There is a second cause of complication which is inherent in the situation of the Porte; it is the difficulty which exists in reconciling the respect due to the sovereign authority of the sultan, founded on the Mussulman law, with the forbearance required by the interests of the Christian population of that empire. This difficulty is real. In the present state of feeling in Europe, the cabinets cannot see with indifference the Christian populations in Turkey exposed to flagrant acts of oppression and religious intolerance. It is necessary constantly to make the Ottoman ministers sensible of this truth, and to persuade them that they can only reckon on the friendship and on the support of the great powers on the condition that they treat the Christian subjects of the Porte with toleration and with mildness. While insisting on this truth, it will be the duty of the foreign representatives, on the other hand, to exert all their influence to maintain the Christian subjects of the Porte in submission to the sovereign authority. It will be the duty of the foreign representatives, guided by these principles, to act among themselves in a perfect spirit of agreement. If they address remonstrances to the Porte, those remonstrances must bear a real character of unanimity, though divested of one of exclusive dictation. By per-

severing in this system with calmness and moderation, the representatives of the great cabinets of Europe will have the best chance of succeeding in the steps which they may take, without giving occasion for complications which might affect the tranquillity of the Ottoman empire. If all the great powers frankly adopt this line of conduct, they will have a well-founded expectation of preserving the existence of Turkey. However, they must not conceal from themselves how many elements of dissolution that empire contains within itself. Unforeseen circumstances may hasten its fall, without its being in the power of the friendly cabinets to prevent it. As it is not given to human foresight to settle beforehand a plan of action for such or such unlooked-for case, it would be premature to discuss eventualities which may never be realised. In the uncertainty which hovers over the future, a single fundamental idea seems to admit of a really practical application; it is that the danger which may result from a catastrophe in Turkey will be much diminished if, in the event of its occurring, Russia and England have come to an understanding as to the course to be taken by them in common.

"That understanding will be the more beneficial inasmuch as it will have the full assent of Austria. Between her and Russia there exists already an entire conformity of principles in regard to the affairs of Turkey, in a common interest of conservatism and of peace. In order to render their union more efficacious, there would remain nothing to be desired but that England should be seen to associate herself thereto with the same view. The reason which recommends the establishment of this agreement is very simple. On land Russia exercises in regard to Turkey a preponderant action. On sea England occupies the same position. Isolated, the action of these two powers might do much mischief. United, it can produce a real benefit; thence the advantage of coming to a previous understanding before having recourse to action.

"This notion was in principle agreed upon during the emperor's last residence in London. The result was the eventual engagement that if anything unforeseen occurred in Turkey, Russia and England should previously concert together as to the course which they should pursue in common. The object for which Russia and England will have to come to an understanding may be expressed in the following manner:—

"1. To seek to maintain the existence of the Ottoman empire in its present state so long as that political combination shall be possible

"2. If we foresee that it must crumble to pieces, to enter into previous concert as to everything relating to the establishment of a new order of things, intended to replace that which now exists, and, in conjunction with each other, to see that the change which may have occurred in the internal situation of that empire shall not

injuriously affect either the security of their own states and the rights which the treaties assure to them respectively, or the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe.

"For the purpose thus stated, the policy of Russia and of Austria, as we have already said, is closely united by the principle of perfect identity. If England, as the principal maritime power, acts in concert with them, it is to be supposed that France will find herself obliged to act in conformity with the course agreed upon between St. Petersburg, London, and Vienna. Conflict between the great powers being thus obviated, it is to be hoped that the peace of Europe will be maintained even in the midst of such serious circumstances. It is to secure this object of common interest, if the case occurs, that, as the emperor agreed with her Britannic majesty's ministers during his residence in England, the previous understanding which Russia and England shall establish between themselves must be directed."

The following facts form a singular commentary upon the foregoing correspondence. Only two days before the first of these conversations with the Emperor Nicholas, it became Sir Hamilton Seymour's duty to report to the British government that he had reason to believe that 144,000 men were ordered to march to the frontier of the Danubian provinces, and, during the whole course of these negotiations, the mission of Prince Mentschikoff, at Constantinople, was in preparation or in progress. Thus, while the emperor was expressing great concern for the welfare of "the sick man," he was deliberately preparing to murder him, and divide his possessions with England and Austria, if they would countenance his crime. The proposals of the czar were equally unsuccessful in another direction. On the failure of the secret and confidential proposals of the Emperor Nicholas to the British ministry, he directed his overtures to France, and received from the Emperor Louis Napoleon a similar refusal. It was suspected that Nicholas endeavoured to tempt the French government into his conspiracy by offering it a portion of the Prussian dominions. It has been justly observed, that though this correspondence was of an essentially confidential nature, and probably never intended to meet the gaze of the world, yet that there is not in it one remark on the part of the British government, or on that of their envoy at St. Petersburg, that this country need blush to avow. Politicians were also loud in noticing the indifference,

if not contempt, of the Emperor Nicholas to the state of Prussia, which he did not once allude to, as if its opposition to his scheme was a matter of small importance. Austria was treated as an accomplice, or as a state that dared not resist the will of the autocrat.

"Our interests," he exclaimed, "as regards Turkey are perfectly identical." The wheels of Time were rolling onward, and as the dim future settled into the tangible present, we shall find the czar over-confident in his conclusions on this point.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONDUCT OF NICHOLAS IN REFERENCE TO THE FINAL ULTIMATUM; ENGLISH AND FRENCH DECLARATIONS OF WAR; TURKISH FABLE; ADDRESSES PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA BY THE LORDS AND COMMONS; DAY OF PRAYER AND HUMILIATION; DREAM OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS; THE RUSSIANS CROSS TO THE RIGHT BANK OF THE DANUBE, AND TAKE POSSESSION OF THE DOBRUDSCHA; CONFLICTS AT TULTSCHA AND MATSCHIN; THE WALL OF TRAJAN; TURKISH EXCURSIONS FROM KALAFAT; AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA; BOMBARDMENT OF ODESSA.

In the commencement of the last chapter we mentioned that, in the month of February, the allied powers had dispatched a final ultimatum to St. Petersburg. It demanded that the emperor should cause his troops to abandon the principalities before the end of April, and allowed him six days for consideration. Nicholas learnt the nature of the summons before the actual arrival of the courier who bore it, and is reported to have said, contemptuously, that he could answer it as readily in six minutes as in six days. He then left St. Petersburg for Helsingfors, a fortified seaport town, the present capital of Finland, but in the possession of Russia, and defended by the strong citadel Sveaborg. But the emperor had given Count Nesselrode instructions to make known his pleasure to the consuls of France and England, who, in the absence of the ambassadors, are the representatives of their respective governments in Russia. It was stern and brief—namely, that to the summons of the allied powers *no answer would be given by the imperial court!*

Europe now stood upon the vestibule of the temple of the grim genius of war. A convention had already been entered into between France and England on one side, and Turkey on the other, to regulate the military operations, and to bind the latter not to make peace without the consent of the former.* On the 27th of March, the

French minister of state read to the *Corps Legislatif*, in the name of the emperor, a message, announcing that the final resolve of the cabinet of St. Petersburg had placed Russia in a state of war with France. A similar communication to the senate was received with enthusiasm and cheers of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" On the same day, her majesty Queen Victoria sent a message to the English House of Commons. It was to be communicated by Lord John Russell; and before five o'clock there was an unusually large attendance of the members of that august assembly which represents the wealth, intelligence, and power of the people of England. At five, his lordship walked down to the bar from his usual seat on the ministerial bench, and the murmur of conversation subsided into the hush of expectancy. The speaker having requested him, in the usual form, to bring up the message, Lord John placed the document in the hands of the right honourable gentleman, who proceeded to read it to the house amidst the most profound silence. It was as follows:—

"VICTORIA REGINA.—Her majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Commons that the negotiations in which her majesty, in concert with her allies, has for some time past been engaged with his majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, have terminated, and that her majesty feels

* The utmost harmony existed between the courts of France and England; but the convention or bond of alliance, between the Queen of England and the Emperor of France, was not signed and ratified until

the month of April, 1854. The conduct of the Emperor of Russia produced many results he did not anticipate; but probably what he least dreamed of was the friendly alliance of France and England.

bound to afford active assistance to her ally the sultan against unprovoked aggression.

"Her majesty has given directions for laying before the House of Commons copies of such papers, in addition to those already communicated to parliament, as will afford the fullest information with regard to the subject of these negotiations. It is a consolation to her majesty to reflect that no endeavours have been wanting on her part to preserve to her subjects the blessings of peace.

"Her majesty's just expectations have been disappointed, and her majesty relies with confidence on the zeal and devotion of her faithful commons, and on the exertions of her brave and loyal subjects, to support her in her determination to employ the power and resources of the nation for protecting the dominions of the sultan against the encroachments of Russia."

The consideration of the queen's message was deferred until the 31st; but the next day (the 28th of March) the following declaration of war, on the part of England, was contained in the supplement of the *London Gazette*. According to the modern customs of nations, no declaration of war is sent to the enemy; but the announcement of the sovereign's determination to his or her parliament and subjects, and to the world, is regarded as a sufficient publication of the fact to all whom it may concern:—

(Declaration.)

"It is with deep regret that her majesty announces the failure of her anxious and protracted endeavours to preserve for her people and for Europe the blessings of peace. The unprovoked aggression of the Emperor of Russia against the Sublime Porte has been persisted in with such disregard of consequences, that after the rejection by the Emperor of Russia of terms which the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, and the King of Prussia, as well as her majesty, considered just and equitable, her majesty is compelled by a sense of what is due to the honour of her crown, to the interests of her people, and to the independence of the states of Europe, to come forward in defence of an ally whose territory is invaded, and whose dignity and independence are assailed.

"Her majesty, in justification of the course she is about to pursue, refers to the transactions in which her majesty has been engaged. The Emperor of Russia had some cause of complaint against the sultan with reference to the settlement, which his highness had sanctioned, of the conflicting claims of the Greek and Latin churches to a portion of the holy places

of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood. To the complaint of the Emperor of Russia on this head justice was done, and her majesty's ambassador at Constantinople had the satisfaction of promoting an arrangement to which no exception was taken by the Russian government. But, while the Russian government repeatedly assured the government of her majesty that the mission of Prince Mentschikoff to Constantinople was exclusively directed to the settlement of the question of the holy places at Jerusalem, Prince Mentschikoff himself pressed upon the Porte other demands of a far more serious and important character, the nature of which he in the first instance endeavoured, as far as possible, to conceal from her majesty's ambassador. And these demands, thus studiously concealed, affected, not the privileges of the Greek church at Jerusalem, but the position of many millions of Turkish subjects in their relations to their sovereign the sultan. These demands were rejected by the spontaneous decision of the Sublime Porte.

"Two assurances had been given to her majesty—one, that the mission of Prince Mentschikoff only regarded the holy places; the other, that his mission would be of a conciliatory character. In both respects her majesty's just expectations were disappointed. Demands were made which, in the opinion of the sultan, extended to the substitution of the Emperor of Russia's authority for his own over a large portion of his subjects, and those demands were enforced by a threat; and when her majesty learnt that, on announcing the termination of his mission, Prince Mentschikoff declared that the refusal of his demands would impose upon the imperial government the necessity of seeking a guarantee by its own power, her majesty thought proper that her fleet should leave Malta, and, in co-operation with that of his majesty the Emperor of the French, take up its station in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. So long as the negotiation bore an amicable character her majesty refrained from any demonstration of force. But when, in addition to the assemblage of large military forces on the frontier of Turkey, the ambassador of Russia intimated that serious consequences would ensue from the refusal of the sultan to comply with unwarrantable demands, her majesty deemed it right, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, to give an unquestionable proof of her determination to support the sovereign rights of the sultan.

"The Russian government has maintained that the determination of the emperor to occupy the principalities was taken in consequence of the advance of the fleets of England and France. But the menace of invasion of the Turkish territory was conveyed in Count Nesselrode's note to Redschid Pasha of the 19th (31st) of May, and re-stated in his despatch to Baron Brunow

of the 20th of May (1st of June), which announced the determination of the Emperor of Russia to order his troops to occupy the principalities, if the Porte did not within a week comply with the demands of Russia. The despatch to her majesty's ambassador at Constantinople, authorising him in certain specified contingencies to send for the British fleet, was dated the 31st of May, and the order sent direct from England to her majesty's admiral to proceed to the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles was dated the 2nd of June. The determination to occupy the principalities was therefore taken before the orders for the advance of the combined squadrons were given. The sultan's minister was informed that unless he signed within a week, and without the change of a word, the note proposed to the Porte by Prince Mentschikoff on the eve of his departure from Constantinople, the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would be occupied by Russian troops. The sultan could not accede to so insulting a demand; but, when the actual occupation of the principalities took place, the sultan did not, as he might have done in the exercise of his undoubted right, declare war, but addressed a protest to his allies.

"Her majesty, in conjunction with the sovereigns of Austria, France, and Prussia, has made various attempts to meet any just demands of the Emperor of Russia without affecting the dignity and independence of the sultan; and, had it been the sole object of Russia to obtain security for the enjoyment by the Christian subjects of the Porte of their privileges and immunities, she would have found it in the offers that have been made by the sultan. But, as that security was not offered in the shape of a special and separate stipulation with Russia, it was rejected. Twice has this offer been made by the sultan, and recommended by the four powers; once by a note originally prepared at Vienna, and subsequently modified by the Porte; once by the proposal of bases of negotiation agreed upon at Constantinople on the 31st of December, and approved at Vienna on the 13th of January, as offering to the two parties the means of arriving at an understanding in a becoming and honourable manner. It is thus manifest that a right for Russia to interfere in the ordinary relations of Turkish subjects to their sovereign, and not the happiness of Christian communities in Turkey, was the object sought for by the Russian government; to such a demand the sultan would not submit, and his highness, in self-defence, declared war upon Russia, but her majesty, nevertheless, in conjunction with her allies, has not ceased her endeavours to restore peace between the contending parties. The time has, however, now arrived when, the advice and remonstrances of the four powers having proved wholly ineffectual, and the military preparations of Russia becoming daily more extended, it is but too ob-

vious that the Emperor of Russia has entered upon a course of policy which, if unchecked, must lead to the destruction of the Ottoman empire. In this conjuncture her majesty feels called upon, by regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire have been recognised as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of her people with right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a power which has violated the faith of treaties and defies the opinion of the civilised world, to take up arms, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, for the defence of the sultan. Her majesty is persuaded that in so acting she will have the cordial support of her people; and that the pretext of zeal for the Christian religion will be used in vain to cover an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts, and of its pure and beneficent spirit. Her majesty humbly trusts that her efforts may be successful, and that, by the blessing of Providence, peace may be re-established on safe and solid foundations.

"Westminster, March 28th, 1854."

(Declaration.)

"Her majesty the queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having been compelled to take up arms in support of an ally, is desirous of rendering the war as little onerous as possible to the powers with whom she remains at peace. To preserve the commerce of neutrals from all unnecessary obstruction, her majesty is willing, for the present, to waive a part of the belligerent rights appertaining to her by the law of nations. It is impossible for her majesty to forego the exercise of her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and of preventing neutrals from bearing the enemy's despatches, and she must maintain the right of a belligerent to prevent neutrals from breaking any effective blockade which may be established with an adequate force against the enemy's forts, harbours, or coasts. But her majesty will waive the right of seizing enemy's property laden on board a neutral vessel, unless it be contraband of war. It is not her majesty's intention to claim the confiscation of neutral property, not being contraband of war, found on board enemy's ships, and her majesty further declares that, being anxious to lessen, as much as possible, the evils of war, and to restrict its operations to the regularly organised forces of the country, it is not her present intention to issue letters of marque for the commissioning of privateers.

"Westminster, March 28th, 1854."

From the latter part of this document, it will be observed that the onward march of civilisation gives even to war some colouring

of mercy and forbearance. A deputation of Russian merchants, resident in England, were also informed by the government that they would have liberty to remain unmolested in this country during the war, so long as they rendered obedience to the laws. A similar permission has been extended to Russians resident in France.

On Friday, the 31st of March, Lord John Russell, after a long speech, containing a glance at the circumstances that rendered the coming war necessary, moved that the following address should be presented to her majesty, in answer to her message of the 27th of March :—

“Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, your majesty’s most dutiful and loyal subjects, the commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in parliament assembled, beg leave to return to your majesty our humble thanks for your majesty’s most gracious message, and for the communication of the several papers which have been laid before us in obedience to your majesty’s command. We assure your majesty of the just sense we entertain of your majesty’s anxious and uniform endeavours to preserve to your people the blessings of peace, and of our perfect confidence in your majesty’s disposition to terminate the calamities of war, whenever that object can be accomplished, consistently with the honour of your majesty’s crown and the interests of your people. We have observed with deep concern that your majesty’s endeavours have been frustrated by the spirit of aggression displayed by the Emperor of Russia in his invasion and continued occupation of the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia; in the rejection of equitable terms of peace proposed under the sanction of four of the principal powers of Europe; and in the preparation of immense forces to support his unjust pretensions. These pretensions appear to us, your faithful commons, subversive of the independence of the Turkish empire; and we feel that the trust reposed in us demands, on our part, a firm determination to co-operate with your majesty in a vigorous resistance to the projects of a sovereign whose further aggrandisement would be dangerous to the independence of Europe.”

After a warm and spirited debate, the address was agreed to. Mr. Bright, in a speech opposing the war, congratulated the landed proprietors in that house, that in consequence of the increased income-tax,

every man of them had a Turk upon his back. He also described the balance of power as a hackneyed term—a phrase to which it was difficult to attach any definite meaning. He desired an explanation of it; which was thus given by the veteran and accomplished statesman, Lord Palmerston :—“Why, sir, call it the balance of power, or what you will, the idea is one familiar to the mind of man, and which has influenced the conduct of all mankind from the earliest ages. The balance of power means, that a number of weaker states combine together to prevent one strong one from acquiring a power which shall be dangerous to their liberties, their independence, and their freedom of action. It is the doctrine of self-preservation; it is the doctrine of self-defence, with this simple qualification—that it is combined with sagacity and foresight—that you endeavour to prevent an imminent danger before it comes thundering at your gates. I know that the honourable member is so attached to his principles, that he thinks peace is of all things the best, and war of all things the worst. I happen to be of opinion that there are things for which peace may be advantageously sacrificed, and that there are calamities which nations may endure still worse than war.”

The House of Lords was not behindhand in responding to the queen’s message to parliament. The same evening that the subject was discussed in the commons, it was brought forward by the Earl of Clarendon in the upper house. He moved an address, identical in spirit and similar in terms, to that voted by the commons; and it was agreed to *nemine contradicente*. On Monday, April the 3rd, the house met soon after two o’clock, and a deputation of peers, in full dress, went in procession to the palace, and presented their address to her majesty. In the course of the day, the queen returned them the following reply :—“My lords,—I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address. It is highly gratifying to me to receive the assurances of your co-operation in giving effect to the measures which I consider necessary for the honour of my crown and the welfare of my people.” Her majesty having intimated that she would receive the address of the House of Commons at three o’clock, the members waited upon her with it at that hour. She returned a similar answer to the one she had sent to the lords. The city was not

to be beaten in this race of loyalty. On the 12th of April, the lord-mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, common-councilmen, and officers of the corporation, had an interview with her majesty, and presented her with their address, to which she returned a very cordial reply.

War having been declared, the 26th of April was appointed as a solemn day of national humiliation and prayer. In answer to a question from the Earl of Roden, Lord Aberdeen stated that it was the intention of the government to move an address to her majesty, that she would be pleased to direct that some day should be set apart for that purpose. This statement elicited an expression of satisfaction from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who added:—"There never was a time when we could more justly and with a safer conscience invoke the blessing of God upon her majesty's arms, in a war which has not been provoked by any aggression or ambition on our part, but which has been undertaken solely for the purpose of protecting those interests of justice that ought not to be laid aside, and in which, I trust, we shall receive a blessing from Him whom we desire to honour." Accordingly a proclamation, setting apart a day for national prayer, was issued by the queen, and a special form of service composed for the occasion by the archbishop. Some persons have, with much show of reason, objected that it was an unhallowed request to the Deity, to implore for success in works of slaughter and destruction: that war can only be carried on by massacres, conflagrations, and by a thousand hideous forms of death, mutilation, and suffering; and that these are events from which we should rather expect the Almighty to avert his face, than on which he should confer his blessing. To this it has been answered, that we do not proffer our petitions to God that he will enable us to inflict the greatest amount of harm; but that we rather pray that the good we propose to accomplish, may be effected as speedily and as bloodlessly as may be.

Collections were made, after service, at most of the churches throughout the country, and a considerable sum collected for the assistance of the destitute wives and children of those soldiers who had gone to serve their country in the East.* The unhappy condition of such poor women and children excited much sympathy; and great exertions were made, by benevolent persons,

for their relief. The Duke of Sutherland set an excellent example by sending £200 for this generous aim; and other noble hearts, with and without titles, followed his example.

We have another instance of humanity to relate—a humanity shown not by individuals, but by governments. At the time when war was proclaimed, the sovereigns of England and France simultaneously issued a declaration that they intended, as far as possible, to mitigate its severities. For this purpose, they announced that neutral flags would be allowed to trade and cover the enemy's property, with the sole exceptions of trade to blockaded ports, or of trade in contraband of war, or the conveyance of the officers or despatches of the enemy. It was added, that neutral property beneath the flag of the enemy would not be condemned, and that, at least for the present, letters of marque would not be issued.

Aware of the declaration of war that must follow his rejection of the final ultimatum of the allies, Nicholas once again issued a manifesto to his people, endeavouring not only to justify his conduct, but to reiterate the canting cry that he had drawn the sword in the Christian cause against the defenders of the Mohammedan faith. It is as follows; and on its transparent hypocrisy we shall not spend one word:—

"St. Petersburg, April 11th (23rd.)

"By the grace of God we, Nicholas the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, &c., &c., to all our subjects make known:—Since the commencement of our difference with the Turkish government we have solemnly announced to our faithful subjects that a sentiment of justice had alone induced us to re-establish the violated rights of the orthodox Christians, subjects of the Ottoman Porte.

"We have not sought, we do not seek, to make conquests, nor to exercise in Turkey any supremacy whatever that might be likely to exceed that influence which belongs to Russia by virtue of existing treaties.

"At that period we already encountered distrust; then soon a covert hostility on the part of the governments of France and England, who endeavoured to lead the Porte astray by misrepresenting our inten-

* In the parish churches of Cheltenham alone, the sum of £737 11s. 6d. was collected for this humane purpose. In those of Manchester, and St. Thomas's, Pendleton, £952.

tions. Lastly, at this moment, England and France throw off the mask, regard our difference with Turkey as a mere secondary question, and no longer dissemble that their joint object is to weaken Russia, to tear from her a part of her possessions, and to bring down our country from the powerful position to which the hand of the Supreme Being had exalted it.

"Is it for orthodox Russia to fear such threats?"

"Ready to confound the audacity of the enemy, shall she swerve from the sacred purpose that has been assigned to her by Divine Providence? No! Russia has not forgotten God! It is not for worldly interests that she has taken up arms. She combats for the Christian faith, for the defence of her co-religionists oppressed by implacable enemies.

"Let all Christendom know, then, that the thought of the sovereign of Russia is also the thought that animates and inspires all the great family of the Russian people—this orthodox people, faithful to God and to His only Son, Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

"It is for the faith and for Christendom that we combat!

"God with us—who against us?"

"Given at St. Petersburg, on the 11th day of the month of April, in the year of grace 1854, and the twenty-ninth of our reign.

NICHOLAS."

About the time the allied powers declared war, the principal topic of conversation in the *salons* of St. Petersburg was a singular dream which had occurred, or was said to have occurred, to the Emperor Nicholas. He himself mentioned it to some of his courtiers; and if it actually took place, it is an index to the troubled state of his mind. We are, however, of opinion, that it was probably a little fiction invented by the czar for the encouragement of his people. For four successive nights St. Nicholas, the patron-saint of Russia and of thieves, appeared to his regal namesake, when the latter was in that light sort of slumber which is sometimes described as being neither asleep nor awake. The ghostly visitor sternly questioned the emperor about his motives in undertaking his crusade against the Turks, and demanded whether the conquest of the Ottoman empire was prompted by ambition, or by a desire to place the cross on the territory of the unbeliever?

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The emperor replied, that he was above personal consideration, and that religion alone was the cause of his taking up arms: that he did not seek the acquisition of territory which might follow the success of his armies; but that, if it were the inscrutable design of Providence that the Muscovite sway should extend to the Bosphorus, he must resign himself to the decree. The saint appears to have given way to a scepticism not usual in those of his order, and for four successive nights he repeated his visits and his questions, each time more sternly than before. The irritated emperor swore that he repudiated the insinuations of his spectral visitor, and again affirmed that he had no object but the triumph of the orthodox faith. St. Nicholas was satisfied, and ceasing his inquiries, uttered these words before his departure:—

"Pursue thy project, my son, and in the name of God, who has sent me to you, I promise you victory." This tale was soon spread abroad among the people in every direction; and no doubt, at least to some extent, answered the purpose for which we think it was designed—that of making an ignorant and superstitious people believe that they were fighting in the especial cause of their Creator.

While on the subject of dreams, we will relate a fable that the Turks, or rather the more zealous and rigid Mohammedans among them, composed in reference to the equality demanded by the allied powers to be established between the believers and the infidels; or, in other words, between the worshippers of the Crescent and those of the Cross. "Mentschikoff," said they, "came to Constantinople, and asked for the Koran. He looked at the book, marked several passages, and said,—'Erase these.' The English and French then came, and asked also for the Koran. After reading, they said,—'Throw this book into the Bosphorus.'" The state of feeling that led to this fable was produced by the dislike of the Turks to the legal emancipation of the Christians, and to some suspicion as to the sincerity of their defenders. The declaration of war, however, increased their confidence. The fanaticism of the extreme religious party at Constantinople was so great, that the emancipation of the Christians was not effected without endangering a revolution. The sheik-ul-Islam, or chief of the church, is one of the most powerful persons in the Ottoman state. He presides over the ul-

mahs, who unite in themselves the functions of both judge and priest; and his influence over this body of men rendered him a dangerous enemy to the doctrine of concession to the Christian. This exalted personage not only opposed the granting civil rights to the Christian population of Turkey, but declared, that when the sultan overstepped the limits of the power given him by God and the prophet, the people were released from their obedience; and that he solemnly protested against the blasphemous step of placing the testimony of a gíaur in the balance with the word of a true believer. Abdul-Medjid very properly replied to this note of defiance, by depriving the intolerant scheik-ul-Islam of his office, and appointing a man of a more pliant temper to his place. The sultan risked a popular outbreak by this act; but dangers from without seemed to awe down tumults from within. The deposition of the scheik-ul-Islam was accompanied by the startling declaration, that the possessions of the mosques were in future to be the property of the state.

In consequence of the winter, active warfare had for a time ceased upon the banks of the Danube. Skirmishes which led to no result took place occasionally; but the Turks occupied the right bank of the river, and still held their strongly-fortified position at Kalafat on the left. The Russians had an immense army posted near Kalafat, but they abstained from attacking the Turks there. At the approach of spring, warlike operations recommenced. On the 23rd of March, an army of no less than 35,000 Russians, under the command of General Lüders, crossed the Lower Danube, in three or four divisions, at or opposite Brailow, Galatz, and Ismail, on bridges made upon rafts moored in the stream. The district where the invaders succeeded in establishing themselves is a part of Bulgaria called the

Dobrudscha. This is a strip of land lying between the Danube on the north and west, and the Black Sea on the east. At its greatest breadth it is about ninety miles across, and at its narrowest not above thirty-five. It is a flat, barren land: roads there are none; and the only passage is by means of narrow and broken pathways.* The Bulgarian bank of the Danube was defended in this direction by the forts of Hirsova, Matschin, Isaktchi, and Tultscha; and all these places were taken, or invested by the Russians.

It excited much surprise that the Russians were permitted to take this important step with but a feeble opposition; and some rumours were spread to the effect that treachery had been at work, and Russian gold had done more than Russian steel. In some places, the Turks retired at once, and fell back on the fortress of Baba-Dagh. At Matschin, a conflict took place, and the Russians lost about 400 men, about half of whom were drowned. But in crossing from Ismail to Tultscha, a more vigorous resistance was offered. General Uschakoff had either to silence three batteries, or to take them at the point of the bayonet. After a time the latter alternative was resorted to, and a battalion advanced to the attack. In thirty minutes half of the men had perished. A second battalion was brought up, and shared the fate of its predecessor. A third was more successful, and succeeded in gaining a footing on the right bank of the river.

While this desperate conflict was going on in the neighbourhood of the batteries, other Russian troops, both infantry and cavalry, had crossed the river and advanced on the flank of the Turks. Though fearfully overmatched, the latter fought desperately for their guns; two batteries of which, with the exception of one gun, they carried off. The third battery was defended by

* The following description of this wild tract, from the pen of Baron Moltke, is possessed of interest:—"The Dobrudscha is such a waste as one would hardly expect to find in Europe. The population may be about 300 persons to every five square (English) miles. In 1828, it was foreseen that from the nature of the soil, an army on its march through the Dobrudscha would meet with great difficulties. In the northern part of the province are the deep mountains of Matschin and the heights of Baba-Dagh. Farther south, the whole country is an undulating plain, not much more than 100 feet above the level of the sea. The soil consists of a fine gray sandy moss, through which the water sinks, as it also does through the calcareous strata underneath. In vain does one seek in the valley for brooks or

springs; and the little water which is found in the distant villages is drawn from wells eighty or a hundred feet deep. From this want of water, and the thinness of the population, agriculture is at such a low ebb that neither corn nor hay can be had in any quantity. Even at the beginning of summer, nothing presents itself to the eye but an immeasurable expanse covered with parched blades of grass. Nowhere, not even in the villages, is a tree or a shrub to be found. As desolate and devoid of wood and water, or even more so, is that part of Bulgaria which lies between Trajan's Wall and Basardschik; and a column which undertakes to pass through this district, which is 125 miles in length, will meet with more of the necessaries of life." In this barren land the Russians perished with alarming rapidity.

three companies, who were completely surrounded by the Russians. The struggle continued for half-an-hour; half of the Turks were killed, and the other half taken prisoners before the battery was captured. The Russians, though victors, did not escape unscathed, for their loss in this engagement is said to have amounted to 1,500 men. On the same day (the 23rd) the Turks, to some extent, retrieved their tarnished laurels by inflicting another defeat upon the Russians at Oltenitza. The loss of the latter, in killed and wounded, is said to have amounted to 2,000 men; but that is probably an exaggeration. On the 24th, the conflict was renewed both at Tultscha and Matschin. The latter place was bombarded on the 25th and 26th; and two vain attempts were made to take it by storm. The garrison, however, surrendered at discretion on the 27th, and was sent under escort to Bes-sarabia. Tultscha was taken by storm on the 27th, and 1,000 Turks and ten guns captured. Accounts of these transactions vary; but it is said, that during the five days the struggle lasted (from the 23rd to the 27th inclusive), the Turks made seven sallies, and inflicted a loss of 3,000 men upon the Russians.

This onward movement of the Russians into the dominions of the sultan created great alarm, and many persons supposed they would even attempt to march on to Constantinople. To do this, they would have to pass a line of defence called the wall of Trajan (a relic of Roman times), which extends from the Danube to the Black Sea. Such a defence was not only powerful, but just the one the Turks were likely to hold against an enemy with energy and success. It was plainly impossible for the Russian troops to remain long in so barren and unhealthy a place as the Dobrudscha: they must either advance in the face of the enemy, or retire across the river from whence they came. In the meantime, however, they employed themselves in leveling to the earth the fortifications they had taken; and the keys of Matschin, Isaktchi, and Hirsova, were sent to St. Petersburg as trophies of success.

As if to keep the balance of victory level, the Turks, to the number of 10,000 foot and 2,000 horse, on the 30th of March made an excursion from Kalafat, and advanced against the Russians who were posted in force at Skripetz. An inconsiderable, though sanguinary engagement followed,

which, after lasting four hours, ended in the defeat of the Russians. They lost 600 men; the Turks, 200.

On the 1st of April, the Turks undertook a second "*reconnaissance*" from Kalafat of a more serious character. Five squadrons of regular troops, and 400 Bashi-Bazouks, mounted at two o'clock in the morning, and started in the direction of Pojana. On the road, they met some Cossack videttes, who galloped off with almost breathless speed to give the alarm at the Russian camp. Those wild dare-devils, the Bashi-Bazouks, followed hard upon their lean horses—arrived at Pojana at the same time as the Cossacks, leaped the ditch of the camp, and at four o'clock were in the town. Ten minutes after, the regular cavalry arrived. The Russians did not expect the attack, and were in no great force at Pojana; not more than about 1,400 men being there at that time. These were thrown into disorder and terror by the sudden arrival of the Turks, and many of them were instantly hemmed round. A Russian squadron, which had been formed for a *reconnaissance*, was seized with dismay, and striking their spurs into their horses, fled at full speed, never drawing bridle until they reached Muglavat, a little place three or four miles to the north of Kalafat. All was confusion; the Turks charged sword in hand; about fifty Russians were killed, as many more wounded, and a great number taken prisoners. The Turks then returned in triumph to their quarters. On the 3rd, the Russians approached with 15,000 men to wash off the disgrace they had sustained. A fusillade of sharpshooters took place and lasted for five hours, during which time several charges of cavalry were made, but with little result. The Russians were at length repulsed with cannon. For three days afterwards they remained in ambush with two field-pieces, in the hope of surprising the advanced post of the Turks; but their design was discovered.

The reason why the Turks found so few men at Pojana was, that the Russians, abandoning their long-threatened attack on Kalafat, and desirous of concentrating their forces with a view to crossing the river in the centre of the Turkish military operations, had commenced their retreat from Little Wallachia. But some imagined that this backward step was taken with a view to prevent the interference of Austria, upon whose dominions the Russian troops then bordered. However that may be, on the 24th of April, the

Russians abandoned Krajova, so long the head-quarters of General Gortschakoff. This retreat of the Russians made it no longer necessary to maintain 50,000 men and so large a force of artillery at Kalafat. Part of the Turkish troops were therefore marched to other points of the river. The Emperor Nicholas was doubtless dissatisfied with the general in command of the Russian army in the principalities; for, after the evacuation of Little Wallachia, Prince Paskiewitsch was sent to succeed Gortschakoff as commander-in-chief. Krajova was taken possession of by the Turks, who were welcomed by the inhabitants as deliverers.

While this was going on at the extreme right of the long line of defences on the Danube, the Russians received a considerable check, on the 18th or 19th of April, at the extreme left in the Dobrudscha. The Wall of Trajan (of which we have spoken) commences at a place called Czernavoda, and extends to Kara-su and Kostendje, on the shore of the Black Sea. At Czernavoda a battle took place, which, after lasting six hours, ended unfavourably for the Russians. Particulars are wanting; but it does not seem to have been a very formidable engagement. The loss of the Russians was estimated at 500 killed, 250 prisoners, and fifteen guns. The Turks suffered considerably, but remained in possession of the field.

Leaving the advanced part of the Russian army in the barren Dobrudscha (where they remained for some time in a state of inactivity, and fearfully assailed by disease),* let us refer to some other events of this great historic drama. We have mentioned the convention between France and England. It was signed on the 10th of April, and not only provided for the restoration of peace by rescuing the territory of the Ottoman from the grasp of Russia, but it pledged the contracting parties "to

secure Europe against the return of the deplorable complications which have disturbed the general peace." This, it will be seen, was imperatively necessary; for if England, France, and Turkey laid down their arms as soon as the Russian troops had evacuated the border-provinces, without exacting from the czar some good security that his aggressive acts should not be repeated, then in a few years the contest would probably be renewed, and all parties be in the same position as they were at the commencement of the outbreak. The courts of Austria and Prussia did not enter into this view, or rather did not choose to see things in this evident light. Francis Joseph, the youthful Emperor of Austria, owed some obligations to the czar Nicholas, and Frederick William, the King of Prussia, was brother-in-law to the autocrat. Therefore, while they both condemned his conduct, neither of them was inclined actively to oppose it by joining with the western powers for the defence of Turkey. The Austrian and Prussian governments, however, were too much interested in the great question to allow of their standing altogether aloof, and contemplating its course with silent indifference. On the 20th of April, they entered into a convention which differed considerably from that which existed between England and France. They desired the evacuation of the border-provinces by the Russian troops: but with that they would rest satisfied; and they determined not to interfere actively unless they considered German interests to be endangered.

On the 23rd of May, the separate treaties between England and France, and Austria and Prussia, were brought within the limits of one quadruple instrument. Thus the German courts, though not having declared war themselves, sanctioned the war carried on against Russia by others.

* The Dobrudscha, and, indeed, Turkish ground generally, seem peculiarly destructive to Russian life. The following passage from Curzon's *Armenia* contains some remarkable facts on this subject:—"When the Russians invaded Turkey, in 1828, they lost 50,000 men by sickness alone, by want of the necessaries of life, and neglect of the commissariat department: 50,000 Russians died on the plains of Turkey, not one man of whom was killed in battle; for their advance was not resisted by the Turks. In the next year (1829), the Russians lost 60,000 men between the Pruth and the city of Adrianople. Some of these, however, were legitimately slain in battle. When they arrived at Adrianople the troops were in so wretched a condition, from sickness and want of food, that not 7,000 men were able to bear arms;

how many horses and mules perished in these two years is not known. The Turkish government was totally ignorant of this deplorable state of affairs at Adrianople till some time afterwards, when the intelligence came too late. If the Turks had known what was going on, not one single Russian would have seen his native land again: even as it was, out of 120,000 men, not 6,000 ever recrossed the Russian frontier alive." Such was the price that the Emperor Nicholas paid for the protectorate (?) of the Danubian provinces! Such was the reckless sacrifice of life by which he drove the Turkish government into the justly condemned treaty of Adrianople. Surely, even victory is an awful and exacting goddess! But unjust triumphs should be dearly bought.

We must now call attention to the first act of importance of the allied English and French fleets in the Black Sea. This was the bombardment of Odessa, together with the destruction of its fortifications, batteries, military magazines, and the burning or sinking of many Russian ships of war and merchantmen. Just previously to the attack on Odessa, thirteen Russian trading-vessels were captured between the 13th and 16th of April, by the English ships *Retribution* and *Niger*, and the French imperial frigate *Descartes*.

We have already briefly alluded to the town of Odessa in our second chapter, but some further account of what it lately was (condensed from Mr. Shirley Brook's recent little volume),* will afford considerable interest. The appearance of Odessa from the sea is striking: its bold cliffs are crowned by white buildings, some of which have a classical character. The most prominent is a mansion of Prince Woronzoff;† and the next object which strikes you is a gigantic staircase, consisting of nearly 200 steps, leading directly down from the centre of the town to the beach. At the head of the staircase stands an elegant statue of the Due de Richelieu, a French emigrant, who became governor of Odessa, devoted himself to its improvement, and died in honourable poverty. The town is of great extent; its streets are broad, though many are unpaved, and the rest insufficiently so. The dust in the streets is of a peculiar character, and so plentiful, that the slightest breeze covers the passenger with a white powder. At times the clouds of dust are so dense that the opposite houses can hardly be discerned. When rain falls, matters are worse, and the sojourner at Odessa is in mud to the ankles. The town has a museum, a public library, an opera-house, a national theatre, and a newspaper; but the latter is beneath con-

tempt, the censorship preventing its containing any real information, and its critical articles being the very washiest of French flippancies.

But Odessa is a busy port, the great focus into which is concentrated the result of the agricultural industry of the southern Russian empire. Wheat is delivered there from enormous distances, to be poured into the ships which have crossed the Black Sea to receive it. It is collected from a vast extent of country; and both water and land carriage are employed to transmit it to the harbour of Odessa. England, France, Spain, Denmark, Sardinia, Naples, Sweden, Sicily, and Turkey—all, according to their respective needs, send vessels to fetch the wheat thus gathered. The place itself has little or no actual connexion with agriculture. Situated without the dreary waste called a steppe, the town is not devoid of patches of land where something approaching to fertility may be occasionally witnessed. But scarcely has the traveller's foot left the widely-extended and wretchedly-paved streets, on his progress inland, than he finds himself in the desert of the steppe.

The highest style of abode presented by Odessa is the palace of the noble; the lowest is the tub of the fruit-woman.‡ The first would do honour to any capital of Europe; the inhabitants of the second are not troglodytes, and that is all. Between these two extremes ranges every variety of residence. The lighting of the town is extremely defective; it is confined to a series of oil-lamps, which just serve to mark out the corners of the streets, and occasionally to preserve the pedestrian from an open drain. For the absence of gas there is no reason at all, except that one which will ever oppose all improvement in Russia. The habit of bigoted or interested hostility to every change has repeatedly interfered when

* *The Russians of the South.*

† It was burnt during the bombardment.

‡ These uncomfortable habitations Mr. Brooks describes in the following humorous manner:—"The tub residences to which I referred are among the features of the monster market here, and they are inhabited by women. Elevation, ground-plan, and other architectural contrivances, are all comprehended in a single effort. A large black cask, somewhat resembling a sugar hog'shead, is laid on its side, and the house is built. A quantity of hay is laid inside, and the house is furnished. The lady gets in upon the hay, and the house is inhabited. Before the entrance of the mansion she strews the onions, tomatas, or whatever else she may vend; and during the hours of business she sits in the tub,

smokes her pipe, chaffers with her customers, and says her prayers. After business is over she ascertains in which quarter the wind sits, turns the closed end of her tub towards that quarter, and creeps to rest in peace and tranquillity. But some of these women are ambitious, and take to building. They do not, indeed, demand marble staircases and mahogany doors; but they take two tubs, which are laid face to face, at a distance of three or four feet, and over the interstice, tubs and all, is placed a watertight canvas. The fair occupant (and two or three whom I saw, though not literally fair, were extremely pretty) has then two rooms, besides a hall; but this luxury is not adopted by the older class, who think that we ought to adhere to the customs of our ancestors."



THE
RUSSIAN FLEET
AT THE BATTLE OF ODESSA

APRIL 2, 1855

The Russian fleet went to the Russian Steamer 'Vanguard' to assist in extinguishing the fire caused by the red-hot shot from the Russian batteries.



THE
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it has been endeavoured to establish a gas manufactory; and so the inhabitants of Odessa have gone on nightly breaking their shins, and tumbling into their dirty drains, for want of an article no respectable village is without.

The general aspect of Odessa has frequently been compared to that of Brighton. At the south-easterly end of the town runs a long fortified mole, with a lighthouse at the end of it. It is called the quarantine mole, and shelters a crowd of ships of all nations. In the attack on Odessa, the English and French ships had orders to avoid injuring the quarantine mole, if possible. At the northern extremity of the cliffs surrounding the town stood the imperial mole, which enclosed a number of Russian ships of all kinds, and some large stores or barracks. Between these two moles was a battery at the foot of the cliffs.

Thus much of the town of Odessa, which was fated to punishment in expiation of the massacre of Sinope. Now for the hostilities against it, and the immediate cause of them. News of the English declaration of war having reached the allied fleet (then anchored at Baltshik Bay, near Varna) on the 9th of April, the English steam-frigate *Furious* was sent to Odessa, for the purpose of taking on board the consuls, and such British or French subjects as might be anxious to leave the town. The *Furious* carried a flag of truce at her mast-head, and sent forward a boat, also bearing a white flag, to demand the consuls. Some delay occurred before an answer was returned, and the officer in command of the boat thought it right to return to the ship. As he did so, seven cannon-shots were fired from the batteries of the town at the boat, and in the direction of the ship. Happily this piece of treachery was without effect. It is regarded by all civilised nations as a barbarous outrage to fire upon a flag of truce. The white unspotted symbol of peace hung out by those who, influenced by a faith in their common humanity, approach an enemy with pacific proposals, is ever considered as sacred, except by savages. The conduct of the officers who directed this attack is without a precedent in the history of the wars of civilised nations.

Admiral Dundas and Vice-admiral Hamelin immediately proceeded to a consideration of the measures necessary to prevent the repetition of so cowardly and shameful a proceeding. Three war-steamers (two English

and one French) were sent to Odessa to demand why the boat with the flag of truce had been fired upon. An evasive reply was given: the vessels then demanded a written answer; and Baron Osten-Sacken, the military governor there, returned the following note, which we insert, as containing a Russian view of the question:—

“Aide-de-camp General Baron D'Osten-Sacken thinks it right to express to Admiral Dundas his surprise at hearing that shots were fired from the port of Odessa upon the frigate the *Furious*, bearing a flag of truce.

“At the arrival of the *Furious* two guns were fired without ball, in consequence of which the vessel hoisted its national flag, and stopped her course beyond the reach of cannon-shot. Immediately a boat was sent out with a white flag in the direction of the mole, and the officer on duty, in answer to the question of the English officer, said that the English consul had already left Odessa. Without further question, the boat took the direction of the ship, when the frigate, without waiting for it, advanced towards the mole, leaving the boat at its left, and approached the batteries within cannon-shot. It was then that the commander of the battery of the mole, faithful to his order to prevent any vessel from coming within reach of the guns, thought it his duty to fire, not upon the flag of truce, which had been respected to the end of its mission, but upon a vessel of the enemy which had approached the land too nearly after having been twice fired upon without ball—the signal to stop.

“This simple explanation of facts, as they have been related to the emperor, ought of itself to destroy the supposition, otherwise inadmissible, that in the ports of Russia there is no respect paid to the flag of truce, the inviolability of which is guaranteed by the laws common to all civilised nations.

“BARON OSTEN-SACKEN,
“Aide-de-camp General to his
majesty the emperor.”

This reply the admirals regarded as false and unsatisfactory; and on the 21st they sent the following demand, that all British, French, and Russian vessels then at anchor, should be given up as a reparation of the insult offered to the allied fleet:—

“Sir,—Inasmuch as the letter of your excellency, dated the 14th of April, which has only reached us this morning, only sets forth erroneous statements to justify the

indescribable aggression committed by the authorities of Odessa upon one of our frigates and her boat, both carrying a flag of truce; inasmuch as, notwithstanding this flag, the batteries of the town fired several shots on the frigate as well as on the boat, at the moment when this boat was leaving the quay of the mole, to which it had repaired with confidence; the two vice-admirals commanding the combined squadrons of France and England think themselves entitled to demand a reparation from your excellency. Consequently, all the British, French, and Russian vessels now at anchor near the citadel or the batteries of Odessa must forthwith be delivered up to the combined squadrons. If, at sunset, the two vice-admirals have received no answer, or a negative answer, to this communication, they will be compelled to resort to force to avenge the flag of one of the combined squadrons for the affront offered to it, although the interests of humanity induce them to adopt this alternative with regret, and they cast the responsibility of such an act on those to whom it belongs.

"HAMELIN, Vice-admiral.

"D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral."

To this demand no answer was returned. The allied fleets had made their appearance, and cast anchor before Odessa on the 21st, having resolved to chastise it by means of bombardment, usually one of the most appalling operations of war. Early on Saturday morning, the 22nd of April, the following vessels advanced to the attack:—the *Mogador*, *Fauban*, *Descartes*, *Caton* (French); the *Sampson*, *Terrible*, *Tiger*, *Retribution*, *Furious*, and a detachment of rocket-boats, under Commander Dixon. The *Sanspareil* and *Highflyer* acted as a reserve; the rest of the allied fleets remained spectators, at a distance of about three miles and-a-half.

The attacking force opened their fire upon the imperial mole at about twenty minutes to seven. Every steamer poured forth her broadside, and then wheeled round in a circle of about half-a-mile in diameter, each taking up the fire in succession. A spectator describes these great floating castles as wheeling and twisting about like so many

waltzers. The Russian guns from the mole answered with great steadiness, and with some effect. In about an hour, the French steamer *Fauban* was riddled in several places, and set on fire by red-hot shot. In this condition she retired from the contest, and steamed towards the fleet; but the fire being subdued, she returned to her post.* Pierce and continued as that incessant fire from the steamers was, it did not succeed in silencing the mole. But the Russian fire became slower; and about one o'clock a shed at the back of the tongue-battery having caught fire, a few minutes a terrific explosion and a gigantic column of smoke and dust announced that the imperial magazine had blown up. Great part of the mole on which it stood was rent in pieces by the violence of the shock. This result was received by three cheers from the French and English crews. It was caused by the red-hot shot of the *Terrible*, which stood nearer in towards the town than the rest of the ships; and consequently was more exposed to the fire from the Russian batteries. This vessel fired no less than 572 rounds of shot and shell, besides fifty-one rockets.

The assailing squadron was thus relieved from their most formidable opponent, the battery on the imperial mole. Signals were made to stand in further, and continue the attack; and the allies turned their attention more immediately to the Russian vessels in the harbour, pouring upon them deadly streams of shot and shell. A Russian frigate was soon on fire, and after burning to the water's edge, blown into shatters. Two new frigates on the stocks were also burnt, together with from twenty to thirty merchantmen. Some smaller vessels of war are supposed also to have been sunk or burnt.

After the imperial mole had been blown up, the guns from the batteries on the quarantine mole opened a fire upon the fleet. This was replied to with interest; but though the batteries suffered considerably, they were not silenced. Each of the vessels not engaged in the action had sent a rocket-boat, firing 24-pound rockets, to attempt the destruction of the stores,

* The following passage is an extract from a letter by an officer of one of the vessels engaged at the bombardment of Odessa:—"The *Fauban* was obliged to leave the scene of action, having been set on fire by a red-hot shot, which penetrated the outer planking, and rolled down between it and the inner

lining, towards the bottom of the vessel. Having burnt its way through inside, it was soon removed and all put to rights again; but they were rather apprehensive of the ship blowing up, from its proximity to the magazine, which they cleared away immediately."

in the dockyard. A masked battery of six horse-artillery guns opened out upon them, sending a shower of balls, which ploughed up the water around the boats, but happily caused no loss of life. The steamers and rocket-boats returned this fire, and immediately silenced it. From the effect of the rockets, the dockyard was soon in flames. They also set the lower part of the town on fire, and nearly one-half of Odessa was destroyed. This was not intended; and the rest of the town and the neutral ships were spared, though they might easily have been consigned to destruction. The steamers kept up their fire until about five o'clock, when the signal of recall was made, after the action had lasted upwards of ten hours. On the side of the allied fleet, the loss was incredibly trifling: that of the English, amounted only to one man killed and ten wounded. The *Retribution* received twelve shots in her hull, and was much knocked about; and several of the other steamers were somewhat damaged. It is difficult to estimate the loss of the Russians, as different accounts are given. One report states that they had 200 men killed, 300 dangerously wounded, and twice that number slightly so. Forty-nine Russians (captains and sailors, who had been captured during the action) were afterwards put on board an Austrian vessel in the roads, and sent back to Odessa, with a note from Admiral Dundas, saying that he did not desire to retain them longer than was necessary. After the just punishment of Russian treachery at Odessa, the allied fleets sailed away to the massive grim citadel and batteries of Sebastopol, leaving Baron Osten-Sacken and his officers to contemplate the black smoking ruins and the sad loss of life their barbarism and bad faith had provoked.*

During the progress of the allied fleets to Sebastopol, the *Furious* and the *Caton*

* It was entirely owing to the forbearance of the combined fleets that Odessa was not utterly destroyed, and left a smouldering heap of blackened ruins. Had all the vessels joined in the attack, such a result must have been inevitable; but humanity prevailed in the councils of the two admirals, and the uplifted arm was stayed. Under these circumstances, what must we think of the following rescript of the imperial braggart, which he addressed to the people of Odessa, and also caused to be published in the *Invalide Russe*!

"To the inhabitants of our well-beloved and loyal town of Odessa.—The Anglo-French fleets, entering the Black Sea, attacked, some days back, the peaceful city of Odessa, open to the commerce of Europe. General Baron d'Osten-Sacken, in speaking of the brilliant courage with which the attempts of the

separated from the other vessels to explore the bay at the south of the town of Eupatoria. In fulfilling this duty, the *Caton* captured three Russian vessels, and the *Furious* took a fourth. Two out of these four vessels were sent to the Bosphorus, and the others were sunk. On arriving in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, the allies lay-to to draw the Russian fleet out to meet them. To induce them to come, Admirals Dundas and Hamelin directed two of their vessels to keep out of sight of the Crimea; but this stratagem was performed in vain. The captains of the Russian fleet seem to have thought that "discretion was the better part of valour," and they remained safely ensconced behind the tremendous batteries of the harbour.

According to the treaty of Adrianople, or to the construction the Russian government was pleased to place upon it, the mouths of the Danube were placed under its authority. The Danube was the highway of a great trade for Austria. The Danubian Steam Company alone had 350 vessels employed in conveying Austrian and German manufactures to Galatz, from which port they soon found their way into the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the Levant, and by Trebizond, into the very centre of Asia. This export-trade of Austria was by no means pleasing to the Russian government, and therefore all possible impediments were thrown in the way of the navigation of the Danube. From the moment that the eastern and western powers were short-sighted enough to place the mouths of the Danube in the keeping of Russia, she resolved to have the whole trade with the countries lying on the coasts of the Black Sea in her own hands, and she took her measures accordingly. To check the active intercourse between the Danubian principalities and the Upper Danube, she turned her enemy have been repulsed by the military forces, has likewise informed us that in the midst of the danger which menaced the inhabitants, public tranquillity was not disturbed a single moment, and that the people executed with exemplary zeal all the orders of the local authorities. Strict obedience to duty, as prescribed by our holy religion, and devotedness to the throne, animate all our well-beloved and faithful subjects. At Odessa that sentiment, so worthy of praise, has been manifested to its full extent under the thunder of the enemy's cannon. The firmness and self-denial of the inhabitants of that town could not fail to attract our attention, and we feel pleasure in expressing, on this occasion, to all classes of the population our special kind feelings.

"NICHOLAS.

"St. Petersburg, May 8th."

quarantines in the Moldo-Wallachian ports into preventive service, or rather police-establishments. The excuse for the annoyance to which travellers were thus subjected was, "that the plague must be kept out of Bessarabia;" but persons going direct for Vienna, to Giurgevo, and Bucharest, without touching on the right bank of the river, met with exactly the same treatment as those coming from Bulgaria. Further to serve the accomplishment of its purpose, the Russian government allowed the sand to accumulate in the mouths of the river, until, at the time the Russian army crossed the Pruth in June, 1833, they were effectually closed against all vessels requiring any depth of water. The Russians afterwards blocked up the mouths of the river with piles, and thus thoroughly usurped all dominion over the Lower Danube.

During the month of April (1854), the Russian batteries at the mouth of the Danube were bombarded by part of the allied fleet in the Black Sea. This was

done in consequence of the command of the river being essential before the Russians could be driven from the Danubian provinces. On the 1st of June, 1854, Admirals Hamelin and Dundas issued the following notification:—"In consequence of the passage of the Danube by the Russian army, their occupation of the Dobrudscha, and their holding possession of the mouths and the two banks of the river, we, the undersigned vice-admirals, commanding in chief the combined naval forces of France and England in the Black Sea, declare by these presents, in the name of our respective governments, and make known to all those whom it may concern, that we have established an efficient blockade of the Danube, in order to cut off all supplies intended for the Russian army. All the mouths of the Danube communicating with the Black Sea are included in the blockade; and we hereby warn the vessels of all nations that they cannot enter that river until further orders."

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH FORCES AT GALLIPOLI; DISPOSITION OF THE VARIOUS FORCES; THE BASHI-BAZOUKS; LAUNCH OF THE GREAT WAR-STEAMER THE ROYAL ALBERT; AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA; DIFFICULTIES OF NICHOLAS; DESTRUCTION OF THE FORT OF GUSTAFSVARN; LOSS OF THE TIGER; GALLANT FEAT OF THE ARROGANT AND HECLA; KOSSUTH ON THE WAR.

At daybreak on the 1st of April, the first detachment of the French army arrived in the roads of Gallipoli, and by noon generals Canrobert, Bosquet, and Martimprey disembarked, with their staff, in the quarantine harbour. They were received by the governor and the people with the utmost enthusiasm, and more than 400 houses, stores, and khans, were placed at their disposal. A Turkish commission, headed by Ibrahim Pasha, had proceeded to Gallipoli before the arrival of the first detachment, in order to be on the spot and procure for the soldiers whatever they might stand in need of.

The French, however, found nothing prepared for them; and General Canrobert expelled the dervishes from their convent, for the purpose of converting the building into an hospital. This step, however, provoked

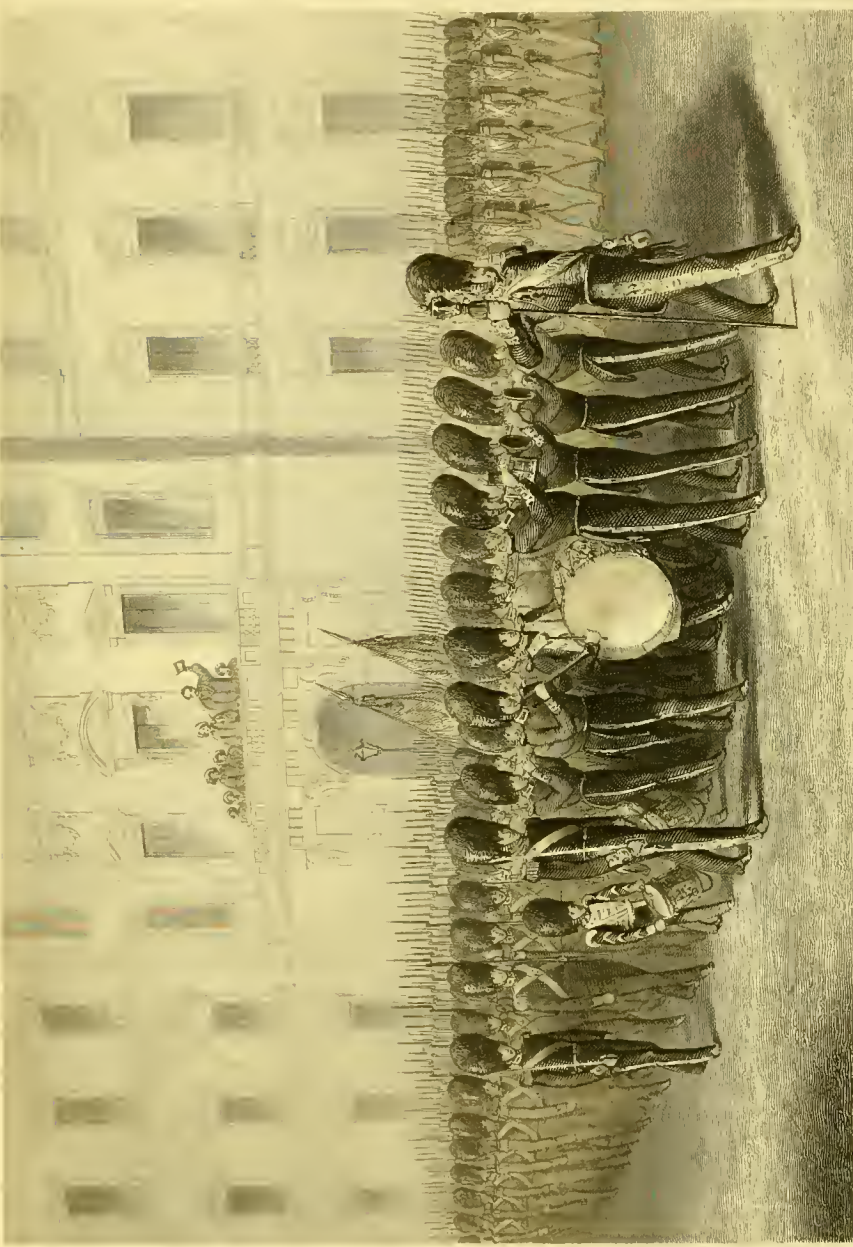
but little ill-feeling, as the dervishes were looked upon with dislike by all, except a few fanatics. General Canrobert seems to be a blunt, plain-spoken man, with more of the John Bull than the Frenchman about him. At the conclusion of a splendid reception by the pashas at Constantinople, in which pipes, mounted with diamonds, and jewelled coffee-cups, were handed about by a numerous retinue, he exclaimed: "I am much obliged by your attention; but you will forgive me for saying, I should be much better pleased if all these diamonds and gold were turned into money to pay your troops, and if you sent away all these servants of yours, except two or three, to fight against your enemy!"

A portion of the town was reserved for the accommodation of the English troops, the first detachment of which did not arrive



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THE BAND OF THE GUARDS
 FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE FEB 22 1844
 ON THEIR ROUT TO THE FAIR



POSTED
 JUL 18 1877
 NEW YORK

TAKING LEAVE OF THE FISH GUARD
 (SEE PAGE 10 THEIR DEPARTURE TO THE EAST)



until some days later than the French. They consisted of a battalion of rifles, and the greater part of the 44th regiment, who arrived in the *Golden Fleece*; and every day witnessed fresh arrivals on the side of both the allied armies. Many of the Turks were by no means pleased at the landing of the allied forces at Gallipoli, it being so far from the seat of war as to render the newcomers unable to give any immediate assistance. Gallipoli was so unfitted for the reception of large masses of troops, that, in a short time, General Brown determined not to permit any more English soldiers to embark there; and on the arrival of the *Himalaya*, on the 13th of April, he ordered it on to Constantinople, where the troops arrived on the 14th, and took up their quarters at Scutari. On account of its immense size, the *Himalaya* created much sensation, both among the Turks and Christians. By its side, the largest vessels in the harbour appeared mere petty craft.

The Turks make brave soldiers, but they are slow men;—so slow and composed, as frequently to appear apathetic and indifferent. Thus the vessel which brought the first detachment of the English force, consisting only of some thousand and odd men, had to lie idle for two days and a-half, because nothing was prepared for them. At this moment, the might of England was unpleasantly compared with that of France. Six or seven French transports were in the harbour, while our great naval state was represented by a single steamer belonging to a private company. Such a circumstance surprised the philosophical Moslems; and a Turkish boatman, addressing an English traveller by the aid of an interpreter, exclaimed: "Oh, why is this? Oh, why is this, young man? By the beard of the prophet, for the sake of your father's father, tell me, O English lord, how is it? The French infidels have got one, two, three, four, five, six, seven ships, with fierce little soldiers; the English infidels, who say they can defile the graves of these French (may Heaven avert it!) and who are as big as the giants of Asli, have only one big ship. Do they tell lies?"

The following interesting particulars we extract from a letter from the *Times* correspondent at Gallipoli:—"On Thursday there was a general hunt for quarters through the town. Mr. Calvert, the consul, attended by a dragoman and a train of lodging-seekers, went from house to house, but it was not

till the eye had got accustomed to the general style of the buildings and fittings that any of them seemed willing to accept the places offered them. The general got a very fine place in a *beau quartier*, with a view of an old Turk on a counter looking at his toes in perpetual perspective. Colonel Sullivan and staff were equally successful. From one learn all: the hall-door, which is an antiquated concern (not affording any particular resistance to the air to speak of) opens on an apartment with clay walls of about ten feet high, and of the length and breadth of the whole house. It is garnished with the odds and ends of the domestic deity: with empty barrels, with casks of home-made wine, buckets, baskets, &c. At one side a rough staircase, creaking at every step, conducts one to a saloon on the first floor. This is of the plainest possible appearance. On the sides are stuck prints of the 'Nicolaus ho basileus,' and of the 'Virgin and Child' (after the Greek school), with wonderful engravings from Jerusalem. There is no other furniture. It may be observed, that as the schism between the Greek catholic and the Roman catholic churches arose out of the discussion of an intricate question on the subtlest point of theology, they fight bitterly on matters of very fine distinction yet. Thus the Greeks are iconoclasts, and hate images, but they adore pictures. A yellow Jonah in a crimson whale with fiery entrails, is a favourite subject for these artists, and doubtless bears some allegorical meaning. From this saloon open the two or three rooms of the house: the kitchen, the divan, and the principal bedroom. The floors are covered with matting; but, with the exception of the cushions on the raised platform round the wall of the room (about eighteen inches from the floor), there is nothing else in the rooms offered for general competition to the public. Above are dark attics. *Voilà tout!* My apartment would form a study for Dr. Reid or Mr. Gurney. If they want to understand the true principle of keeping up a current of fresh air everywhere, let them at once come out to Gallipoli, and become my successors in the possession of this remarkable chamber. True, the walls are of mud and straw, and the staircase has been devised expressly for the purpose of entrapping the first heavy Turk who may happen to stride up. It is the thinnest woodwork possible. Water is some way off, and the philosophers, if not provided with servants who can speak

the language, and an allowance of rations from her majesty's stores, may be seen soon after their arrival stalking up the street with as much dignity as is compatible with the circumstance of their carrying a sheep's liver on a stick in one hand, some lard in the other, and a loaf of black bread under their arms: at least, your correspondent had to adopt that course or die of hunger the other day. There is not such a thing as a pound of butter in the whole country; meat is very scarce, fowls impossible; but the country wine is fair enough, and eggs are not so rare as might be imagined from the want of poultry. Lieutenant-general Brown is in one of these houses; Colonel Sullivan and staff in another. Officers coming out here should know what they have to expect. Let them provide themselves with everything they are likely to want, for they will find nothing at Gallipoli. The nights and mornings are cold even yet, and the thermometer in the shade does not mark beyond 57°. Indeed, the spring is not nearly so far advanced as it is in England, and the trees and shrubs are only just beginning to bud. There is no chance of getting horses at present for love or money: indeed, comfort or necessary accommodation is out of the question. In every respect the French can teach us a lesson in these matters. While our sick men have not a mattress to lie down upon and are literally without blankets, the French are well provided for. We have no medical comforts: none were forwarded from Malta; and so when a poor fellow was sinking the other day, the doctor had to go to the general's and get a bottle of wine for him. The hospital-sergeant was sent out with a sovereign to buy coffee, sugar, and other things of the kind for the sick, but he could not get them, as no change was to be had in the place. After this, it is annoying to visit the French hospital, and see them so well prepared. Everything requisite is nicely made up in small packages, so that they can be carried on mules' backs, and marked with labels so that one can lay his hand on what is wanted in a minute. They are very troublesome in getting what they want; and already some little difficulties have arisen from their desire to lay hold of everything. Dr. Alexander has managed to get beds for about 200 patients in different houses, and he goes down to-day with Mr. Calvert to the Dardanelles, to look at the building which is destined for the principal medical establishment. I regret to say there are

two cases of small-pox in hospital, but they are going on favourably; they came from the *Golden Fleece*. The French and English are generally very healthy, and the town and neighbourhood are said to enjoy great freedom from sickness and disease. On Friday last the general visited the site of the camp, and quarters were appropriated to various officers of the staff in the town."

Lord Raglan did not arrive in the East until the 28th of April, when he landed at Constantinople; and Marshal St. Arnaud made his appearance at the latter city on the 7th of May. On the 10th of the same month, the Duke of Cambridge also arrived at the city of the sultan. Prince Napoleon arrived at Gallipoli on the 30th of April. The vast barracks, erected some years since at Scutari by the Sultan Mahmoud, were devoted to the accommodation of the English soldiers. Scutari, the reader may remember, is situated on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, just facing Constantinople, of which it is regarded as a suburb. It stands on the slope of a hill, and has several fine mosques and magnificent burial-grounds, planted with cypresses. Many of the rich Turks of Constantinople express a desire to be buried there, in consequence of an old tradition that their race will one day be driven out of Europe. Besides the arrangements at Scutari for the accommodation of the private soldiers, the Green Palace at Kuratscheschme was set apart for the reception of the most distinguished officers.

Constantinople presented a singular appearance at this time, in consequence of the number of troops of different climes and costumes that were to be seen within it. Egypt had sent a considerable force to assist in defence of the sultan, and the soldiers of that ancient land were well-armed, well-clothed, and well-disciplined. The Asiatic irregulars, in their picturesque and Oriental costume were, however, far more ornamental than useful. The Bashi-Bazouks are wild, restless fellows, chiefly Kurds and Arabs, but including Negroes, Nubians, and the sweepings of many nations. They are turbulent, ferocious, and impatient of discipline. They have been compared to the formidable Janissaries, whom Sultan Mahmoud destroyed; but the comparison flatters them. Many of them are petty tradesmen in the decayed towns of Asia, or owners of little spots of land which yield a wretched subsistence. Animated by a spirit of adven-



ture and a love of plunder, they mount their horses, seize what weapons they can find, and willingly ride over 500 miles of wild country to enrol themselves in the army of the Danube. An English officer thus describes a large body of them:—"Yesterday, 5,000 Bashi-Bazouks encamped near our lines, and such rum-looking devils of soldiers I never saw; I would be bound to ride slick through them six feet deep. And then their weapons are of all sorts; from a lance, fourteen feet long, down to a hammer tied on a stick, very like those used by an English saddler: they were on their way to be trained under French officers at Varna."

The excesses perpetrated by some of these men have been so frightful, that it is said Omar Pasha would not be sorry to be altogether rid of them. A party of them having been billeted for a night on a man who showed them every hospitality, they, in return, not only committed various outrages on his property and family, but impudently asked how much he would give for the remains of the breakfast he had prepared for them. A traveller on the Danube, during the December of 1853, one night entered a log-hut on the bank of the river, which served as a military post. The chief Bashi-Bazouk having politely offered him a cup of coffee, they entered into conversation. Strangely enough, he turned out to be the son of a Frenchman, one of the soldiers whom Buonaparte had left in Egypt. He had been brought up in Syria; had embraced Islamism, settled and married in Asia-Minor, and was then, with a sonorous Moslem name, serving the sultan on the Danube. He repeated many droll seraps of Arab poetry, and observed that the greatest thinkers of all ages had adopted a religion and a philosophy different from that of their fathers. During the month of April (1854), a party of Bashi-Bazouks fired upon the regular troops not far from Shumla. The soldiers attacked the ruffians, who were greatly superior in number, killed two of them, and captured seven, whom they took before Omar Pasha. The sentence upon them creates a shudder: they were to receive 500 lashes alternately on the back and belly. Two of the wretches died soon afterwards. To explain the infliction of this frightful punishment, it should be stated that the general has not the power to deprive a criminal of life; and incorrigible offenders are therefore sentenced to receive

such a number of blows as are almost certain to produce death. It is a relief to be able to add that such punishments are only resorted to in cases of extreme atrocity.

Of course we speak of the Bashi-Bazouks from report. We are glad to say that we have never been amongst those gentry ourselves, nor have we the least desire to be able to speak of them from experience; but lest we should do them injustice, we insert the following letter from one of them, addressed to the editor of a leading morning journal. We believe it to be a perfectly authentic document; and it really says something for these generally desperate men, that they have among them so intelligent an advocate. We fear, however, that the intelligence and good conduct of a few of them will not have the effect of purifying the character of the rest.

"Sir,—I am a Bashi-Bazouk. Do not tremble at this dreaded name; it seems very harmless, at least on paper. All I want, in my name and that of my comrades, is a fair hearing and justice. We Bashi-Bazouks are constantly hearing from our allies (the English) that England is the only country where it is really to be found, and that you are always ready, with your all-powerful pen, to try and obtain it for the deserving.

"Now, sir, I am, as I said before, a poor Bashi-Bazouk; and, being able to understand a little English, have been in the habit of reading 'Our own Correspondent's' letters, in which we poor Bashi-Bazouks meet with nothing but abuse. Now, let me state our case: When our sovereign (the sultan) in his wisdom declared war against the cursed 'Moskovs,' he sent his firman to all parts of his mighty empire, to call upon his subjects and all true believers to arise and fight for their country and religion. All good Moslems arose at the summons, girded on their arms, and flocked from Kurdistan, Turkistan, Arabistan—in fact, from all parts of Asia Minor—to the seat of war. We had large hearts in our breasts, sharp swords by our sides, but little or no money in our pockets; our chiefs had spent what little they ever had in giving us arms, horses, &c., to make a good appearance before our master, the sultan. Allah bless him! At first we were treated well, and had food given us, and fought and beat the accursed 'Moskov' whenever we had an opportunity. By degrees, as war continued and provisions got scarce, we Bashi-Bazouks,

who had come so far, and left our homes, wives, and children, to fight for our country, began to be neglected; things got worse and worse, and we got less and less to eat. Some among us, who, when pressed by hunger and want in their own country, were in the habit of mounting their horses, and helping themselves from a neighbour's store, now betook themselves to the same way of living, and robbed the villages around for food; others sold their horses—as dear to them as their children—and bought bread. Things went on in this way for a long time; but, wherever there was fighting or hard work, there were the Bashi-Bazouks. We had nobody to look after us, nobody to appeal to, no food, no money, and yet we were expected to do everything that those who are fed and clothed by the sultan do, and more besides. We are said to have plundered and robbed towns; but most of the crimes committed were the work of the Albanian Bashi-Bazouks, and not of us poor Asiatics. Of late, many of us have been taken and beaten to death by sticks for taking bread. You, sir, have probably never felt the actual pangs of hunger—Allah forbid you ever should!—and stood by and seen others fed and yourself denied it. Depend upon it, should you ever be so situated, and have arms in your hands, you will feel inclined to take your share. Well, things went on in this way for months; at last we heard that England and France had taken up the quarrel of our sultan, and it was whispered about that an English pasha was coming out to feed us and look after us. There was great rejoicing in consequence. Some Bashi-Bazouks among us, who had been in India, spoke of the generosity and justice of the great English nation; how regularly they paid their soldiers, and how just they were to all. We heard they were to pay us, and that we were to have the honour of fighting by the side of, and assisting the English against the common enemy. We waited with anxiety the coming of the pasha. He came at last; we looked on him with awe, but we liked him, and felt that, under him, we could do anything. We soon found out he understood our prejudices, and knew how to treat us; and the Hindostanee Bashi-Bazouks told us he spoke their language, and had long lived among their people. He was pleased with us, and spoke kindly; but we had no food or pay, and kind words will not fill empty stomachs.

In the meantime the French came. We had not even heard a whisper that they intended taking any notice of us; but, before they even landed, a French pasha came, and at once 4,000 of us were handed over to him, and from the first day were paid five piastres a-day (one franc), our horses fed, and, in fact, we were treated like French soldiers. We were amazed, and thought our Hindostanee Bashi-Bazouks had been telling lies when they spoke so highly of the great English nation, and their wealth and generosity. They hung down their heads, and said, 'Their faces had been blackened, and that it could not be the same people. The name of the people in India was 'Coompanie,' and their head was an old lady who lived somewhere in London. She was always just and generous. These must be some other people.' Nevertheless, there was the fact, and so it now stands. The English have sent a pasha, and no pay. The French have sent a pasha, who is paying 4,000 of us daily. They are living in comparative luxury, blessing those who feed them; we are just one remove from actual starvation; our horses get nothing but what they can pick off the ground. Look on this picture and on that, and draw your own conclusions.

"Now sir, if you can spare a little more space, let me show you how I think we can be of use to the English army. From our infancy we are used to noise and arms; are constantly at war with our neighbours, and, consequently, inured to it; and, although we do not pretend to take a place by the side of European cavalry in great battles, yet as light horsemen, and in the duties appertaining to such, we hold ourselves second to none; and a body of 3,000 or 4,000 attached to the English army, would save their splendid cavalry from duties for which they are totally unfit, however willing. France has taken 4,000, and had first choice. Let England take another 4,000, and let the remainder go to their homes. We are willing and ready to do anything; but let the motto be the one made use of by a great English general in writing of a country called Ireland: 'Feed, clothe, but don't hang them.' Now, sir, raise your voice in our favour, and, well led, Inshalla! England shall not have to complain, or grudge the few pounds spent on us; after the war, we will return to our homes and spread our name far and wide. A BASHI-BAZOUK.

"Banke of the Danube, July."

While the English and French troops were arriving at Gallipoli, Sir Charles Napier and his gallant fleet leaving Kioge Bay (where they had remained for some time, on account of the enormous masses of ice in the Baltic Sea), proceeded to the Gulf of Finland, which they reached on the 16th of April, where they remained cruising until the arrival of the French squadron. Their presence, of course, amounted to a blockade of the gulf, and prevented any Russian ships from entering the Baltic. The admirals of the allied fleets in the Black Sea, after the bombardment of Odessa, had sailed away to Sebastopol; but the immense strength of that fortress induced them to relinquish the idea of attacking it without the assistance of a land army.

Omar Pasha and the head-quarters of the Turkish army were at Shumla, a considerable town on the northern declivity of the Balkan in Bulgaria. It is surrounded by walls, and defended by a citadel. Situated upon the spot where the roads from the chief fortresses meet, Shumla is considered the key of the Balkan, and has always been the point of attack in every attempt of the Russians to cross into Turkey. Omar Pasha's activity and enthusiasm were remarkable; and it was observed that he was in himself commander-in-chief, adjutant and quartermaster-general, engineer-in-chief, and commissary-general. He is admirably fitted to command. Other pashas ride past the troops stolid and silent; but whenever Omar comes upon a body of soldiers, he stops to speak a kind word of greeting to them, and then the faces of the men are lighted up with feelings of pride in their chief, and of confidence in themselves and in the future. The Ottoman fleet, consisting of twenty-two vessels, under Admiral Ahmet Pasha, left Constantinople on the 4th of May for the Circassian coast. Their presence there was much required, as the Turkish army in Asia was in a very undisciplined state, and extremely open to attack.

As to the Russians, they were gathering bodies of troops at Kalarasch, opposite to the famous Turkish fortress of Silistria, the possession of which is regarded as indispensable to the prosecution of any operations against Shumla, Varna, or the Balkan. Silistria was bombarded by the Russians on or about the 14th of April; but of the heroic resistance and ultimate triumph of its brave garrison we shall speak presently.

We have thus alluded to the state of the

different fleets and armies engaged in this complicated war, because in the spring of this year (1854) there was a lull in aggressive operations. The anxious politicians looked in vain for news of any great event, and were obliged to content themselves with speculations as to the future, and those gossiping details which public eagerness compels the editors of newspapers to chronicle, but which history throws aside as unnecessary and cumbersome. At this time, therefore, it was not remarkable that the queen, the prince-consort, the royal family, the court, the foreign ministers, the members of the legislature, the naval and military authorities, and about 60,000 persons, went to Woolwich to witness the launch of a new gigantic war-steamer, named the *Royal Albert*. This magnificent vessel is considered on an equality, in size and power, with that of the great *Duke of Wellington*; with which exception, she has no rival in the British navy, and no superior in the world! The extreme length of the *Royal Albert* is 272 feet 2½ inches; her length, between the perpendiculars, 232 feet 9 inches; and length of keel, 193 feet 6 inches. Her extreme breadth is 61 feet 6 inches; breadth for tonnage, 60 feet 2 inches; moulded breadth, 59 feet 4 inches. Her extreme depth is 66 feet; and her depth of hold, 24 feet 2 inches. She is of 3,726 tons' burden, is pierced for 131 guns, and her screw-propeller was to be driven by trunk engines of 500-horse power. Her lower deck will contain ten 8-inch guns for firing shells or hollow shot, and twenty-six long 32-pounders. On the middle deck will be six 8-inch guns, and thirty 32-pounders. On the main deck thirty-eight 32-pounders, and on the upper deck twenty 32-pounders. On the fore-castle she will carry a 68-pounder gun, weighing five tons, and capable of throwing round shot a distance of three miles.

The launch took place on Saturday, the 13th of May, and the river in front of Woolwich dockyard was crowded with craft of every description, many gaily decked with flags, some giving forth cheering music, and all filled with human beings. On shore, within the dockyard, were a series of raised benches, carried round the slip in amphitheatrical form, and affording accommodation for many thousand visitors. There were seated the foreign ambassadors, the members of the two houses of parliament, the cabinet ministers, the officials of the

admiralty, of Whitehall, of Somerset-house, the officers of the dockyard, and the general visitors. At one o'clock the royal carriages, with their cavalry escort, arrived at the dockyard. The royal party consisted of the queen, the prince-consort, the Prince of Wales, the princess-royal, Prince Alfred, and the Duchess of Kent. After some time had been consumed by the ceremonies usual on such occasions, her majesty, leaning upon the arm of Prince Albert, proceeded along the west side of the ship to a raised platform covered with scarlet cloth, at the ship's bow. There Sir James Graham explained to the queen the ceremony of christening the ship. A bottle of wine, covered with lace and decorated at each end with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, was suspended horizontally, so that when lifted and swung forward it would dash against the bow. The queen twice threw the bottle without hitting her aim, and was beginning to look a little perplexed, when, on the third attempt, she was successful; and as the bottle was broken in pieces her majesty exclaimed: "God bless the *Royal Albert*." The christening over, the royal party returned to their original position, and the master-shipwright of the yard proceeded to launch the huge vessel into the river. The timbers were knocked away, the "triggers" on either side removed, the "dog-shores" depressed by the fall of heavy weights upon them, and gangs of ships' carpenters, with heavy hammers, gave forty consecutive blows for the purpose of overcoming the *vis inertia* of the ship's cradle. Still, about ten minutes elapsed before she began to move: expectation was on tip-toe; and at length the enormous ship glided steadily down the slip, amidst the thundering cheers of the spectators. The bands of music on the river and in the dockyard then struck up "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen," and thousands of lips uttered the wish that the noble vessel that had just taken to the water with so much of majesty as almost to resemble a living thing, should be fortunate and victorious.

After the launch, the queen and royal party entered their carriages and quitted the dockyard amid fervent demonstrations of loyalty, and the immense crowd of spectators gradually dispersed. Many and great have been the improvements in the British navy since the heroic Nelson perished in the hour of victory at Trafalgar; but the greatest improvement is the introduction of

the marine-engine and the screw-propeller. Though many paddle-wheel steamers were constructed in the queen's dockyards, the importance of this new motive force for vessels of war was not fully recognised until it became manifest that the whole machinery could be buried securely in the hold, below the reach of hostile shot. It was in 1839 and 1840 that Mr. F. P. Smith demonstrated, in the *Archimedes*, the advantages of screw navigation. The admiralty, however, with a cautiousness or an indolence not very commendable, hesitated to adopt it extensively until spurred into activity by the keener appreciation of its merits shown by the naval establishments of the French. At the time of the launch of the *Royal Albert*, we had sixty screw steamers, and thirty-three more were building in our dockyards.

The new ship was towed down the river to be fitted for sea at Sheerness; and we may, perhaps, without wearying our readers, say a few words concerning what may be called her furniture. The bower-anchors of the *Royal Albert* are five tons weight each; her hempen cables are twenty-five inches in circumference; and her chain cables are of two and-a-quarter inches in diameter. The extreme length of her mainmast above the upper deck is eighty-eight feet, that of the main-topmast seventy-three feet, and that of the main-topgallantmast fifty-five feet. The length of her bowsprit, from outside the knight-heads, is fifty-two feet six inches; that of her jib-boom fifty-three feet. She will spread 9,760 yards of canvas when all sail is set on her, and her establishment of sails will require 24,680 yards of canvas.

During this same month of May, cautious, sluggish Austria, gave some sign of an intention to join in the war that agitated Europe, and of its own resolve not to be intimidated by the autocrat Nicholas. It was officially stated in the *Vienna Gazette*, that in consequence of the great concentration of troops on the north-eastern and eastern frontiers of Austria, the emperor had resolved to call out 95,000 additional troops for the safety of his dominions. A leading journal, after alluding to the troops which Russia had at this time concentrated in the Polish provinces, observed: "The fact that these troops cannot move in consequence of the uncertain and menacing attitude of one, at least, of the German powers, has evidently disturbed the calculations of Russia, and compelled her to

provide for her own defence, while she was threatening to absorb the territory of her neighbours. The great strategical difficulty of the Emperor Nicholas in the war is, that he is exposed to attack on six or seven points, wholly distinct from each other, but each requiring an army for its defence. To hold possession of the principalities he requires at least 100,000 men; the Crimea demands an army of 50,000; Georgia and the Circassian coast at least as many; the kingdom of Poland an imposing body of troops capable of maintaining the inhabitants in sullen subjection, and of watching the movements both of Austria and Prussia; the Baltic provinces, Finland, and even the neighbourhood of Finland, are all liable to be assailed, especially by an enemy having fleets propelled by steam in absolute possession of the sea, and troops in sufficient numbers to throw a formidable body of men on any part of the coast."

An Austrian diplomatist stated at this time, that the young emperor was heart and soul with France and England; and, that in spite of the intrigues of the partisans of Russia at the court of Vienna, he would act as became the independent sovereign of a great empire. The conduct of the King of Prussia, however, continued to be extremely vacillating. He was said to be much influenced by his queen, who kept up a continual correspondence with her relative, the Emperor Nicholas. Politics of a sentimental character are reported to form a considerable part of this correspondence; and much was written about the double eagles of both countries having first seen the light in the same cradle; of their having been brought up in the same nest; and of the necessity of their taking their flight together.

News at length arrived from the Baltic Sea. The English fleet had captured many merchant-vessels belonging to the enemy; entered the Hango Roads on the 20th of May; and, on the 22nd, attacked the Russian fort of Gustafsvärn, at the north-western entrance of the Bay of Finland. In a brief time the fort was destroyed, and 1,500 Russians surrendered themselves as prisoners. This information was coupled with some of a very different cast. On the 12th of May, the *Tiger*, an English steam-ship of war, mounting sixteen guns, was stranded during a heavy fog, at about four miles and-a-half from Odessa, and forced to surrender to the Russians before the *Vesuvius* and *Niger*

could come to her assistance. The unfortunate vessel being left upon the shore was, of course, helpless. While in this condition, two position field-pieces were brought from the Lustdorf column, and supported by two companies of infantry and a platoon of lancers, opened their fire with such precision, that the unfortunate *Tiger* was compelled to surrender. Before doing so, the captain had his left leg shattered, and six of his crew were wounded. As the English vessel was lying on her beam, her shots flew over the battery without taking effect. Seeing his position hopeless, the lieutenant of the *Tiger*, who had taken the command, hauled down the ship's colours, and declared himself and crew prisoners of war. By the orders of General Osten-Sacken, the boats and crew were sent ashore, where the latter laid down their arms. The wounded men were sent to the quarantine. Before they could be removed, two English war-steamers were seen approaching through the fog. As the Russians had no power of getting the stranded vessel into port, and as they feared that more English vessels might arrive at any moment, they set the *Tiger* on fire, by discharging red-hot shot into her. By the time this was effected, the *Vesuvius* and the *Niger* approached within gun-range, and opened a fire upon the Russian batteries. For two hours the cannonading continued, and then the English vessels thought it prudent to retire. The loss of the Russians was very trifling, two soldiers only being killed, and two officers wounded. By about half-past seven the *Tiger* was completely destroyed. The prisoners taken by the Russians, were the wounded Captain Giffard, twenty-four officers and warrant-officers, together with 201 seamen and marines. Some of the guns of the *Tiger* were preserved and carried as trophies to Odessa. The *Furious* went to Odessa on the 14th with a flag of truce, and was allowed to send some money and clothing to the unfortunate crew of the *Tiger*. They learnt that the latter were being treated with great kindness by the Russians.

The following letter from the surgeon of the lost ship will give some further particulars, which are not without interest:—

"Odessa, May 15th.

"Dear —,—Her majesty's steamer *Tiger* struck the ground about a quarter to six on the morning of the 12th in a dense fog, ship going about four knots. On the weather clearing we found ourselves within 150 yards of the

beach under a high cliff. An anchor was immediately laid out with the hemp cable, and the guns moved aft; shot, coals, water, ballast, &c., got out; and every means taken to lighten during the three hours that we were left unmolested. At the end of that time a field-battery of about eight guns opened a most destructive fire upon us, and in about ten minutes the ship was on fire in two places, and the captain and four others struck down seriously wounded. Some of our guns had been thrown overboard, and the only one which we fired could not be used with effect, on account of the extreme elevation required. Under these circumstances, all further resistance being useless, the Russian flag was hoisted in token of surrender, and a boat sent on shore to apprise them of the fact, on which the firing instantly ceased. Orders were given for every one to leave the ship immediately, and to take what things they liked, but in the hurry very few availed themselves of the permission; for as the fog cleared up the *Vesuvius* was observed, and we were informed that if we did not come on shore the firing would recommence. Before leaving the ship I amputated the left leg of Captain Giffard, it being carried away at the knee by a shell. The right leg was also severely wounded by a piece of shell, which cut it to the bone. Mr. John Giffard had lost both legs; Trainer, captain of the mizen-top, his left leg. Hood, a boy, was riddled with pieces of shell. These three are since dead. Tanner, ordinary seaman, was wounded by a shell dangerously in various places in the thighs and left hand: both he and Captain Giffard are doing well, the latter suffering more from the wound in the right leg than from the amputation. He suffered much from the long transit from the beach to the town, between five and six miles.

"We are now lodged in the lazaretto, in comfortable rooms, and nothing can exceed the kindness and attention we receive from every one. We are well lodged, well fed, and every want attended to; indeed, we fare much better in point of eating than you can in the squadron after a month's cruise. I am writing this in a great hurry, as I see the *Furious* and *Vesuvius* in the bay with a flag of truce, and I hope to be able to send it. Lawless and myself are both in attendance on the captain, and are allowed to see our own men every day, and there is very little sickness among them. They are all cheerful and well-conducted, and allowed all possible indulgence. Yesterday seven English vessels and crews were liberated by order from St. Petersburg.

"We want nothing, and the lady of General Osten-Sacken has insisted on supplying any little comforts or luxuries, as jellies, for the captain from her own house. Personal visits have been made every day by the governor and other officials, who are all kindness."

Notwithstanding the kindness bestowed upon the unfortunate Captain Giffard, he died from the effects of his wounds, and was buried at Odessa on the 2nd of June, with military honours.

A later letter from Odessa, dated the 10th of June, stated that the English officers and men, who seemed to be in no want of money, were permitted to walk about as they pleased. The conduct of the officers was spoken of as very praiseworthy; but it was added that the common sailors every now and then took a great deal more to drink than did them good. One day they got very drunk in an Odessa gin-shop, and a general fight among themselves was the result. The foolish fellows could not be separated until a detachment of troops interfered with levelled bayonets. The Russian soldiers are no jokers, and the sight of the glittering steel restored the Jack-tars to a sense of their dangerous situation. The officers and midshipmen, it said, frequented the best houses in the place; and British and Russian officers might, evening after evening, be seen walking arm-in-arm on the Wasser glacis, and listening to the military band. Leave nature to her own kindly impulses, and civilised men would become brothers; let despotism interfere, and they are eager to shed each other's blood. Perhaps there may come a time—let us fervently hope there will—when science will have made war so destructive, that it would be not only insanity, but annihilation to resort to it; when enemies may meet to settle their quarrels by arbitration, and part no longer foes, but brothers. It is but a day-dream—a glorious vision; but looking back on what civilisation has effected in the past, who shall say that in the future this cannot be!

In the course of the month of July, 180 officers and sailors, lately forming the crew of the *Tiger*, were exchanged at Odessa for an equal number of Russian prisoners—man for man and rank for rank. Unfortunately, the number of Russians to be exchanged fell short of the English by thirty, and therefore that number of the crew of the burnt vessel still remained in captivity.

On the 19th of May, the *Arrogant*, and the *Hecla*, commanded by Captains W. H. Hall and H. R. Yelverton, planned a little expedition of their own, which was very deservedly regarded as a brilliant exploit. Captain Hall having met a fishing-boat off the coast, compelled the two men in it to



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act as pilots. Under their direction, the *Arrogant* and *Hecla* proceeded up a narrow river. Their object was to capture three merchantmen, which, to avoid them, had gone into shallow water, and anchored under shelter of a small fort at Ekness, twelve miles in the interior of the country. On coming to anchor, the *Hecla*, which was in advance, was fired upon by the enemy in a thickly-wooded spot, from behind a high sandbank. A round shot struck the *Hecla*, but happily without doing any mischief. Both vessels immediately beat to quarters, cast loose their guns, and pouring a fire into the wood and against the sandbank, quickly dislodged and silenced the enemy. Nothing further took place that night.

Before the first grey tint of dawn the vessels were again in motion, the *Hecla* leading, on account of her lighter draught of water, and both ships' companies standing by their guns. After carefully pursuing the intricate windings of the river for about three hours, they came suddenly within range of an enemy's battery. The gallant little *Hecla*, carrying six guns only, immediately opened her fire—a compliment as readily returned by the fort. The early morning light showed the promontory upon which the battery stood to be covered with soldiers—fine-looking fellows, with long grey coats and spiked steel helmets. The *Arrogant*, of 46 guns, soon approached near enough to join in the engagement, and poured her broadside among the Russian troops. They did not stand to receive a second; for as the dense cloud of smoke cleared away, a troop of horse-artillery were observed in flight. A long and heavy fire of musketry was kept up from the wood, and Minié balls fell thick on board both ships. The *Arrogant*, too large a vessel for the narrow scene of action, got aground near the fort. In this position, however, she poured forth a broadside, which dismounted the enemy's guns, and was then got off in safety. The *Hecla* then advanced further, but the *Arrogant* was obliged to anchor, on account of the shallowness of the river. Ekness was reached, and there were the three merchantmen the English war-vessels were in search of. Two were

aground and in safety; but the *Hecla*, in spite of another battery which opened upon her, and regardless of the firing from the town of Ekness, ran up alongside of the third bark, took her in tow, and steamed away with her. While she was doing so, the *Arrogant* poured showers of shot and shell upon the Russian batteries and troops, but carefully avoided firing upon the town. On returning with their prize and an iron gun they took as a trophy from one of the batteries, the two English vessels were met by the *Dauntless*, which had been sent by the admiral to ascertain the cause of the firing; the deep booming of the latter having been heard by the fleet as she was steaming into the Hango Roads. The *Arrogant* had two men killed and four wounded; the *Hecla*, one man killed and four wounded. Amongst the latter, were the gallant Captain Hall himself, who received a slight wound on the right leg from a spent rifle-ball; and Lieutenant Crew Read, who received a severe but not dangerous wound on the left cheek, which injured his eye. The gallant behaviour of Lieutenant Read was very highly spoken of in the report of Captain Yelverton. The two adventurous vessels joined the fleet on the 21st, and the commander-in-chief, on learning the particulars, hoisted the signal, "Well done *Arrogant* and *Hecla*!" The crews of all the vessels expressed their admiration of the behaviour of their gallant comrades, by giving them three hearty English cheers.*

All the distinction to be won by isolated deeds of bravery, was, however, not to be gained by the *Hecla* and *Arrogant*. The good ship *Dragon*, during her cruise in the Gulf of Finland, reconnoitred the port of Revel. There her captain beheld two of the enemy's vessels at anchor under the batteries, and he determined to capture them, even at the risk of exposing his own vessel to severe usage. Fortunately he took up such a position, that the guns of the enemy could not be brought to bear upon him. Shot after shot was fired by the enemy, but they all fell wide of their mark, and dropped with a harmless splash into the heedless sea. In a short time the two vessels were taken captive, and towed into Hango commands to desire that you will signify to the vice-admiral commanding her majesty's fleet in the Baltic, her majesty's great satisfaction at the gallantry and skill displayed by the officers and men of the *Arrogant* and *Hecla* on this occasion.

"I am &c.,

"NEWCASTLE."

* In reference to the above dashing exploit, the following letter was addressed to the lords commissioners of the admiralty, and forwarded by them to Sir Charles Napier:—"My lords, I have laid before the queen the papers transmitted to me by your lordships relative to the destruction of certain batteries at Ekness; and I have received her majesty's

Bay the next morning by the relentless *Dragon*.

While these things were proceeding in the Baltic, the famous Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, reappeared in England, after a time spent in silence though not in idleness. He received an invitation to appear at Sheffield, to attend a meeting to consider the desirability of reconstituting Poland an independent nation. This he accepted, and on Monday, June the 5th, he made an oration in Paradise-square in the morning, and another at the Music-hall in the evening—explaining his views of England's duties in the great struggle then occupying the attention both of Europe and the East. M. Kossuth's views were, by a considerable body, considered erroneous and impolitic, because he denounced Austria, and considered the alliance of this country with her as an unnatural union, which could only lead to ruin. Nevertheless, there is an eloquent sincerity about M. Kossuth, and so much of truth, though clothed sometimes with the gaudy and Protean garb of error, that we shall quote some passages for the consideration of our readers. "You should insist," said he, "upon a serious issue for your sacrifices. You should insist that no power shall still be left to despotism and despots to drive you into new wars, by encroaching upon the freedom, the rights, and the independence of nations. You should insist to attain, by your present sacrifices, a true and lasting peace. Now, neither of these aims can be attained without Poland, Hungary, and Italy be restored to their national rights; and especially Russia's overwhelming power cannot be reduced without Poland being reconstructed an independent nation with its national territory; nor can the integrity and independence of Turkey be secured, without a free and independent Hungary. All these aims would be subverted by England taking despotie Austria for her ally. Then you would fight for Austrian despotism, and not for freedom."

In the evening, M. Kossuth contended that England, by permitting the czar to partition Poland and to accomplish "the daring crime of armed intervention in Hungary," had encouraged him to usurp the Turkish territory. It was, he said, a charter of impunity granted to the czar for encroaching upon the liberties of Europe. "If there ever," continued the orator, "was a truth striking beyond any doubt, it is the truth

that, except Finland, it is only in Poland, and by Poland, that Russia is vulnerable. Bombarding Odessa, Sebastopol, Cronstadt, taking Russian prizes, burning the Russian fleet (if you can get at it), nay, burning St. Petersburg itself,—all this may be very noisy, good food for the newspapers; but it is merely a palliative;—nothing of a permanent effect. The Russians might, perhaps, themselves burn St. Petersburg, as they have burnt Moscow: you will not be the better by it. If your purpose is to fight Russian despotism—if your aim is to check Russian ascendancy and to reduce Russian preponderance, it is in Poland and by Poland that you must act, or you will never attain your aim;—never." The reason, said the orator, that England did not assist Poland to declare its freedom was from sheer complacency for Austria and Prussia. To pet Austria, England neglected to do that without which she could not succeed in the war. "Be forewarned, people of England," cried M. Kossuth, "be forewarned. Look to history. There, in the mirror of the past, thine own future is daguerreotyped. Remember the campaign of Napoleon to Moscow in 1812. Napoleon undertook to check the crowning ascendancy of Russia, just as you do now. And with all due regard for the Lord Raglans and Maréchal St. Arnauds, be it said, the little corporal knew something about war. He knew that Russia, though not very formidable abroad, is anything but weak in defence at home. The force which he employed amounted to 600,000 men, 182,000 horses, and 1,372 guns. What is the Anglo-French army in the East compared to this? A Chobham camp-parade. He knew that it was not on sea that a decisive battle could be fought against Russia: he went on by land. He knew that without a large cavalry there was no possibility to hold a bivouac for twenty-four hours against a Russian army, and he took care to have much cavalry. He did not even neglect the pitiful expedient or substituting to Polish nationality the idea of Polish legions, just as you begin to do now in the East. Besides, he also looked for alliances, just as you do. Only, less a politician than a soldier, he addressed himself to wrong quarters; he addressed himself to Austria and Prussia, precisely as your government does. But he had stronger claims on the fidelity of Austria than you have. Having to dispose of the existence of Austria, he just pardoned her, saved her,

and, to make the alliance sure, he married the daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. Both Austria and Prussia yielded to the courtings of the mighty Caesar—became his allies, and gave him two cavalry armies against Russia. You know the rest. Napoleon lost 552,000 men, 167,000 horses, and 1,222 guns. One of his allies betrayed him on the battle-field; the other compromised him by inactivity: both turned against him, and sent him to die, a fettered giant, on the rocks of St. Helena. You have been taught by superficial professors in your schools, that it was the generals Frost and Famine which defeated Napoleon. No: he was defeated by having taken Austria and Prussia for allies." After an eloquent speech of more than an hour, M. Kossuth, in concluding, again warned his audience that an alliance between England and Austria would be unsound, unnatural, and subversive of any aim which England might rationally contemplate by the war.

That there is much soundness and much of a broad humanity in the views of

M. Kossuth, cannot be denied. Austria is a doubtful ally, an ally of whom England cannot be too cautious; but, at the same time, it is better to have her in this great struggle as a friend than as an enemy. Austria will not draw the sword from a love for England, but from a fear of Russia—from a dread of that dangerous neighbour whose tremendous power hangs like a dark cloud over her, threatening destruction. Austria, despotie as it is, must be true to its own interests. With respect to Poland, England and France should have interfered to save it: they are now paying a penalty for not having done so; but we think this is not the hour for the restoration of that prostrate land. We fear that to proclaim the independence of Poland, would—although it might at the eleventh hour—restore the stricken goddess of continental liberty; for a time convulse Europe with warlike and revolutionary spasms, and drown despotism and wrong in deep and awful streams of blood. We dare not even purchase freedom at such a price.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOSS OF THE EUROPA TRANSPORT; BLOCKADE OF THE BALTIC; PROCEEDINGS AT BRAHESTAD, ULEABORG, AND GAMBA-KARLEBY; AUSTRIA ENTERS INTO A TREATY WITH TURKEY, AND SENDS A SUMMONS TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA; REMOVAL OF THE ALLIED ARMIES TO VARNA; A GLANCE AT VARNA; THE SIEGE OF SILISTRIA; RAISING THE SIEGE; REPLY OF NICHOLAS TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE courage of the soldier and the sailor are subject to trials which are often as severe, and sometimes much more so, as those they are exposed to during the fierce shock and storm of battle. One event of this character it is our painful duty to relate. We allude to the destruction, by fire, of the transport-ship *Europa*.

This vessel, of 841 tons, was considered one of the finest out of the port of London, and a troop-ship that had not its superior for completeness in all essentials. She sailed from Plymouth on the morning of the 30th of May, with a division of the Enniskillen dragoons, consisting of five serjeants and fifty-four rank and file, together with the commanding officer and staff, and fifty-three horses. She also carried an extra weight of forage, which probably became overheated, and thus led to the terrible accident. The fated ship, after being towed by a steamer fairly

into the channel, made sail, and all went well till ten o'clock on the second night, when, at the distance of 180 miles from England, a cry was raised of "Fire in the forehold!"

The ominous words went through the ship like an electric shock, and immediately all hands were upon the alert. Captain Gardner ran below, and found the fire already burning fiercely in the forepeak, where a quantity of hawsers, rope, tar, pitch, varnish, and sails had been stowed. The ammunition was immediately thrown overboard; and the pumps which had been fitted, by order of the government, to supply the troops with water from the tanks, had hose attached to them, and together with those belonging to the ship's pumps, were taken below, and the jets of foaming, hissing waters hurled amidst the burning mass. The soldiers also laboured vigorously in passing buckets of water to those below, to

check the furious element; but their exertions were in vain. The flames spread with such rapidity, that in a little while they were roaring up the fore-hatchway in tremendous columns, and thus cutting off all communication with the fore part of the ship. Dense columns of smoke also overhung the main-deck like a fiery cloud, threatening suffocation.

Within half-an-hour from the time that the startling cry of fire had resounded through the ship, all hopes of saving her perished. A rush was then made to the boats, but the men were restrained by the brave Lieutenant-colonel Moore and the officers under his command. The boats were lowered and filled with men—all except the largest one, which, by some strange previous negligence or mismanagement, the crew were unable to launch. The life-boat, with five-and-twenty persons in it, pushed off, and boat and crew were taken up during the night by the barque *Maranan*, of Dundee. A second boat, with twenty-six persons on board, was carried out to sea and rowed towards a light, which turned out to be a Prussian schooner, the captain of which kindly received the unhappy crew. The third boat did not leave the vessel until about half-past eleven at night, when not only the main-deck, but the mast and rigging aloft were in flames. In it were Lieutenant Black (the admiralty agent), the second mate, and some soldiers. The heroic Lieutenant-colonel Moore remained at his post to the last, having repeatedly declined to leave the burning vessel until all his men had been safely removed. Unhappily, he died a martyr to a high sense of duty; for he was at last driven into the mizen-channels by the violence of the flames, and there perished. "The mainmast," said Captain Gardner, in his account of this fatal accident, "went at two o'clock, then the foremast, and the ship rounded immediately afterwards; it was blowing very hard at the time, with a very heavy short sea on, and raining heavily. I will not further dwell upon this painful moment than to add, that as the ship rounded with head to wind, the fire spread over to where we were, and burnt us out, compelling us to seek shelter in any way we could. A number of men took to the wreck of the mainmast, and some were lost in attempting to make it. I, with the carpenter, got over to leeward, and found very great difficulty in getting under the weather-channel and making along the bands, to see

if there was any more unburnt wood to hold on by; but we were driven into the forechains, the half of which were still unburnt. Suffice it to say, that at three o'clock the boat of the brig *Clemathe*, Captain Pike, came up and took us out of the forechains. The boat also picked up ten men from off the spars of the wreck. One man died in the boat."

At half-past seven the next morning, the attention of the crew of the steam-frigate *Tribune* was arrested by a column of smoke ascending into the air in the distance. The *Tribune* made for the spot, and in less than two hours discovered the remains of the unfortunate *Europa* burnt down to the water's edge abaft, with the bows only remaining above water. That blackened, smouldering hull alone was visible, and not a living creature could be seen. Shortly afterwards the wreck sunk into the deep blue waters, leaving the surface of the sea, then gilded with the bright rays of an early summer's sun, covered with charred and floating timbers, hen-coops, hay, and casks: a trooper's stirrup, and a pair of military fatigue-trowsers among them, completed the melancholy memorial, and indicated the nature of the ship, and the fate of those who were on board of it. No doubt, the first emotion was that all had perished; but even as it was, one-and-twenty ill-fated persons met their death that dreadful night. They consisted of two officers, six non-commissioned officers, ten private soldiers, two of the ship's company, and one woman.

Just before this sad accident, the lords commissioners of the admiralty received from Sir Charles Napier a communication, dated Hango Bay, May 28th, informing them that the ports of Libau and Windau, on the coast of Courland, and other ports, roads, havens, or creeks, to as far north as Cape Dager Ort were in a state of blockade by a competent force. It added, that all ports, roads, havens, or creeks, eastward from Cape Dager Ort, including Hapsal, Wormso Island, Port Baltic, Revel, and all other intermediate ports on the coast of Esthonia, as far as Ekholm Light, and thence in a northward direction as far as Helsingfors and Sweaborg, on the coast of Finland; continuing westward, Baro Sound, Hango Head, Oro, and Abo, including the Aland Archipelago and intermediate ports; thence north, including Nystad, Biorneborg, Christinestadt, Vasa, Walgrund Islands, Little Karleby, Icobstad, Great Karleby, Lahts, Kalawki, Brahestad,





Uleaborg, Karle Island, Tio, Gestila, Tornea, and all intermediate Russian ports, roads, havens, and creeks in the Gulf of Bothnia were in a similar condition. Thus, in one great outlet, the external trade of Russia was paralysed. Other but not important information reached England occasionally, of mischief done to Russian property. Thus, on the 10th of May, the *Amphion* and *Conflict* took the little town of Lihau, and all the shipping in the port, merely by the terror of their arms, and without a shot being fired. The shipping captured consisted of eight merchant-vessels, all new and well-found, but dismantled, and some scuttled and aground. The private property on board of them was generously restored to the owners, on application for it. Again, on the 30th of May, three English steamers, under the direction of Admiral Plumridge, destroyed the ships, dockyards, and stores at Brahestad, in the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, and damage was done to the amount of 350,000 roubles. The following day several vessels were captured off Uleaborg; and on the 1st of June, four steamers destroyed the ships, dockyards, and stores at Uleaborg—400,000 roubles' damage being done on that occasion. At Brahestad 12,000 tons of tar, with five large vessels of 1,000 lasts each, were burnt, together with a quantity of planks and deals, used for ship-building. At Uleaborg, eight ships on the stocks, nearly finished; four old ones; together with about 18,000 tons of pitch and tar, were given to the flames.*

Soon afterwards, on the 7th of June, an attempt of the same kind, by the flying squadron of Admiral Plumridge, on the town of Gamba-Karleby, terminated unfortunately, if not with disgrace. This town is situated on a bay of the Gulf of Bothnia, some miles to the south of Brahestad, and has a trading population of 1,800 persons;—an unimportant place enough; scarcely more than a village; and one would think hardly capable, with all the local assistance it could procure, to drive off two British war-steamers. Such, however, was the

case. Nine sloops of sixteen oars, and sixteen of twenty oars, each armed with a gun, put off from the ships. One of the boats, under a flag of truce, came close to the shore, and the officer on board of it made the usual demand that the vessels and warlike stores in the harbour and town should be given up. The reply was a refusal, and the officer withdrew threatening to enter the town by force. About eleven o'clock at night, when it is still light at this period in these high latitudes, nine boats put off from the steamers, and advancing towards the shore, endeavoured to effect a landing. The inhabitants had not been idle in the interim, and the invaders were opposed by two Finland companies of the line and 100 armed inhabitants of the town. Favoured by the locality and the country buildings, they received the sailors with a cannonade and a fire, to which the artillery and musketry of the latter replied without much effect. The combat lasted until midnight, and the English were then obliged to retire with the loss of one of the boats of the *Odin*, some of the crew of which were killed, and the rest, amounting to twenty-two seamen, taken prisoners. In the boat that of the officer lately in command of it. With the boat the Russians also captured its flag, a bronze cannon of large calibre, munitions, guns, pistols, and the whole of its armament. Two other boats were so much damaged that they were obliged to be towed away by the rest. This petty attack was not repeated, and such laurels as could be gained from it remained with the Russians. Many people in England fancied that it would have been better for the fleet to have engaged in some great action, than to fritter away its exertions in what seemed little better than mere predatory attempts. The total loss of the English in this petty affair amounted, in killed, wounded, and missing, to fifty-four men.

The French fleet, under the orders of

* The official despatches, addressed by Sir Charles Napier to the secretary of the admiralty, are necessarily devoid of interest to a general reader; but we insert the following summary of them:—"Sir, I beg leave to inclose Admiral Plumridge's report of his proceedings in the Gulf of Bothnia, from the 5th of May to the 10th of June, by which their lordships will observe, that he has destroyed forty-six vessels, afloat and on the stocks, amounting to 11,000 tons; from 40,000 to 50,000 barrels of pitch and tar; 60,000 square yards of rough pitch; a great

number of stacks of timber, spars, planks, and deals, sails, rope, and various kinds of naval stores; to the amount of from £300,000 to £400,000, without the loss of a man. Admiral Plumridge has had to contend with innumerable rocks and shoals, incorrectly laid down in the charts, and met the ice up to the 30th of May; nevertheless, though several of his squadron have touched the ground, I am happy to say that they have received no damage that he is not able to repair with his own means." It is said these stores were to be used by Russia in building gun-boats.

Vice-admiral Parseval Deschênes, joined that of England on the 13th of June. The united maritime forces (in the Baltic) of the two nations, therefore, amounted to fifty-four sail, armed with 2,726 guns, and supplied with 29,150 seamen and marines. The grandeur of such a display of naval power is difficult of description. Suffice it to say, that off the island of Renskar, in Baro Sound, under the flags of the two great maritime powers of the world, floated such a forest of masts as had never been seen before. The greatest harmony prevailed between both sailors and commanders of the French and English fleets. The day after the junction of the fleets, Sir Charles Napier, accompanied by Rear-admirals Cory and Chads, paid an official visit to the French admiral, on board the *Inflexible*. The French received them with honourable enthusiasm, and the following day Admiral Parseval Deschênes returned the visit.

A Swedish paper of this period contained the following curious information concerning the corrupt character of Russian officials. It related that the commander of Sweaborg had been dismissed from his office, and sent to prison. He had not only stolen the copper roof of the fortress, but had even extended his acquisitive propensities to guns and ammunition. He had destroyed two of the bastions and planted orchards on them, and instead of cannon-shot he had heaped together wooden balls painted black!

We mentioned that Austria had considered it necessary to add 95,000 men to her military establishment, for the safety of her empire. She now took other steps, away from Russia, and in the direction of Turkey and the western powers. One was, to enter into an alliance with Turkey, for the purpose of assisting that power to reclaim the Danubian provinces from the then relaxing grasp of the czar. The principal conditions of it were, that if Russia retired voluntarily from the principalities, the Austrian troops, with the concurrence of the Porte, would enter them, and thus act as a defence to Turkey against future aggression. If Russia refused to retire, it was agreed that Austria should take such measures as might be necessary to compel her to do so. The Austrian troops were, however, only to enter the principalities for the sake of restoring tranquillity, and they were not to remain in them longer than was necessary for the safety of those territories from Russian aggression. To be in readiness for this

purpose, the Austrian forces, under General Schlick, had advanced to the extreme north-eastern front of Galicia. The passes of the Carpathians were already watched, and occupied on each side by detachments of the respective Russian and Austrian armies.

The other step taken by Austria, and supported by Prussia, was the sending a summons to the Emperor of Russia, requesting him to relinquish his "material guarantee," and recall his troops from the Danubian provinces. In this summons the Austrian government renounced all claim to be considered as a mediator between Russia and the western powers; but in polite though positive language, it requested the St. Petersburg cabinet to specify exactly the time when the imperial troops would have returned to their own country, and trusted that the time named would not be a very distant one. The answer to this request we shall allude to when we have described an important and brilliant circumstance that influenced it.

Early in June, 10,000 English troops were brought from Sentari down the Bosphorus, and across a portion of the Black Sea, to Varna. This movement gave satisfaction to the most active spirits who longed to mingle in the strife, because Varna is near the seat of war, and from it the troops could readily march to Silistria. An account of the voyage is admirably written by a correspondent of the *Times*, who accompanied the expedition. Too much praise can scarcely be bestowed upon the word-pictures—sun-pictures, some have called them—of this adventurous gentleman. The following is a portion of his description of the passage of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea:—"It was five o'clock ere the last steamer which had to wait for the transports got under weigh again, and night had set in before they reached the entrance of the Black Sea. As they passed the forts (which are pretty frequent towards the Euxine), the sentries yelled out strange challenges, and burned blue lights, and blue lights answered from our vessels in return; so that at times the whole of the scene put one in mind of a grand fairy spectacle, and it did not require much imagination to believe that the trees were the work of Grieve; that Stanfield had dashed in the water and ships; that the forts were of pasteboard; and the clouds of gauze lighted up by a property man; while those moustachioed soldiers, with red fez caps or tar-bouches, eccentric blue coats and breeches,

and white belts, might fairly pass for Surrey supernumeraries. Out go the blue lights!—we are all left as blind as owls at noontide; but our eyes recover; the stars at last begin to twinkle; two lights shine, or rather blear, hazily on either bow—they mark the opening of the Bosphorus into the Euxine. We shoot past them, and a farewell challenge and another blue halo show the sentries are wide awake. We are in the Black Sea; and lo! sea, and sky, and land, are at once shut out from us! A fog, a drifting, clammy, nasty mist, bluish-white, and cold and raw, falls down on us like a shroud, damps out the stars and all the lights of heaven, and steals with a slug-like pace down yard, and mast, and stays, sticks to the face and beard, renders the deck dark as a graveyard, and forces us all down to a rubber and coffee. This is genuine Black Sea weather. . . . In the morning the same haze continued drifting about and hugging the land; but once it rose and discovered a steamer close in-shore, with a transport cast off from her, and hovering about just as a hen watches a chicken. The *Vesuvius* fired a gun, and after some time the steamer tried to take the transport in tow again, and proceeded to rejoin the squadron. We subsequently found it was the *Megæra*. The line of land was marked by a bank of white clouds, and the edge of the sea horizon was equally obscured. About half-past three the bay of Varna was visible, with the masts of some large vessels just peering up ahead; and the *Victoria*, her majesty's ship *Vesuvius*, &c., ran in and anchored before six o'clock. The *Bellerophon*, 74, Lord G. Paulet; the *Henri Quatre* (French), 90, and an Ottoman steamer, were lying in the roadstead, close to the town; and transports, Nos. 1, 2, 18, 27, 46, &c., busily engaged landing stores and men."

The next day, General Canrobert and a staff of officers arrived in the *Caton*, and shortly afterwards proceeded to call on Sir George Brown. Besides the general, 12,000 French troops were soon encamped at Varna. The following panoramic glance at this Bulgarian town, from the pen of a military man, will be read with pleasure by those who like to have a vivid and tangible idea of the various places rendered memorable by this great war:—

"Varna is such a town as only could have been devised by a nomadic race aping the habits of civilised nations. If the lanes are not so painful to walk upon as those of Gal-

lipoli; if they are not so crooked and inextricable; if they are not so rugged and fantastically devious;—it is only because nature has set the efforts of man at defiance, and has forbidden the Turk to make a town built upon a plain as unpleasant to perambulate as one founded on an irregular surface. After a cruise of upwards of 100 miles, by shores which remind one, when they can be seen through fogs and vapours, of the coast of Devonshire, and which stretch away on the western side of the Black Sea, in undulating folds of green sward rising one above the other, or swell into hilly peaks all covered with fine herbage and natural plantations of the densest foliage, so that the scenery has a park-like and cultivated air, which is only belied by the search of the telescope, the vessel bound to Varna rounds a promontory of moderate height on the left, and, passing by an earthen fort perched on the summit, anchors in a semicircular bay, about a mile and-a-half in length and two miles across, on the northern side of which is situate the town, so well known by its siege in 1829. The bay shoals up to the beach at the apex of the semicircle formed by its shores, and the land is so low at that point that the fresh waters from the neighbouring hills form a large lake, which extends for some distance through the marsh lands and plains that run westward towards Shumla. Varna is built on a slightly elevated bank of sand, on the verge of the sea, of such varying height that, in some places, the base of the walls around it is on the level of the water, and at others stands twenty or thirty feet above it. Below this bank are a series of plains inland, which spread all round the town, till they are lost in the hills which, dipping into the sea in an abrupt promontory on the north-east side, rise in terraces to the height of 700 or 800 feet at the distance of three miles from the town, and trend away to the westward to meet the corresponding chain of hills on the southern extremity of the bay, thus enclosing the lake and plains between in a sort of natural wall, which is, like all the rest of the country, covered with brushwood and small trees. It is said also to abound in game; but as yet our guns have only succeeded in adding to the *pot-au-feu* some doves and wood-pigeons, and a venerable hare of much rigidity. A stone wall of ten feet high, painted white, and loopholed, is built all around the place; and some detached batteries, well provided with heavy guns, but not of much

pretension as works of defence, have been erected in advance of the walls on the land side. On the sea-face four batteries are erected, provided with heavy guns also: two of them of earthwork and fascines, &c.; the other two built with stone parapets and embrasures. Peering above these walls, in an irregular jumble of red-tiled roofs, are the houses of the place, with a few minarets towering from the mosques above them. The angles of the works are irregular, but in most instances the walls are so constructed as to admit of a fair amount of flanking fire on an assailing force. Nevertheless, the bank on which the town is built is so uneven, that a portion of the inner side of the walls could be swept from a fleet in the bay, and other parts are equally accessible to the fire of batteries on the trifling hillocks around the town. In one battery on the sea-face I counted eight 32-pounders; and there are also some 56-pounders on the upper battery, overlooking the entrance to the harbour. The earthworks are deep and well made, and the guns seemed carefully kept and in excellent order. The houses of the town are built of wood, painted white, blue, brown, saffron, and yellow; but, for the most part, they exhibit but little of the brightness of the original colouring, and the roofings of broken red tile, combined with the general dilapidated look of the plank sheathings of the side walls, give the whole place an appearance of decay, which is not much belied by the 'interiors' of the habitations. These houses are all of wood, and present nothing but a door and gable-wall towards the street, so that the aspect of the place is that of a tumble-down old prison from end to end.

"A tent is one of the most secluded residences in the world; once inside, with the flaps shut, and you are lost to every eye. There is no window or door through which its inhabitant can be seen, and its privacy even in a camp is absolute. The Turk seems never to have forgotten the traditions of his descent, and builds his house to resemble a tent as much as possible. His windows rarely look upon the street, and, if they do so, are latticed and shuttered closely. Generally, they look out on a courtyard, provided with some tumble-down sheds, a well, and as many flowers and trees as can force their way through the hardened earthen floor of the enclosure. A high stone wall shuts out each mansion from its neighbour, and the doors, which perforce must open on

the street, are shut the instant the occasion for their opening ceases. Thus, as you wander through hot lanes presenting one eternal blank of stone walls and unpainted doorways, topped by tiled gables, and hear no sound within, except the wailing of an infant and the sharp cry of the kite soaring overhead, or the growl of the dog half-awakened by your step as he basks in the middle of the narrow path, you might think the place stricken by the plague, and destitute of life, but that now and then a door opens and a pile of red or yellow or bright blue cloth, surmounted by the white folds of the yashmak, and terminating in light yellow boots, emerges, and at your presence rushes in again, or takes a precipitate motion across the street, and dashes in at an opposite door, or a ragged porter with a water-jar shuffles along and eyes the infidel sullenly as he goes by. In the heat of the mid-day, when the sun blazes down into those straitened streets, the silence is absolutely oppressive, and it is a relief to hear the twittering song of the swallow as he clings to the roof. Varna, nevertheless, contains 13,000 or 14,000 inhabitants. There is more bustle, animation, and life in the smallest hamlet in Dorsetshire than here, unless you go down to the landing-place, or visit the bazaar, where the inhabitants flock for work or business. Towards evening there are more people moving about, and the Muezzin breaks the silence with his shrill and boy-like voice. I do not know why travellers have united in describing the summons of the Muezzin to the faithful as 'deep-mouthed,' 'bass,' 'hoarse,' &c. It is pitched in a high key, and is resonant and searching; so that when you look up to the gallery around the minaret, and see the venerable gray beard of the vocalist, you are rather astonished to find he can make such a noise, and that it is from the throat of a man it issues. At night there is no need to complain of silence. From the lanes, the shambles, the beach, the doorways, the *café* benches, where they lay sleeping and growling all day, swarms of dogs unite in one horrible concert of snarling, barking, fighting, and yelping hour after hour, as they scour through the town to act as the scavengers of the place, and the mangled carcasses in the lanes in the morning show that these feuds are sometimes deadly, and cats and monstrous rats, all flattened out with bites, lie as proofs of their prowess when morning comes. These beasts rarely attack strangers,

especially if they carry lights and are handy with stick and stone; but they make a display of teeth and ill-temper which meets with sore treatment from the wandering Briton. There are three small jetties of wood opposite the principal gate of the town, and a beach of a few yards broad between the sea and the foot of the walls serves as a landing-place for lighter boats. On this beach are heaped up vast quantities of shot and shell of every size, all rusty and empty. They are lying in tens of thousands on the ground, and range in size from one inch up to seven or eight inches in diameter. Whence they came, or for what they are intended, I could not ascertain; but most likely they would be used loose as grape, in case of attack, though but ill-suited for that purpose from their lightness. There are, however, some round and solid shot among them. Inside the wall, just at the same place, are about 100 wickerwork baskets, full of the rustiest, roughest, and most ill-made grapeshot that can be conceived. They are truly grapeshot, for they resemble that fruit in shape, and are generally provided with ample stems and shanks which have not been taken off in the casting.

"The sentries at the gate are Turkish infantry, young thick-set and sinewy-looking men, with bow-legs and ill-shaped feet, with stooping shoulders and a slouching gait. They are dressed in the eternal red fez cap with its brass button at the top, the distinctive mark of the *militaire*; their burnt faces are well decorated with hair; an ill-fitting blue frock coat, single-breasted, with plain brass buttons, and sometimes trimmed with red facings, hangs about them with all the indifference of a 'contract coat.' A pair of snowy white crossbelts sustain the bayonet-sheath and cartouch-box, and a pair of ragged trowsers, quite destitute of nap, threadbare, and whitened, complete the uniform. One hint we might take even from the Turks—their belts are always white and clean. They are made of enamelled leather, and, if it could only be got good enough for the purpose, I humbly think it might be adopted in our armies, and save the soldiers a world of trouble, time, and annoyance in pipeclaying, while it got rid of all the implements for the process which now take up so much valuable space. It should not be omitted that the Turkish soldier is the worst shod in the world. It is part of his religion to be so. His feet are always incased in thin slippers

of the most miserable manufacture; and the reason assigned for it is, that they are easily put off when he says his prayers—a very proper ceremony, which the authorities encourage to the utmost, though it occurs three or four times a-day. It is ludicrous to see a Turkish official shuffling about with a pair of large spurs stuck into the heels of his decayed papooshes, which he can scarcely keep on his feet as he walks. And this suggests an important consideration. So long as the Turkish army is shod as it is, it *never can* march well. Behind stone-walls, in the breach, and in garrison, they are the bravest of the brave; but I verily believe they could not, if the safety of the empire depended on it, make a forced march, or continue one of fifteen miles a-day for a week, either for the purposes of retreat or attack. While they were an army of cavalry, this practice did not matter much, particularly as the wide Turkish stirrup protected the foot; but infantry must knock up, on hard roads and in bad weather, with such shoeing. It would be curious to inquire how much the decay of the Osmanli may depend on the soles of their shoes since they ceased to be an equestrian army, and assumed European tactics and formation, without abandoning the most objectionable portion of their Mohammedan attire. The Egyptians, who are encamped in various small bodies to the number of 2,000 around the town, are clad in the same way as the Turks, but are rather more ragged. They are very dark and meagre men, and do not appear to possess the physical strength of the Turks; but they are not so bow-legged, and appear better set upon their feet. Their tents are of white—the old colour was green—and are kept tolerably clean; but outside the lines there is always a heap or two of offal, cowhides, &c., emitting a noisome odour, and necessarily prejudicial to the health of the men. The officers are only to be known from the men by their gold-embroidered cimeter-belts, and by the varied patterns of their trowsers. Uniformity in the latter garment the officers never dream of, and choose cut and colour as they please; so that it is rather amusing to observe the variety of hue on the legs of one regiment, the only thing in common to all being that they wear straps—not to keep down the trowsers, but to keep on the slipper. On going through the streets one may see the best houses marked with chalk, No. 1, 2, &c. This was done by the French when they landed; but they have divided the

quarters with the English staff. Marshal St. Arnaud sent off two officers there, and invited Lord Raglan to do the same, in order to appropriate quarters; but as the French went before the English could join them, it was considered best to let the former arrange the whole matter as they thought fit. Sir George Brown has got a tolerable house, perched on a hill over the sea-side; and his staff, Captain Maedonald, Captain Pearson, &c., live with him. Dr. Dumbreck, the principal medical officer, has pretty good quarters close by; and Colonel Sullivan, deputy adjutant-general, also has a roof over him. Brigadier Airey resides in his tent close to his brigade. Captain Hallowell, the assistant quartermaster-general (second in command to the quartermaster-general of the division, Major Airey), and the engineer officers, Captain Gordon, Captain Hassard, Mr. Martin, &c., are under canvas by the wall at the sea-gate. Doctors Alexander and Tice are at the camp with their division."

In our last chapter we mentioned that the Russians were gathering enormous bodies of troops at Kalarasch, opposite to Silistria, and we will now relate the particulars of the siege and heroic defence of that fortified town.

First, concerning the place itself. The reader who refers to the admirable map of the Black Sea and the surrounding states, which forms one of the illustrations of this history, will observe that Silistria is a city of European Turkey, situated on the right bank of the Danube, and fifty-seven miles north-north-east of Shumla, the head-quarters of Omar Pasha. Silistria contains above 20,000 inhabitants: the houses are built of wood, and most of them only one story high. Its principal building is a large Greek church and convent, begun during the years of Russian occupation, when Silistria was the chief pledge for the fulfilment of the treaty of Adrianople. Large sums were spent upon it by the Emperor Nicholas; but in consequence of the customary rognery of Russian officials it was neglected, and is now a ruin. Silistria is nearly of a semicircular form, with five bastions on the river base, and five on the land side, or seven if the corner ones be included. All the scarps and counter-scarps are of solid stone masonry. There is no *contregarde*, or other complicated extension of the Vauban system. The old fortifications of Silistria were neglected and suffered to fall to partial decay; but of late years the placid Turks have become aware

of the value of this town, and its defences were repaired and added to.

The great strength of Silistria now consists in its detached forts, the chief of which is that of Abdul-Medjid, on the hill of Akbar. It is situated at the back of the town, and supported on each side by other forts to the right and left, the whole enclosing an oval space. Fort Abdul-Medjid is the key of all; and the new fortifications of Silistria have been compared to a bracelet, of which the town is the jewel and the great fort the clasp; the two being connected by minor forts forming a semicircle on each side. A military writer, speaking of these defences, says: "Fort Abdul-Medjid, constructed according to the designs of the Prussian Colonel Gutzkowski, is allowed by all military men to be one of the most remarkable works of this age. Turkey, from her fine territory and her brave and resolute race, has the raw materials for the revival of a powerful state; but it is European science that alone can utilise them. This fort is of a semi-octagonal form; and situate on the chief eminence that dominates Silistria, commands a fine view of the town, the Danube, and the wooded islands below. In the centre of the base, or section of the semi-octagon next Silistria, is a beautiful redoubt, all shell-proof, semicircular in plan, as may be understood by the term; the vaulting of the extremest solidity, so as to afford a secure refuge in the severest bombardment. Outside this is an esplanade, and then the pentagonal rampart, beyond which is a wall loopholed for infantry, completely sunk between the rampart and the covered way, with three shell-proof block-houses (two on the shoulder angles and one on the base), each mounted with two 12-pound howitzers to sweep the fosse with conical balls, according to the new system. Fort Abdul-Medjid is supported by three forts on neighbouring eminences, which preclude a *locus standi* for an enemy, and yet are commanded by Medjid itself. Down in the plain, two forts, Tchair and Liman, shut in Silistria to the west on the side of Turtukai; another, Dairnem, or the Windmill, shuts in the plain to the east; and, lastly, one also to the east, close to the Danube, not only commands the breadth of the river, but also the passage whence gun-boats might debouch from the islands in the Danube, being mounted with bronze 42-pounders."

The Russians, who had even at first about 35,000 men opposite Silistria, gave out that

they expected to be able to take it in a week ; but although they commenced the bombardment in April, they confined themselves during that month to operations of no great moment. Indeed, they did very little more than erect a 12-gun battery on an island opposite Silistria, and make a communication between the island and the main-land by a pontoon-bridge. Active proceedings against Silistria did not commence until the 11th of May ; and from that date until the 22nd of June, when the baffled Russians abandoned the siege, we have an excellent account of the proceedings in the journal kept by the brave Lieutenant Nasmyth, the friend and companion of the late heroic Captain J. A. Butler. Both of them had offered their services to Mussa Pasha, the commander of the Turkish forces in Silistria, and acted with a conspicuous bravery which has gained for them a line in the military annals of their country. To Lieutenant Nasmyth's journal we are principally indebted for the facts of our account of this memorable and glorious achievement of eastern valour.

On the 11th of May the Russians commenced a cannonade, and their shells fell and burst into deadly iron showers among the streets and houses of the town. The screaming women and children rushed wildly about seeking for shelter, and the terrified inhabitants collected their goods and hurried with them to the subterranean rooms they had constructed in anticipation of the event. In a little while the streets were silent and deserted. The Turks replied in a spirited manner to the cannonade of the Russians, and the two English officers were struck with the admirable manner in which the Turkish artillerymen worked their guns. Their mortar practice was excellent, most of the shells bursting in or immediately over the Russian batteries. That of the Russians was described as very slovenly. One of the Englishmen observing an 8-inch shell fired by the Russians with the fuse uncapped, was told that such a thing was by no means an unusual occurrence with them. The firing lasted between three and four hours, and the shattered roofs and broken walls of the town showed that even with the defective gunnery of the Russians, much mischief had been effected.

On the 15th, a body of Russian troops were reported to be approaching from Rassova, and 2,000 Bashi-Bazouks were dispatched in that direction to arrest their progress. They encountered the Russian

advanced guard at the bridge of Boothook, and drove them back on it, but were afterwards repulsed with the loss of twelve killed and sixteen wounded, and retired on the Turkish outpost above Ada Kien. During that night the Russian soldiers were heard on the island of Hoppa, carousing and passing their time in song—animated, no doubt, by a confident hope of soon occupying pleasant quarters at Silistria.

The next day (the 16th) the Russians opened a fire from their batteries on the islands at five in the morning, and continued to throw shot and shell into the town throughout the day. The advanced guard of the Russian force from Rassova came in sight about ten, skirmishing with the Turkish irregular cavalry. The Russians commenced the construction of a bridge of boats from the island of Schiblak in the river, to the land on the right side, and a great part of the day was spent in skirmishing ; but the killed were not very numerous. Terms of capitulation were that day offered to Mussa Pasha, but the brave Turk rejected them with contempt.

The regular operations of the siege may be dated from the 17th. On that day the cannonade commenced at daybreak, and continued until about seven in the evening. Day after day passed on, and the attack and the defence were carried forward with equal vigour. Repeated storming parties were directed against the intrenchments ; mines and counter-mines overthrew the works and convulsed the soil ; and both within and without the fortifications, blood sank into the earth in horrible profusion. To relate all the incidents of this severe struggle, in which the Russians fought for the preservation of their honour and to avoid disgrace, and the Turks for their national freedom, would be tedious and useless to all except the military reader. The most important events of that wild and hard-fought contest will be sufficient. It should not be forgotten that the poor Turkish soldiers in Silistria cast many a longing glance in the direction of Varna, and daily expected help, not only from their own countrymen, but from the French and English, who had crossed the seas to afford them assistance. Once the officers got up a sweepstakes, to name the day on which they should be relieved, each mentioning the one he thought most probable. Their expectations were in vain : for some mysterious reason, the allies passed their time in idleness at Scutari, and

the Turks at Silistria were left to their own resources and their own undaunted efforts. Reports were constantly spread abroad that Silistria had fallen, and the Russians were triumphant; but still the allies rested in apathy. Their singular conduct reminds us of the language of our poet Shakspeare, in reference to that of Achilles, when wasting his time in wanton idleness before the walls of Troy:—

“A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.”

The 24th of May being the anniversary of the birthday of our queen, Lieutenant Nasmyth and his friend, Captain Butler, drank her majesty's health in a mug full of sour wine, as no better was to be had. They also received the welcome news from Mussa Pasha, that in eight days they might expect to see the English red-jackets topping the heights. Alas! for our rational expectations; the English soldiers, willing enough to share the dangers and fatigues of the actual contest, were passing their time in vexatious and constrained idleness. The events of the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May, we will relate in the language of the officer to whom we have already alluded:—

“28th.—Awoke about three, A.M., by a furious cannonade, which lasted all day. Another council of war on the subject of making a sortie on the enemy's batteries ended in smoke, Mussa Pasha not being able to make up his mind to risk the loss of men that might ensue. A watercourse, which supplied part of the town, and which at the commencement of the siege had been cut off by the Russians, was again allowed to run by them. About midnight, aroused by the report of musketry from Arab Tabia, and on reaching the rampart at the Stamboul-gate, found that a second and much more serious night-attack on that work was going on. The first assault was on the left face, the enemy actually penetrating into the redoubt before they were observed. A Russian officer who led it, and cut down a lieutenant of artillery, was immediately brained by a handspike. A severe and desperate struggle took place, terminating in the repulse of the enemy, who were driven into the ditch, having suffered severely from our grape and canister tearing through them. Re-forming, they again attempted it in the same place, led gallantly on with drums beating, but were again driven back with great slaughter. After about a quarter-of-

an-hour, a third attack was made, this time on both left and front faces at once, but meeting with the same determined resistance. After a bloody fight the Russians were finally beaten off, the Albanians pursuing them into their own batteries. The force in Arab Tabia at the time was only four battalions of Egyptians and 500 Albanians, under the command of Hussein Pasha. The lowest estimate of the numbers with which the enemy attacked is nine battalions; and it is not improbable, from the number of his dead found in and about the fort, that this is considerably under the mark. The affair lasted from midnight till after daybreak, and is one of the most brilliant occurrences in the whole course of the siege. Casualties, sixty-eight killed, and 121 wounded, many officers being among the former. The loss of the enemy may be reckoned at 2,000 killed and wounded; although those who removed the bodies declared there was upwards of this amount in killed alone, which, allowing for wounded in the smallest proportion, would bring their loss to upwards of 6,000. An attack on Yelanli was made simultaneously with the first on Arab Tabia, but the enemy did not even come up to the ditch, apprehensive, as we afterwards learned, of its being mined.

“29th.—Went down to the Stamboul-gate, where we saw the arms, accoutrements, &c., of the enemy's slain being received and registered. While there, a ruffian threw down before Mussa Pasha a pair of ears, which he said he had cut from the head of a Russian officer. He was quite surprised at the pasha, instead of rewarding him as he had expected, ordering the ears to be buried, and turning from him with disgust. Several heads were also brought down, but were not allowed inside the walls. It is to be hoped that this disgraceful mutilation of the dead will be abandoned by the Turks when they come to act in concert with the allies, it being, moreover, in direct violation of a special firman from the sultan. In justice to the Turkish soldiers, I must state this brutality was confined chiefly to the irregulars and townspeople, who seemed to take a savage delight in disfiguring the bodies of those with whom the latter had not even been engaged. In the afternoon, Butler and I went up to Arab Tabia, where the enemy's conical bullets were singing through the air in great profusion. Heaps of dead were lying in the ditch and about it. All the former were stripped, and many

were headless. The Russian riflemen had apparently done their best to prevent the mutilation of those outside, as most, if not all, still wore their clothes, although their arms and accoutrements had been brought in. While at Arab Tabia, we saw a body of infantry, with cavalry thrown out, which had, as they came in sight in the distance, on the brow of the hill near Medjidië, all the appearance of the advanced guard of a large force. Cries resounded on all sides that the Schumla relieving army had arrived. Off we galloped, taken in like the rest, to welcome them. It turned out, however, to be merely a clever dodge of Hussein Pasha's to deceive the enemy, and make them suppose that a reinforcement had arrived. It being necessary to relieve the men at Arab Tabia, who had been there from the commencement of the siege, Hussein Pasha adopted the above roundabout method of doing so, causing at the same time two squadrons of cavalry to accompany his march.

"30th.—A flag of truce was sent out this morning, accompanying a party who took the enemy's dead up to his batteries. Notwithstanding the white flag, they were fired on at first by the enemy until a Russian officer interposed. On receiving the bodies, the officer spoke in most indignant terms of the state in which they were handed over to him; but was told by the officer in charge of our party, that it was the result of Bashi-Bazouk handiwork, and that everything had been done by the Turkish authorities to prevent it. An attempt to surprise and carry off a gun which was doing a great deal of mischief, was to have been undertaken this evening by a party of volunteers, of which Butler was to have the command; but when the time arrived, Mussa Pasha could not make up his mind to risk the loss of men. About eleven, P.M., the Russians threatened another attack on Arab Tabia; but having received such a severe lesson on the night of the 28th (or rather morning of the 29th), they were not very keen about hazarding another such loss to-night. After an hour's rattling fire from the infantry and a shower of shells kept up on the town and ramparts, they retired. Our casualties were seven killed."

On the 2nd of June, Mussa Pasha, the Turkish commander, was killed by a piece of a shell which burst near him while outside his quarters at the Stamboul-gate. He expired in about twelve minutes after re-

ceiving the wound. It is said, that when the fatal missile struck him, he was on his knees in prayer. Not long before, he had received intelligence that a messenger was at hand bearing the sultan's order of Medjidië of the second class. The officer desired to know whether his excellency would receive the decoration publicly and with the usual ceremony, or otherwise. The pasha replied, that it would be better to bring it in quietly, as it was no time for pomp and display. Poor man! he had but small space to enjoy his honours; for two hours afterwards he was laid in his grave. His death was regarded as a great loss, because he was not only a general of much zeal, intelligence, and activity, but also a kind, good-hearted man, beloved by his dependents. It is related, that when the Prussian captain of artillery arrived at Constantinople, with six non-commissioned officers, to teach the Turks the science of gunnery, Mussa was a simple cannonier; but he rose to distinction, and closed his life as chief of the general staff of artillery, and president of the ordnance department in the council of war. Hussein Pasha, who had hitherto been in charge of the important outwork called Arab Tabia, succeeded to the command.

A French paper, the *Patrie*, relates the following instance of the extent to which the Russian generals carry their military fanaticism. At one of the assaults on Silistria, the Russian commander ordered the Greek chaplain to give the sacrament to all the soldiers. This order was executed in the morning at break of day. Two non-commissioned officers, born in Poland, having declared to the priest that, being catholics, they could not, without committing a sacrilege, receive the communion from his hands, were immediately tried by a council of war, and shot.

On the 10th of June, the Russians sprang a mine on the left face of Arab Tabia, and then entered the works in a mass of columns. They were, however, received with a furious and steady fire, that repulsed them after great loss. That of the Turks amounted to forty-three killed and seventy-two wounded. On the 13th, the Turks, led on by Hussein Bey, made a furious sally, and inflicted a terrible loss on their besiegers; the slaughter was tremendous, and the trenches were completely filled with the bodies of the slain. On the same day Selim Pasha and Said Pasha both led an attack on the Russians. At eight in the morning Selim Pasha made

a demonstration against Oltenitza, and occupied the attention of the enemy until the evening. Said Pasha crossed the river with 3,000 men and a couple of batteries, and made such an unexpected and furious attack on the Russians at Giurgevo, that they were for a time driven from their position. This day, also, Captain Butler, whose activity and heroism during the siege had been beyond all praise, while making a *reconnaissance* of the enemy's position, received a mortal wound in the forehead from a half-spent ball. His companions did not at first regard the injury as a serious one, as the ball had traversed part of the wall before striking him. A feverish anxiety for the cause to which he had devoted himself, and an incessant activity that had worn him out, contributed to render the wound a fatal one. Captain Butler languished for eight days, and then expired deeply regretted. Though but in his twenty-seventh year, it is admitted that the defence of Silistria, during the last half of the period over which the struggle extended, was due to his incessant exertions. His death occurred just two hours before the retreat of the Russians was discovered.* He was buried with military honours, and an officer from each battalion attended his funeral. A company of infantry were also present, and fired three volleys over his grave. The Turkish officers not only lamented his fate, but acknowledged that his services had been invaluable. It was said that Omar Pasha intended to erect a monument over the remains of the young hero, that posterity might remember the deeds of the brave Englishman who fell at Silistria in the cause of Turkey.

During the night of the 22nd, the bom-

bardment was kept up with great vigour until about half-past three, when it entirely ceased; and on the morning of the 23rd, it was discovered that the Russians had abandoned the siege! Yes, the Russian army before Silistria, which at one time amounted to 60,000 men, and had sixty guns in position, which had thrown down 50,000 shot and shell, besides an incalculable quantity of small-arm ammunition, into the town, was driven back from the first Turkish fortress it assailed by the indomitable courage and endurance of the Turks alone! That was a proud day in the military records of the Ottoman; and one which, we cannot help thinking, reflected something of disgrace upon the inert English and French.

Great was the joy of the Turks as they beheld the baffled Russians transporting their guns and ammunition across the bridge nearest them. The former were too glad to get rid of their assailants to fall upon them during their retreat. The Bashi-Bazonks and Xebeque irregulars ran out of Silistria in all directions, screaming and shouting through the abandoned lines, and setting fire to the gabions, of which there was an enormous quantity. Every now and then, in the excess of their joy, they fired their muskets in the air, forgetful that the descending bullets might do serious injury. It is recorded as a curious fact, that during the whole siege hares were to be found in the adjoining vineyards. One was killed not 300 yards from the bastion, where the briskest firing was kept up. The storks, also, never left their nests, though built on houses which were riddled with shot and splinters.

On the conclusion of the siege, it is cal-

* The following letter was subsequently addressed by the commander-in-chief of the British army to the father of this brave and unfortunate gentleman:—

"Horse-Guards, July 17th, 1854.

"Sir,—I have heard with the deepest regret of the loss which you and the army have sustained by the death of your distinguished son, Captain J. A. Butler, of wounds and fatigue at the siege of Silistria. During the whole of that memorable siege your son displayed very rare qualities, combining with the skill and intelligence of an accomplished officer the intrepidity of the most daring soldier—at one moment gaining the confidence of the garrison (over which he had only the authority of a very young volunteer), by the example of his personal valour; at another, prolonging the defence of the place by the prudence and firmness of his counsel; and on all occasions infusing into those around him that spirit of heroic resistance which led to its triumphant defence. I deeply deplore your affliction in losing such a son; but your sorrow is felt by the country,

the army, and the sovereign. The queen had recognised his merits by placing him in the guards, and conferring upon him army rank, trusting that he might pursue a career of which all were so proud, at that time not being aware of the dangerous state of his health. The blow is unexpected and most severe; but I trust you will bear up against it by the fact that your son's services have been most valuable to his country, in promoting the success of a just war; and I hope I shall not give you pain by alluding to another son—Captain H. T. Butler, of the 55th regiment—selected for employment on the quarter-master-general's staff when the army first embarked for Turkey, solely on account of the ability he had shown in his studies at the Royal Military College. I trust that the well-earned fame of one son and the rising merit of the other will, under Providence, be a source of consolation to you at this moment of extreme affliction. Pray accept, my dear general, the condolence of your faithful servant,

HARDINGE.

"Lieutenant-general the Hon. H. E. Butler."

culated that the Russians had lost 50,000 men since their entry into the principalities. Prince Paskiewitch was wounded, and compelled to resign the supreme command of the army to General Gortschakoff, the man whom he had displaced. General Schilders, the chief engineer, was also seriously wounded. The injury he received rendered the amputation of his left leg necessary. He did not long survive the operation. It is said that he had strangely superstitious ideas, resembling the spirit-rapping believed in by some people in this country. He fancied that he could hold conversations with spirits, and that he possessed a charmed life. His confidence in the latter wild notion induced a carelessness which led to the wound that eventually destroyed him. General Lüders, also, was wounded in a frightful manner, having his jaw carried away by a cannon-ball, a circumstance which led to his death.

If such were the casualties among their generals, severe indeed must have been the loss of the Russians in common soldiers. But even that was not all; the confidence of those troops in themselves was shaken: they could no longer feel that they were employed in a successful cause. The czar was humbled, and the pride of Russia shaken and cast down. "If," said a leading journal, while commenting upon this event, "if we compare the magnitude of the invading army with the slender and imperfect forces opposed to it, the boasted power of Russia with the weakness of Turkey, and the arrogance of the imperial court with the humiliation it has now to endure, we cannot but call to mind the impious appeals of the czar to the just judgment of heaven, which has already dissipated his armies, and confounded his ambition."

Before the siege was raised, the Emperor Nicholas, probably astonished or alarmed that his imperious commands to take Silistria were so long in being obeyed, sent Prince Dolgorouki, minister of war, to the Danubian principalities, to draw up an accurate report of the position of affairs, in a military point of view. Silistria was especially recommended to his notice. But before Dolgorouki reached the banks of the Danube, the Russians had recrossed the river, and were in full retreat, not only from Silistria, but towards the river Pruth. In consequence of the failure of the Russians to take Silistria, all fear of any formidable advance further into the Turkish territory

was at an end. That was evident; for the Russians were baffled and disgraced before the first important Turkish fortress they attempted to reduce. Private letters from St. Petersburg, at this period, mention that a great change had taken place in the Emperor Nicholas, both morally and physically. They described him as completely broken down in health and spirits.

The following reflections on the siege of Silistria, from the pen of a German military officer, will be found to possess no inconsiderable interest:—

"The cause and the issue of this operation have been so peculiar, so completely without precedent or example in the history of modern war, that it is worth while to throw all possible light on every particular of the transaction.

"If we consider the duration of the siege and the force applied to it by Russia, it becomes evident to even an unprofessional judgment that the result has been utterly unworthy of the means. The besieging army amounted to 30,000 men at least, and probably to 45,000, and in this computation we do not include the troops kept in reserve and ready for action on the Wallachian side of the river, and who, with three bridges at their command, could at any moment have passed over to support the operation. The Turks could oppose to these, of regular troops, after allowance for previous losses, some 12,000 men—*i.e.*, not a third of the enemy's numbers. It is reckoned that the siege lasted thirty-nine days. Within this time, according to a computation by the Prussian officer in command of the artillery of the place—a computation carefully framed so as to be within the truth rather than beyond it—the Russians lost 12,000 men, while the loss of the Turks was about 1,400. During the siege, according to the same authority, from 40,000 to 50,000 projectiles, solid or hollow, were discharged upon the place, the siege-park having been, both in respect of number and weight of guns, far more considerable than that in any of the former Turkish wars. In confirmation of this may be mentioned that, during the forty-four days' siege of Silistria, in 1829, only 29,000, during the seventy-seven days' siege of Varna, in 1828, only 50,000 shots were fired. To the question, what has been the result of this undertaking to the Russian arms? the only answer that can be given is one as mortifying as may be to that power.

"We took occasion, soon after the commencement of the operations against the place, to bring under notice the fact, that it had, only within the last few years, been strengthened by some outworks, thrown up on the plan of a General Kutzkoffsky, on the southward slopes of the Bulgarian plateau. One of these detached works is the Arab Tabia. Its exact posi-

tion may be made intelligible to those who possess Moltke's plan, by our stating that it is situated on the ridge, or, to speak more accurately, the slope where he has marked the Russian fieldwork No. 4, and from 200 to 300 paces south of that work. The Arab Tabia is, technically speaking, nothing more than a 'fêche,' consisting of a front some fifty paces in length, with flanks of about the same extent, thrown back at a sharp angle. The rear is entirely open, and was never even palisaded. In and immediately behind the defences there were never more than 1,000 men at one time, a number very considerable in proportion to the extent of the work. The profile of the rampart and ditch may be considered strong (we have not obtained the measurements.) No part, however, has been faced with masonry, and the embrasures alone were fitted with gabions. The work was armed with no more than six guns, most of which had a calibre of from twenty to twenty-two okas, the oka equalling two and-a-half pounds. These were fired through embrasures. In other respects the work was simply adapted for infantry defence.

"A circumstance, however, which materially increased the capabilities of the work for resistance was, that a kind of trench had been cut to the eastward and westward, which followed the declivity of the slope till it reached the nearest part of the adjacent valley. No accurate information is before us as to the extent of these trenches, which commenced from the flanks of the Arab Tabia; but, to judge from the numbers of the irregular troops actively employed within them, their length must have been considerable. The ground to their front was swept by the artillery fire of the flanks of the main work. It is here to be noticed, that the Turkish irregulars, to avoid the murderous fire of the Russian batteries, had excavated behind and on either flank of these trenches numerous holes, in which they burrowed so effectually that the enemy could seldom see more of the defenders than their turbans and the muzzles of their muskets. In spite of some unfavourable features, such as a gentle rise in one quarter to the south, the ground may be considered, from its barrenness of surface, as, on the whole, favourable to the fire of the defence. The work was in communication with two other detached earthworks, situated on the two heights eastward and westward, which will be found designated on Moltke's plan as the Russian works 9 and 11. They are on the highest summits of the ground which slopes to the north, and very near the spots also marked on the plan as the Russian fieldworks 21 and 22. The Russian attack during their thirty-nine days' operations, if we except their bombardment of the town, was solely directed against the Arab Tabia. Anything else that was undertaken, such as a movement against the detached work, the Medschidie, was a

mere demonstration for the purpose of distracting attention from the real point of assault. The Russian General Schilders was quite right in this selection of the Arab Tabia, because from it the other outworks, above-mentioned, to the north, were commanded, and the reduction of the former would have insured their fall. This value of the position had been so well understood by Omar Pasha, that he had himself, after completion of the other outworks, directed the construction of the Arab Tabia. An attack was nevertheless first to be expected on the eastern side of the town. In fact, if all the accidents of ground of the Bulgarian plateau were to be duly provided for, and an enemy to be deprived of every position commanding the defences, it would be necessary to construct a series of outworks in terraces above each other, advanced till the dominant points of the ground in front had all been embraced. Time and means were wanting for these, and the Turkish engineers were obliged to confine themselves to what was essential. The first operations of the Russians were the construction of batteries, which gradually grew to be eight in number, were armed with the heaviest artillery, and beginning from near the shore of the Danube embraced the object of the attack in a concave curve. At the same time, following the fashion of their former proceedings of 1828 and 1829, before Varna and Schumla, they threw up a number of earthworks, mutually supporting each other with their fire which increased in number as the siege proceeded, and now, as then, had for their main object the better to repel the dreaded sallies of the besieged. The main body of the Russian besieging army was posted during the operation on one of the heights to the south-east of the Arab Tabia. The roads from the camp to the works and batteries, as well as those to the bridges of the Danube, were excellent as lines of communication; and all the works and constructions of the besieging force are described as solid and admirable. The first stage of the operations bore the character of a series of sudden assaults, delivered by considerable masses, and introduced as well as broken off by a lively fire of artillery. On two occasions the Russians penetrated the works, in which, however, the fight was continued. Once the Russians were already engaged in dragging off the guns of the fort with hooks and ropes; but in both instances the Turks rallied, and, reinforced, drove them out again with heavy loss. Of all the numerous assaults, that of the 29th of May was the one conducted with the greatest masses. Sixteen battalions, formed in columns of attack, advancing with perfect order, successively assailed the work, along the ditches of which a most sanguinary conflict was maintained. According to the report of eye-witnesses, 2,000 corpses on that day strewed the ditches and the ground adjacent. Such a slaughter, in an assault of a

place which comes within the category of a mere fieldwork, can scarcely be conceived by those who regulate their notions by ordinary professional rules. It may be explained in part by the circumstance that the assailants advanced in columns well closed up and marching in rather slow time, and after failure retreated in the same time and order. But the explanation of such unheard-of less is far more to be found in the fact that the Turkish soldier, regular as well as irregular, where he can follow his own individuality and dispense with the guidance of his officers, generally of a poor description,—i.e., when behind wall or ditch—is immeasurably more in his element than in the open field, where the intelligence of the subaltern officer, the united action of component bodies, and the skilful use of ground and circumstances—other relations being equal—must usually decide the victory. To this must be added that the Turkish irregulars, and especially the Arnauts, who in this instance acted with the Turkish and Egyptian battalions, are admirably armed and accoutred for hand-to-hand fighting. In the first place they are lightly clothed and carry no baggage. Their side-arms and all that they carry about them are supported by a sash or broad leather waistbelt. A long flint musket, of good workmanship and extensive range, with a thin iron butt curved to fit the shoulder, and without bayonet, is slung over the shoulders in close action. Their other weapons are a pair of flint-lock pistols of large bore, the 'handschar' slightly curved, some two and-a-half feet in length, with the inner edge sharpened like a razor; and the yatagan; all of excellent workmanship, and, in the hands of these desperadoes, deadly instruments. The other irregulars, as well as the Arnauts, are generally armed more or less in like fashion, but their firearms are usually inferior to those of the Arnaut. The quality of the Arnaut's weapons is fully matched by his skill in using them in close fighting. He is an excellent shot, and, like the Circassians and other tribes who have to provide their own ammunition and fit it to the various calibre of their arms, he is very sparing in his use of it. He reserves his fire till the critical moment, but then his aim is deadly. He is not less dangerous with the cold steel, both edge and point, springing like a tiger on the enemy who advances over ditch or breastwork. It is on these occasions when the heavily-loaded soldier, trained and accoutred mainly for infantry fire, is clambering over obstacles and meets with a resistance which hardly allows him to use his bayonet, that his inferiority to such an enemy becomes apparent.

"The Russians, therefore, according to the reports of eye-witnesses, suffered less from the artillery fire of Arab Tabia than from the small arms of the Turkish, Egyptian, and Arnaut troops. Each gun was seldom discharged more

than from four to six times on the columns of assault advancing or retiring, and some were repeatedly dismounted by the fire of the batteries preliminary to the assaults. The storming parties, till they got into the immediate range of the musketry, could scarcely discern, with the exception of the gunners at their pieces, a fez or turban above the rampart; but, as soon as they began to mount, the crest of the mound and the ground behind were thronged with men, who rose from their holes and hiding-places like a sudden growth from the soil. A succession of failures, accompanied by tremendous slaughter, induced the Russians, towards the close of their undertaking, to proceed against this irregular work with regular siege approaches. Their parallels, at the time of their retreat, had been driven to within sixteen paces from the edge of the ditch. Mining was also employed, to meet which the besieged threw up fresh works in rear of the parts threatened with incredible rapidity. Everything failed; the garrison held out to the last with a cheerful contempt of death, such as competent witnesses (among them English officers) assert they never saw equalled. We have already mentioned that the commandant of the artillery, Lieutenant Grach, computes the loss of the Russians at 12,000, and the huge mounds of sepulture on the glacis bear out his estimate. According to all probability, from 300 to 400 officers must have fallen."

We mentioned (page 130) that the Emperor of Austria had sent a message to his imperial brother of Russia, requesting him to withdraw his troops from the Danubian provinces. On the 24th of June, immediately after the Russians had been compelled to raise the siege of Silistria, the reply of Nicholas reached Vienna. Let the reader note this reply well, and reflect how humbled the czar must have been before he could have prevailed upon himself to give it. It was, that as a mark of high consideration for Austria, Russia consents to evacuate the Turkish territories! This pretence was too transparent to deceive any one. Austria knew very well, and all Europe knew, that the czar was baffled—that he had given orders to retreat from Silistria, to abandon Little Wallachia, and to retire towards the Pruth, because his troops could no longer maintain their position; and because he feared the co-operation of Austria with England and France, and wished by his late and ill-affected complaisance to prevent it.

It was even announced that 25,000 Austrian troops would enter Wallachia on the 3rd; but in consequence of the representations of Prussia, Austria deferred the

actual execution of her treaty with the Porte. In regarding this evasive conduct of Austria, which served so greatly the cause of the Russians, and postponed still further the settlement of the war, it is difficult to forget the denunciations of the former power by the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. The conduct of the King of Prussia in this European contest had been evasive and tricky throughout. It has been satirically observed, that the following motto was long ago assigned to the course pursued by Prussia in all things:—"Orders, counter-orders, and disorders!"

Diplomacy is a slow thing; and the statesmen of Austria are slow diplomatists. With the answer of the Emperor Nicholas to the summons of the Emperor Francis Joseph, it might be supposed that the matter was settled as far as negotiation was concerned, and that unless the conditions of Austria were thoroughly complied with, an appeal would be made to arms. But Nicholas had to send his answer officially; and another Prince Gortschakoff (not a general, but a statesman) arrived with it at Vienna on the 5th of July. It was very polite, but not quite so yielding as his first declaration. "The emperor," said this second missive,

"will willingly resign the exclusive protectorate over the Greek Christians, if Turkey will accede to a common protectorate of the five powers. He will evacuate the principalities when the western powers evacuate Turkey; but will hold a strong military position in Moldavia as a provisional security." This answer Austria considered as evasive, and communicated it to the governments of France and England, who perfectly agreed with her in that conclusion, and, knowing that further diplomacy was useless, rejected it unconditionally.

Reports from St. Petersburg stated that the Emperor Nicholas attributed the reverses he had sustained to Austria, rather than to the Turks, and that he was preparing to pour the phials of his wrath upon the great German state. With the first news of the repulse at Silistria, it is said he was much cast down, but that on rallying, he returned to business with redoubled energy. In the war department all was incessant activity, and couriers hurried to and fro both day and night. Reviews were held daily; large bodies of soldiers were continually in movement; and the concentration of troops on the Austrian frontiers proceeded without interruption.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ALLIED FLEETS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CRONSTADT; FIRST ATTACK ON THE FORTRESS OF BOMAR-SUND; THE ALAND ISLES; EMBARKATION OF A FRENCH ARMY AT CALAIS ON BOARD ENGLISH VESSELS; OMAR PASHA IN THE ENGLISH CAMP; SANGUINARY SKIRMISHES AT GIURGEVO; REFLECTIONS ON THE APATHY OF THE ALLIED POWERS; BOMBARDMENT OF THE RUSSIAN WORKS OF SULINA, AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN PARKER; RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS FROM THE DANUBE; ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AUSTRIA SEND TO ST. PETERSBURG THE CONDITIONS ON WHICH ALONE PEACE CAN BE RESTORED; MISSION AND LETTER OF DR. COITMAN; REPORT THAT THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS WAS NEARLY CAPTURED.

DURING the month of June the allied fleets in the Baltic had sailed up the Gulf of Finland into the neighbourhood of Cronstadt—that is, within thirty miles of it; and people in England were anxiously waiting to receive news of an attack upon those grand fortifications. Could they be taken by a fleet of any power? or would the cannon of England and France pour out their might and fury in vain against those tremendous bulwarks of granite and iron? Such were the questions that were constantly asked; but they were not to meet

with a rapid solution. Week after week passed, and still anxious speculators and eager politicians received no further information concerning Cronstadt, than that that awful modern scourge and mysterious destroyer, the cholera, raged within its walls. Under these circumstances, the allied fleets thought it prudent not to risk an attack, for fear that the blue, grim pest, which struck invisibly and in silence, and against whom the power of man was but as the feebleness of infants, might enter the vessels.

The fleets advanced nearer to Cronstadt, for the purpose of reconnoitring it, but they afterwards deemed it prudent to retire. While near the fortifications, the following highly interesting letter, dated June 30th, was sent to a friend by an English officer. It has that freshness and vivacity about it which is induced by being an actual spectator and actor in the scene described :—

"We are now in sight of Cronstadt, about eight miles distant, having cast anchor here the day before yesterday. Upon our arrival the signal was made to 'prepare for action;' so each man put on a light fighting-dress, and loaded his revolver. We all expected an immediate attack upon the fleet, which is anchored under the protection of the batteries; but I suppose Sir Charles thought it 'no go' just at present. A little excitement was also caused by the signal 'to look out for machines,' and grapnels were accordingly trailed about. The forts, even at this distance, look almost too much for us, and I do not think it likely we shall attack them. We have an enemy in the camp in the shape of cholera, and we buried two of the gunners yesterday, and one marine this morning, and a number of men are ill in the ship. The *Duke* also has it, and I believe we are going to try a change of air, as the advanced squadron of small steamers has just been recalled. They are about five miles nearer Cronstadt than we are, keeping just out of range of the forts. A fast, rakish-looking Russian steamer, supposed to be the grand duke's yacht, comes out now and then and leads them a chase. I went on board the *Hecla* yesterday to see a messmate, who dined with me. She is quite covered with marks of rifle-bullets, and has several round shot in her, though only 12-pounders. One came through into the master's cabin, and, taking a slanting direction, passed through six bulkheads, and lodged in the mids' berth at the other side of the ship. His 'sou-wester' hat received two large splinters in it as it was hanging up. Had the gentleman been in bed it would have just taken his head off. We got a couple of sheep yesterday, which were to us as manna to the children of Israel. We had to-day for dinner roast mutton, hashed mutton, and mutton pudding. Brandy and water is a very agreeable beverage, and certainly green vegetables and fruit have nothing to do with the cholera. It is thought the water is partly the cause of it, as the men like the water alongside

better than the distilled water, and many of them have been drinking it, as it is quite fresh. The French are sensible fellows; they stayed at Kiel while we were cruising about; they smoke, right and left, on board their ships; have splendid bands, and get up supper parties, with flags, &c., in the gayest manner possible. As to fighting, I should be quite willing to back them against the Russians, and have no doubt they will do good service when the hour of trial comes."

Great is the difference between words and actions—vast the gulf between promise and performance. The allied fleets, in the fulness of their power—and few (if any) such fleets have ever breasted the surging sea before—held back from Cronstadt partly from a conviction, or a fear, that it was impregnable; as well as in dread of the cholera. But before the war broke out, we could vaunt that Cronstadt could be crumbled into sand by the naval might of England. The following anecdote, taken from the French press, well illustrates this remark. Some years since, the Emperor Nicholas, acting himself as cicerone, conducted an English admiral over the fortifications of Cronstadt, when the following conversation took place :—"You will admit, admiral, that this is a magnificent fortress, and as impregnable as Gibraltar." "Oh, sire, no fort but Gibraltar is impregnable," replied the admiral. "What, then," inquired Nicholas, "is your opinion of Cronstadt?" "It is a good fortress, and one difficult to take," was the reply. "Yes, doubtless difficult," pursued the czar; "it could not be done with fifteen ships." Observing an expression of assent on the face of the admiral, the czar continued—"Could it be done with twenty?" "Not easily." "With twenty-five?" "It would take a fortnight." "With thirty-five?" "Oh, your majesty, in fifteen hours!" Though Cronstadt was not to be taken quite as easily as English vanity believed, yet the Russian fleet remained very quietly within its fortifications, and great alarm prevailed at St. Petersburg in consequence of the proximity of danger.

During the month of June, one circumstance occurred in the Baltic which, though in itself trifling, was made important by after-events. This was the first bombardment of Bomarsund on the principal of the Aland Isles. The fortress of Bomarsund is now one of the things of the past, as it was destroyed by the allied fleets, assisted by a French army, during the month of August.

The following description of it is in the language of a recent eye-witness:—"The chief battery is erected on the shore, in the shape of a curve, in order to sweep the whole bay. It is built of granite, in two tiers, with fifty-four embrasures in each, thus being enabled to mount 108 guns; but at present they have only ninety-two mounted. It has a bomb-proof roofing, and, to add to their security, a layer of four feet of sand rests upon this. On the rising ground immediately behind this are two round towers, and another in the extreme east, in each of which we counted sixteen guns. A mud battery, rapidly thrown up, still further to the east, completes their defence. Russian soldiers were lounging about on the shore, and officers were going to and fro on horseback, without the slightest appearance of concern at the proximity of our English and French men-of-war, eight of whom were moored within two miles and-a-half of them. Many were the speculations regarding the vulnerability of these fortifications; but it was at once determined that the operation of shelling them would be futile, the opinion being that a land attack by troops with the broadsides of the men-of-war at 1,000 yards, would soon complete their destruction."

On the 21st of June, Bomarsund was attacked by the British steamers *Hecla*, *Odin*, and *Valorous*, which anchored about the distance of one mile and a third, and threw bombs of 108 pounds each, balls of 96 pounds, and 68 pounds, and Congreve-rockets. They continued their fire upon it from five o'clock in the afternoon until past midnight. Two batteries near the fortress were soon silenced, and a number of bombs were thrown into the latter. All the magazines in Bomarsund, filled with grain and other stores, were destroyed; very few bombs reached the ships, as, according to a Russian account, the commandant, Colonel Bodisco, deemed it unnecessary to lose ammunition in responding to an enemy at so great a distance, and therefore suspended his fire for some time. When the English ships sailed away, the fortress was on fire in several places; but the flames were extinguished, and no serious damage done to the grim mass of stone. The Russians state their loss to have been inconsiderable, and the English vessels had only four men wounded. An instance of remarkable intrepidity and presence of mind occurred during the firing. A bomb, which fell on board the *Hecla*, was caught up by a

midshipman, named Lucas, and thrown into the sea before it exploded. The English ships, probably feeling themselves not equal to the reduction of the fortress, retired at about one in the morning.

On the 25th and 26th of June, Bomarsund was bombarded afresh, and considerable damage was done to the fortress there. It was rumoured that the reason for a repetition of the attack was, that the allied fleets intended to winter in and about the Aland Isles. As these islands will have again to be referred to, we may as well say a word concerning them here. They consist of eighty inhabited islands, and a great number of rocks and islets situated in the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia. The population of them all does not much exceed 15,000. The people are of Swedish descent; but they refuse to call themselves either Swedes or Fins, and lay claim to the title of Alanders. The islands, taken from Sweden in 1809, are of great political and military importance to Russia. They contain several fortified ports, and are generally the station of a part of the Russian Baltic fleet.

In the fourteenth century the Aland Isles are mentioned as an earldom; and, at different times, they have been in the possession of Swedish princes and queens, either as fief or as jointure. Up to the year 1722, the islands were used by the Russian fleet as a place of rendezvous. Many Alanders who had fled to Sweden, returned after the peace of 1727. In 1742 and 1808, the Russians again took possession of the islands; but the Alanders secretly organised themselves in the latter year, surprised the Russians, and took the Russian commander, Major Neidhart, prisoner. In 1809, however, the islands were again taken by the Russians, and since then have remained in their possession. The ruins of the once powerful castle of Castleholm still stand on a lonely red granite rock near the sea. Until the year 1634, this castle was the residence of the Swedish governor of the islands. The water passage between them, with their deeply-indented bays, is more like an excursion on a lake than on the open sea. Both before and behind, the expanse of water is constantly broken by islands presenting pleasing views of fresh green meadows, little villages surrounded by kitchen gardens, or by bare desert cliffs of red granite abounding in felspar, among which there stretch hazel shrubs, or thin stunted woods of pine.

We regret that we have to record the pro-



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gress and position of fleets and armies, rather than their encounters with the common enemy. It is difficult to invest such particulars with any very striking interest; but the duty of an historian must be performed. Turning from the north, let us take a passing glance at affairs in the East. Early in June the light division of the British army, commanded by Sir George Brown, and consisting of the 7th, 19th, 23rd, 33rd, 77th, and 88th regiments, with part of the 8th hussars, the 17th lancers, and a portion of artillery, consisting of four guns, attached, commenced its march from Varna to its new encampment near the village of Devno, about eighteen miles from Varna. By this change of position the health of the men was much benefited, as the filth and offal of slain animals which accumulate outside a camp and frequently becomes offensive, even to contagion, was thus cut off. The cavalry were stationed near Devno, but the infantry at another village, a lovely spot, called Aladyn. Notwithstanding the usual good conduct of English troops, inaction seemed to have made at least some of them vicious. On several occasions stragglers from the camp broke into the houses and ill-used the inhabitants. A poor Bulgarian came to an English commissariat officer in tears, and contrived to inform him that some soldiers had turned their horses into his only field of barley, a great quantity of which they had also cut and carried off, in spite of his remonstrances. Every effort was made to suppress these wanton outrages; but the poor Bulgarians shortly afterwards removed their goods and abandoned their houses. When the news of the raising the siege of Silistria, and of the retreat of the Russians, arrived, it created a combined feeling of joy and disappointment; joy, for the success of the Turks, and disappointment, that perhaps the English might lose the chance, after coming so far, of having at least one brush with the enemy. About 40,000 men were encamped at and near Varna. Grass, herbage, and shrubs, for some miles round the town, had disappeared, and the fields seemed turned to a wide expanse of sand.

Though so little was done by the allies, preparations were still extensively continued both in France and England. From these preparations arose an incident of a singularly pleasing character,—and one which, though born of war, will do much to promote the interests of peace, and to cement the union of two great and noble countries. This was

the review of a French army at Boulogne by the Emperor Napoleon, and the embarkation of that army at Calais on board British vessels to convey them to the Baltic. We take the following account of the review from the *Moniteur*:—"This morning (July 12th) at ten o'clock, the emperor went on horseback, in the uniform of a general of division, to the camp of Boulogne, to review the expeditionary corps and the other troops already assembled in that vast locality. His majesty was accompanied by General Rolin and Colonel Fleury, his aides-de-camp, and several staff officers. A platoon of horse chasseurs, which arrived from Abbeville the preceding night, formed the escort. At eleven o'clock the emperor reached the elevated ground of Wimereux, where the expeditionary division was stationed, under the orders of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, commander-in-chief. On perceiving his majesty, the entire army saluted him with a vociferous cry of 'Long live the Emperor!'

"This division comprises two brigades. The first, under the orders of General d'Hugues, is composed of the 12th battalion of foot chasseurs, the 2nd light, and the 3rd of the line. The second brigade, under the orders of General Grésy, comprises the 48th and 51st regiments of the line. The artillery which is to form part of the expedition had been previously sent to the port of embarkation. These troops were ranged in two lines, forming a square, with the sea in the rear, at the summit of the plain. The regiments were complete; and each soldier was equipped in readiness for campaign. Their appearance was admirable. It was a pleasure to see the air of satisfaction depicted upon those warlike faces. Almost the whole population of the town and neighbouring localities had come to the camp. A great many English families were present. They gave proof, by the heartiness of their acclamations, that they were not less pleased with the splendid spectacle than the French. The emperor passed, at a walking pace, before the troops, addressing kind words to each of the chiefs of corps. The regiments then formed an immense square, where his majesty, surrounded by the generals and officers of the staff, called to him the officers, sub-officers, and soldiers who had been selected to receive decorations and the military medal.

"Immediately after the distribution of these rewards, the general commanding in chief invited all the officers of the expedi-

tionary corps to come and range themselves round his majesty. Then, in the midst of solemn silence, the emperor, addressing the troops in a voice which could be heard at the extremity of the most distant ranks, made a speech, the noble words of which produced deep sensation. Never did the national cry of *Vive l'Empereur* resound with more enthusiasm and devotion. The emperor then advanced to a rising ground in front of his staff, and the troops defiled before him in the midst of hearty acclamations. From the camp of Wimereux, the emperor went with his *cortège* to the camp of Houvault, where the division of General Regnault is established. The emperor passed in front of the troops, who then defiled before his majesty, who was at the summit of the rising ground upon which the barracks already constructed are situated. The same acclamations, the same enthusiasm which greeted the emperor at the camp of Wimereux, were also manifested at that of Houvault. His majesty was much moved by them. The emperor also expressed his satisfaction at the excellent state of the camp, the discipline which prevails there, and the exertions for the comfort of the soldiers. The gaiety which they display at their labours is a subject of admiration with the numerous foreigners who visit the camp."

The French emperor also addressed the following proclamation to the troops—a proclamation well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of his vivacious people:—

"Soldiers!—Russia having forced us to a war, France has armed 500,000 of her children. England has called out a considerable number of troops. To-day our troops and armies, united for the same cause, dominate in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. I have selected you to be the first to carry our eagles to those regions of the north. English vessels will convey you there—a unique fact in history, which proves the intimate alliance of the two great nations (*peuples*), and the firm resolution of the two governments not to abstain from any sacrifice to defend the right of the weak, the liberty of Europe, and the national honour.

"Go, my children! Attentive Europe, openly or secretly, offers up vows for your triumph: our country, proud of a struggle which only threatens the aggressor, accompanies you with its ardent vows; and I, whom imperious duties retain still distant from the scene of events, shall have my eyes upon you. I shall be able to say,—

They are worthy sons of the conquerors of Austerlitz, of Eylau, of Friedland, and of Moskowa."

"Go, may God protect you!"

Copies of this proclamation to the Baltic army were placarded on the walls of Paris, and read with universal interest. The expression, "I have chosen you to be the first to carry our eagles to those northern regions," was understood to mean that the French standard would, if necessary, be carried to Russia by a second, a third, and even a fourth army. The emperor left Boulogne at half-past one o'clock on the 13th of July, and arrived at Calais at four. The English squadron, composed of a great number of fine first-class ships, frigates, and steamers, lay at anchor in Calais Roads ready to take on board the expeditionary army. The English officers and a multitude of sailors mingled with the people of Calais, and received the emperor with expressions of hearty enthusiasm. During his brief stay at Calais he visited the English men-of-war, and then returned to Paris without staying to witness the rather tedious ceremony of the embarkation of the troops. Great good feeling prevailed between the French soldiers and the English sailors, and the fraternisation between the two is described as being complete.

The retreat of the Russians from before Silistria was not long continued, and Wallachia was not abandoned by them. The Russian commander received orders from St. Petersburg to reoccupy those positions in Wallachia that had been abandoned; an order which was generally obeyed. Under these circumstances the allied armies began to move, and early in July a division of the English troops, under Lord Cardigan, advanced towards the Danube, and joined Omar Pasha at Rustchuk. These troops, however, merely effected a *reconnaissance* along the banks of the river towards Rustchuk and Silistria. After some time they returned to the camp near Devno. Previously to this, on the 3rd of July, Omar Pasha travelled from Silistria to Varna, to consult over future operations with the French and English generals. He stopped on his way at the English camp at Devno. His equipage consisted of two britzkas and four, escorted by a squadron of cavalry; and the postboys were artillery-drivers armed to the teeth. On seeing him approach, the whole of the English staff hastened to pay their respects to him. Omar mounted his horse and rode up the hill towards the camp, in front of which the whole division was drawn up to pay him honour. We have mentioned a few facts of the life of this

extraordinary man; but a sketch of his appearance, from the pen of an observer, will doubtless not prove tedious. "Omar Pasha was dressed with neatness and simplicity; no order glittering on his breast; and his close-fitting blue frock-coat displayed no ornaments beyond a plain gold shoulder-strap and gilt buttons. He wore the fez cap, which showed to advantage the clear well-marked lines of his calm and resolute face, embrowned by exposure to wind and weather for many a year of a soldier's life, and the hue of which was well contrasted with his snow-white whiskers. In the rude, and rather sensual mouth, with compressed thick lips, was traceable, if physiognomy have truth, enormous firmness and resolution. The chin, full and square, evinced the same qualities, which might also be discerned in the general form of the head. Those who remember the statue of Radetzky, at the Great Exhibition, will understand what I mean. All the rougher features, the coarse nose, and the slight prominence of the cheek-bones, are more than redeemed by the quick, penetrating, and expressive eye, full of quiet courage and genius, and by the calm though rather stubborn brow, marked by lines of thought, rising above the thick shaggy eyebrow. In person he appeared to be rather below than above the middle height; but his horse, a well-trained grey, was not so tall as the English chargers beside him, and he may really be more than five feet seven or eight. His figure is light, spare, and active; and his seat on horseback, though too Turkish for our notions of equestrian propriety, was firm and easy. He wore white gloves and neat boots, and altogether would have passed muster very well in the ring at Hyde-park as a well-appointed quiet gentleman. His staff were by no means so well turned out; but the few hussars of the escort were stout soldierlike-looking fellows. One of them led a strong chestnut Arab, which was the pasha's battle charger."

The English troops presented arms to Omar, and performed some field-day manoeuvres much to his satisfaction. But what completely rivetted his attention was some charges of our cavalry, after witnessing which, he declared that such infantry and cavalry could dash over any troops in the world. As he rode from the field the soldiers cheered him enthusiastically, to his great delight.

To return to the contest on the banks of

the Danube. After the relief of Silistria and the retreat of the Russians, Omar Pasha removed his head-quarters from Schumla to Rustchuk, on the banks of the river. On the 3rd of July, while Omar was on his visit to the French and English generals, the Turks made a successful attack on the island of Radoman, which lay in the Danube between Rustchuk, and Giurgevo, and formed one of the outworks of the latter place. The action was renewed on the 5th and 7th of the month, when the Turkish forces crossed the river both above and below Giurgevo, and completely surrounded a Russian detachment under General Simonoff. The Russians fought their way through with great difficulty and considerable loss. The Turks, however, did not escape scathless; their loss in killed and wounded amounting, according to their own return, to 1,700. On this occasion, three English officers, Captain Arnold, Lieutenant Meynell, and Lieutenant Burke, who accompanied the Turkish expedition, perished beneath the Russian fire while encouraging and cheering on the Ottoman soldiers. The Turks remained in possession of Giurgevo; and though the loss was severe on both sides, this action on the 7th was regarded as a brilliant affair.

The fate of Lieutenant Burke was remarkable, and deserves special mention. On leaping on shore from the boat, six Russian soldiers charged him. He shot two with his revolver, and cut down a third with his sword, upon which the others turned and fled. While encouraging the Turks, who were yet on the river, to row quietly to land, and forming them in line as they made the bank, a deliberate aim was taken at him by a number of riflemen who advanced from behind a ditch. Charging them with headlong gallantry, he was struck by a ball which broke his jaw. Still he rushed on, shot three men dead at close quarters with his revolver, and cleft two men through head and helmet with his sword. Though surrounded, he still fought with heroic courage, and endeavoured to cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, when a sabre-cut from behind, given by a dragoon as he went by, nearly severed his head from his body, and he fell dead, covered with bayonet-wounds, sabre-gashes, and gashed with lance-thrusts and bullet-holes. His body was found, after the action, with as many as thirty-three wounds upon it, and the ring-finger of each hand cut off.

After this engagement, Prince Gortschakoff advanced with a large force, said to amount to 70,000 men, with artillery in proportion, to Frateschti, a place within six miles of Giurgevo, and offered battle to Omar Pasha, who no longer confined himself to a defensive policy, but became, in his turn, the assailant. The Turks did not accept the challenge to a great battle; but on the 8th of July a sanguinary engagement, which terminated in favour of the Turks, took place at Oltenitza. On the 9th also, Sali Pasha, the commander of Nicopolis, crossed the river with a considerable force, and attacked the Russians under General Popoff. After a desperate conflict, the latter retreated, their commander being severely wounded. The retreat of the Russians was so hurried that some of the men tasted nothing for four-and-twenty hours, and others were unable to obtain food for six-and-thirty hours. This is explained by the fact, that the victorious Turks on their rear took no prisoners, but slaughtered all who fell into their hands. On the 10th another serious conflict took place: the Turkish commander, with 25,000 men, defeated Generals Pauloff and Soimonoff, at the head of a superior force, and drove the Russians back upon Bucharest. Another action took place on the 11th, when the Turks attacked and routed the Russian rear-guard at Frateschti, on the road from Giurgevo to Bucharest. The Turks had crossed the Danube at several points, and remained in considerable force upon the left bank. Particulars of these events are wanting; but one fact in connection with them was known well enough: that is, that the allied forces did not render the slightest assistance, but left the Turks entirely to their own resources.

Had the allies of Turkey done their duty; had Austria poured her thousands into Wallachia, and directed them against the Russian forces; and had the French and English marched to the Danube, and there imitated the example of a famous English captain of past times, John, Duke of Marlborough, the invading armies of Russia might either have been driven back to their own land with disgrace, or, if a sterner policy had prevailed, swept into swift and dark annihilation. To strike a rapid, unsparing, and awful blow upon a powerful enemy is mercy in the end; for it saves an incalculable amount of suffering and blood. Such has ever been the policy of all soldiers whom

the world has recognised as men of genius in the art of war. Their object has been to spare the necessity of striking twice, and they have usually accomplished their aims by making their first blow so sure, so deadly, and so appalling, that their enemies were awed into submission. Such a blow might have been struck at Russia in the first wild clash of hostilities; and, had it been struck, it would have palsied the uplifted arm of that semi-barbaric power, and have sent a shock to the heart of her people all throughout her gigantic territories, that should have taught a bitter moral lesson not to be forgotten;—a lesson that, in its bloody severity, would have chained down the rising despotism of the north for the next half-century, taught brute force and blind inertness that it could not control intellect and progression, and the remembrance of which would have fallen like a chill upon the heart of future czars when the thoughts of unjust ambition arose yet dim and unshaped in their minds. Had this been done, Turkey might have been placed in security; the Christians in the East emancipated from the thralldom of the Crescent; Nicholas have gone in bitter disappointment to his grave, overwhelmed by the rushing flood of retributive justice; Europe have remained in peace, and the labour of millions (no longer drained by the exhausting influences of a tedious war) have devoted their efforts to the maintenance of tranquillity, to the production of those natural blessings requisite for their existence, to the cultivation of national alliances and goodwill, and to the adornment of their several lands with works of beauty and grandeur, that should stand as monuments to posterity of the glories and triumphs of peace!

And why was not this one fierce yet merciful blow struck? Why have France and England, in the fulness of their might and civilisation, shrunk back and remained in opprobrious slothfulness, while the semi-barbarians of the East have vindicated their own honour and independence; and, by their noble daring and endurance, cast a mantle of shame over those who patrouisngly promised them assistance? Why is it left to the unborn historians of the future to record the heroism of the Turks and the dilatory hesitation of France and England? Why is this? We fear it is because a too timid and subservient policy sways our councils; because we have no great statesmen in the cabinet or great soldiers in the

field; because mediocrity sits in the seats of genius; and the soldiers of routine are left to follow their own interests by protracting a war which the interests of humanity and the honour of the allied powers demand should be speedily ended. The mere professional soldier, who fights by the stopwatch, and who would rather not win a battle unless the victory was obtained in strict accordance with military art and etiquette, urges, in excuse for the inaction of the allies, that the marshes of the Danube are unhealthy; that to lead the armies there would be to expose the lives of the men to sickness; and that, therefore, such a step would not have been prudent. We cannot pass a certain judgment on this point, but to us the objection sounds like the ready excuse of timidity or indolence. Not as regards the soldiers of France and England: they are brave enough; that has been proved again and again, and they are known to have manifested a great desire to hurry to the scene of action, and mingle in the honourable struggle. The charge of timidity or indolence does not attach to them, but to the mysterious restraining power that withheld them; to the obsequious policy which, even after the sword was drawn, would fain persuade the czar to forego the rich territory he had marked out for his prey, and act with peaceful moderation for the future; to those who trust, against all reason, to the hollow forms of a rotten diplomacy which has failed again and again, instead of depending on the might of two great and willing nations to set the wrong right, and with one swift, sudden, deadly blow, smite down the arrogant injustice of barbarism. What, we would ask, was gained by not exposing the allied troops to the sickness said to prevail in Bulgaria and Wallachia? Did not the diseases engendered by idleness, by bad food, and exposure to a foreign climate, fall like a pestilence upon the allied forces? It will soon be our duty to relate the work of the deadly and unsparing cholera upon those brave men who pined in vain for action, and who perhaps in the excitement roused by it, might perhaps have escaped a visitation which, in its inscrutable attacks and subtle withering influence, not even those who escape with life or their spirit and hardihood, and (to use the usual technical though not very explanatory term) demoralises an army. We know that apologists for the course pursued by the allied govern-

ments have been found in scores; but we know that many writers of the public press have appealed to the public for forbearance when they have themselves deemed censure to have been deserved. England, said the venerable warrior who has but so lately been withdrawn from the ranks of the living, cannot embark in a little war. We would add, that England must not conduct war in a *little manner*; but when she has made great preparations for a noble cause, millions of English voices will demand that her resources be not wasted in inaction, and her soldiers left to die of disease instead of being led to victory!

We mentioned the blockade of the mouths of the Danube by the allied fleets; and we have now to record a melancholy accident in connexion with that event. During the month of July (on the 8th), the Russian works at the Sulina mouth of the Danube were bombarded by the English steam-frigates, partially destroyed, and taken possession of. The English then set to work and repaired the Russian batteries, that they might be used against the enemy if necessary. The allies also occupied themselves in removing certain vessels which the Russians had sunk in the mouth of the Danube, and the navigation of the river was thrown open. After this necessary proceeding, the Russian steam flotilla, which had hitherto occupied the river in defiance of the allies, wandered up and down almost in despair of safety.

After the capture of Sulina, many of our thoughtless seamen supposed that the Russians had altogether abandoned the neighbourhood, and thence arose a degree of confidence or negligence that led to a fatal result. On the 7th of July, Captain Parker, of the *Firebrand*, planned a little excursion up the river, for the purpose of destroying some works that were occupied by the Russians. Accordingly he entered his gig, and pulled up the stream, followed by a second boat from his own vessel, and by a third, containing Captain Powell, of the *Vesuvius*.

The town or village of Sulina is almost surrounded by a jungle of reeds, where stockades had been formed for the defence of the place by the enemy. These reeds are so high, that they conceal both men and horses from the view of any one ascending the stream by a boat, and consequently furnish shelter from which a stubborn enemy could harass troops whom he did not feel

inclined to meet in open combat. Instead of abandoning the neighbourhood, the Russian soldiers had occupied the jungle which lines the banks of the river, and there awaited their revenge. As Captain Parker's boat came abreast of a stockade, supposed to have been long deserted, a shower of bullets saluted it from an unseen foe. A ball passed through the surgeon's coat; others whistled near the heads of the crew, some of whom were wounded; and the boat was riddled. Captain Parker laughed at the Russians for being such bad marksmen, and put back to obtain the assistance of the other boats. A momentary consultation was held; then the sailors rowed rapidly towards the stockade, and Captain Parker leapt lightly on shore to lead the attack. Almost instantaneously did he meet the fate he had so recklessly provoked. Scarcely had he taken a few steps, when a bullet went through his heart, and he fell a corpse. Captain Powell then assumed the command, and despite a brave resistance, the Russians were driven from their stronghold in a few minutes. Two Russian officers stood calmly at the embrasures of the stockade, and were shot by the English sailors while directing their men where to fire. Besides the loss of Captain Parker, five men were wounded; three of them very severely. Captain Powell stated: "There was no means of computing the enemy's loss, although they were seen to fall inside the entrenchments. I am disposed to think that they were assisted in carrying off their wounded, and even defending the place, by some Greeks; as men in the dress of that country were seen intermixed with the Russian troops."

Captain Parker was much regretted by the officers and crew of the *Firebrand*, because he was not only a brave, but an exceedingly amiable man. The following incident forms a good instance of the humanity of his character. About four months previous to his death his vessel touched at Kostendje, from which place some Cossacks had just retreated, leaving behind them many tokens of their barbarity. One hut contained a pitiable spectacle. In it lay the bodies of a man and woman; and upon the latter lay a living infant but a few months' old, its tiny hand extended on its mother's breast, and its little wrist lacerated by the bullet which had deprived her of life. Close by was a little terror-stricken boy, of about three years old, whose left arm was in a

frightful state from the result of no less than five bullet-wounds. Struck with pity at the wretched condition of these poor Bulgarian children, Captain Parker had them sent on board the *Firebrand*, and properly attended to; at the same time expressing his intention of taking them under his own protection. The poor little things became great favourites with the sailors, who nursed them with more tenderness than could be deemed compatible with their habits and mode of life. On the eldest they bestowed the name of Johnny Firebrand; he was a fine intelligent little fellow, and soon began to pick up English. The poor children were carried by the sailors to the funeral of their benefactor. It is probable that these little things, thus nursed in danger, and reared upon the sea, may grow up to be brave dashing sailors.

Captain Parker had but just completed his twenty-ninth year: he was the son of Admiral Hyde Parker, and belonged to a family distinguished in the naval annals of his country. It has been well observed, that the actual amount of fighting (as far as the helpers of Turkey had been concerned) was, up to this period, so insignificant, that the death of a single officer created a sensation which those accustomed to the heavy "butcher's bills" of former wars could scarcely understand. The body of Captain Parker was taken to Constantinople in the *Firebrand*, and buried on the 12th of July, in the grand Champ de Morts at Pera. The funeral ceremony was performed with full military honours, much to the astonishment of the Turks, who use no rites at the burial of their dead, except in the case of the sultan and his family.

To return to the Turks at Rustchuk and Giurgevo. A party of thirty English sailors, under Lieutenant Glyn and Prince Leiningen, R.N., and the same number of sappers under Captain Page, R.E., arrived at the former place, for the purpose of assisting in the construction of a bridge over the Danube at that point. The sailors arrived from Varna on horseback, much to their own amusement and to that of those whom they met. The sappers were sent over to Giurgevo, to assist in the fortifications there. These men were the first Englishmen that crossed the Danube in the cause of the Ottoman. A laughable event took place on the 15th of the month, the relation of which will lighten up the grim monotony of repeated skirmishes. Colonel Iskander Beg, a brave cavalry officer

in the Turkish service, was reconnoitring at some distance from Slobosia, attended only by four or five men, when he beheld at some distance an infantry sentry of the enemy's, and resolved to attempt capturing him. As they approached, more soldiers were seen behind the sentry, and some of the party began to fear that they might catch a Tartar; but the colonel was not to be deterred, and he pushed on. With a sudden puff of wind the sentries commenced a series of eccentric rotatory movements of a kind the colonel had never seen soldiers execute before. Rushing forward, with sword in hand, he discovered about twenty Russian great-coats and caps, cleverly stuffed with straw, and placed on sticks, so as to revolve with the wind. As may be supposed, no quarter was shown; the sentries were demolished without mercy, one only being carried back as prisoner to the camp, where it excited the laughter even of the grave Turks.

On the 19th of July, another engagement took place between the Turks and Russians, on the banks of the Danube, at Giurgevo, or rather between that place and Frateschti, and ended in the total defeat of the Russians. Again, upon the 23rd, the Russians made an attack upon the Turkish camp, near Giurgevo, with the design of driving the Ottoman army to the Bulgarian shore of the Danube, or at the least of arresting their further progress into Wallachia. The attack failed; the Russians are said to have lost 2,000 men in killed and wounded, and to have had 5,000 taken prisoners. The result of these actions was seen in a second retreat of the Russians from Wallachia. On the 27th they abandoned Frateschti, and the advancing Turks took possession of it. Oltenitza and Bucharest were also evacuated; and the Russians retired, by forced marches, towards Moldavia. The czar, however, showed no signs of submission; and it was conjectured that this abandonment of Wallachia was effected merely for strategic reasons, and to withdraw the Russian troops from the neighbourhood of Austria. This retreat must have been a sad and painful movement;

for, while it was carried on, the heat was so excessive, that the thermometer stood at 104 in the shade. Great numbers of the men must have been left exhausted or dead upon the road. On leaving Bucharest,* on the 1st of August, Prince Gortschakoff assembled the Boyards, (*i. e.* nobles,) and thanked them for the manner in which they had treated the Russian troops during their stay in Bucharest. This was very much like a highwayman, pistol in hand, thanking his victim for the liberal manner in which he had surrendered his purse. The scarce-hidden joy of the poor Wallachians at the departure of their oppressors, was dashed with gloom by the general adding, that strategic reasons alone induced him to quit the city; but that it was not improbable he might return at an early period.† But the Turkish advanced guard entered Bucharest, and the fears of the poor Wallachians were much relieved. The Boyards, having fairly got rid of the Russians, addressed an invitation to Omar Pasha, and voted a loyal address to the sultan. As Omar advanced he issued a proclamation, stating that it was not his intention to make the Wallachian territory the theatre of war; and that the Russians should be compelled to indemnify the people of that province, for the losses the latter had sustained during the unlawful occupation. The Russians, while at Bucharest, said that their retreat had been commanded, in consequence of a melancholy confidential report sent home by General Gortschakoff, relative to the action of the 7th at Giurgevo. After reading the report, the czar is said to have exclaimed: "I can comprehend that my army was repulsed from Silistria, though I had expected another account from the Prince of Warsaw; but what I cannot understand is, that a wild horde of half-naked Turks, after an engagement on the water, and having taken our fortified islands by storm, should have dislodged my troops, with such a heavy loss, from a position which they had been a whole year fortifying."

The humiliation of Russia was further evident from the fact that Prince Gortscha-

* Bucharest is the capital of Wallachia; and the Boyards, who reside there, frequently compare it with Paris in point of civilisation and luxury. It has, however, no just claim to any such pretensions. It is described as resembling a large village, the houses being surrounded with gardens. The city is ill-paved, ill-built and dirty. It is the entrepôt for the commerce between Austria and Turkey. It contains ninety-five churches and twenty-six monasteries, seven hospitals, a college, a museum, and two theatres,

The population is about 100,000, and consists chiefly of Germans, Greeks, and Armenians. The sympathy of the lower classes is said to be on the side of the Turks; most of the nobles lean the same way, but some of them would readily welcome Russian rule.

† M. Ubicini, a well-known political writer, shortly afterwards published a detailed account of the losses the two principalities suffered in consequence of their lawless occupation by the Russian troops. He estimates it at 200,000,000 francs.

koff, the statesman, made a declaration at Vienna, that the troops of the czar would immediately evacuate Moldavia as well as Wallachia.* Yes, Nicholas actually consented to relinquish his "material guarantee," and that, also, without conditions. The eastern question had entered into a new phase, but the prospects of peace were as distant as ever. This retrograde step was yet another attempt to disarm Austria, and lead her farther from an alliance with the western powers. Notwithstanding these announcements of the Russian envoy, Count Buol exchanged notes on the 8th of August with the representatives of France and England, to the effect that Austria, in common with those countries, continue to look steadily for the guarantees to be exacted from Russia, to prevent a recurrence of the difficulties which had troubled the peace of Europe; and Austria further pledged herself, until the complete re-establishment of peace, not to treat separately with the cabinet of St. Petersburg until she had obtained such guarantees.

The substance of the notes exchanged on this occasion between Austria and the allies was, that the three powers were equally of opinion that the relations of the Sublime Porte with the imperial court of Russia could not be re-established on solid and durable bases—"1. If the protectorate hitherto exercised by the imperial court of Russia over the principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, be not discontinued for the future; and if the privileges accorded by the sultan to these provinces, dependencies of their empire, be not placed under the collective guarantee of the powers, in virtue of an arrangement to be concluded with the Sublime Porte, and the stipulations of which should, at the same time, regulate all questions of detail. 2. If the navigation of the Danube, at its mouths, be not freed from all obstacle, and submitted to the application of the principles established by the acts of the congress of Vienna. 3. If the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841, be not revised in concert by the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe. 4. If Russia do not give up the claim to exercise an official pro-

tectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong; and if France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, do not lend their mutual assistance to obtain, as an initiative, from the Ottoman government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, and to turn to account, in the common interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by his majesty the sultan, at the same time avoiding any aggression on his dignity and the independence of his crown."

The French and English governments declared that they would not take any proposition from the court of St. Petersburg into consideration, unless it implied a full and entire adhesion to the above conditions. Count Buol, also, on behalf of the Austrian government, stated that "it accepts for itself the engagement not to treat except on these bases, always reserving a free deliberation on the conditions which it may bring forward for the re-establishment of peace, if it should happen itself to be forced to take part in the war."

More, we should presume, as a matter of courtesy, than with the hope of their leading to a restoration of peace, copies of these conditions were sent to St. Petersburg, for the acceptance or rejection of the Emperor Nicholas. There was, however, very little probability that they would be accepted by him, even after his recent reverses; for to submit to them would be to proclaim his own humiliation, and to abandon far more than he had claimed. It was necessary for Russia to experience some calamitous defeat or startling disgrace before the czar could bend his stubborn neck so low. Though Austria joined with France and England in laying down the conditions that the czar must accept before the pressure of the iron hand of war would be removed from his dominions, the other great German state, Prussia, stood aloof and would not give its sanction to a measure calculated to bring the Russian autocrat to reason.

The long-expected movement of the Austrian troops into the principalities speedily followed. Three brigades of Archduke Allosing, without the slightest possible advantage, the half of their soldiers? The Russians have arrived at such a point, that they are throughout Europe almost despised as a power and an army. Even the Turks hold them in the most supreme contempt; and I, as an old soldier, cannot say that they are mistaken."

* A French officer of rank, in writing from Rustchuk, says:—"Apropos of the Russians. What do they mean to do? What means this war of theirs, without connection and without plan;—these useless. I should rather say shameful, promenades from Kalafat to Silistria, and from Silistria to Rustchuk, only to escape in every place, and at every time

bert's corps in Transylvania entered Wallachia on the 20th of August; and it was stated that three other brigades of General Coronini's army were preparing for a similar movement into Moldavia. Many said that, by so doing, Austria had acted up to her engagements at last, and that she was fully prepared to act with the allies against the czar. But there were others who did not take quite so favourable a view of the matter. These said that Austria was acting treacherously; that there was a secret understanding between her and the court of St. Petersburg; and that she had merely sent her troops into Wallachia to shield the Russians from the advance of the victorious Turks!

Before the above-named conditions were sent to St. Petersburg, the Russians had even informed the Austrian government that they should recross the Pruth in five places, and march at once into the interior, instead of remaining on the frontiers. The hidden meaning of this polite intimation was, that they should concentrate their troops, and direct them against the allies in the Crimea, whenever the anticipated attack on that place should be made. On the 2nd of August the Russians commenced their retrograde passage of the Pruth, by recrossing at Liptschain, Skulani, Leuschein, Leova, and Volena. The removal of their sick and wounded from Bucharest is described to have been a pitiable spectacle. In the excitement of hurry, scarcely any attention was paid to the complaints and cries of the sufferers. One officer died while the men were lifting him into the waggon, and one of the head physicians, in the height of delirium from typhus fever, was huddled into a waggon with the other patients. The humbled Prince Gortschakoff appealed to the humanity of the inhabitants to show compassion to the poor fellows he was obliged to leave behind him. He referred to the kindness which had been extended to the wounded and prisoners of the crew of the *Tiger* at Odessa; and added, that he also had always acted humanely towards the sick and wounded who had fallen into his hands.

We must now request the attention of our readers to an event of a very different character. We believe that the unhappy jealousies once existing between England and America to be almost extinct, and we think the time not far distant when they will be utterly so. We know that many organs of the American press have declared their

sympathy with England in the struggle in which she is engaged, and their remembrance of the fact that Englishmen and Americans spring from one noble stock, and are members of the same great family. This is as it should be; and we are certain that should disgrace ever sully the English flag, or any calamity fall on the English nation, a deep and general grief would be felt by our half-brethren on the shores of Columbia. Yet the following account of the mission which the Emperor Nicholas entrusted with the American, Dr. Cottman, to the government of his native country, looks as if an ungenerous and petty feeling against England yet lingered in the minds of some of our transatlantic friends. We must be careful, however, not to charge upon a great nation the folly or prejudices of individuals; and we should do well to reflect that Dr. Cottman, while sneering so bitterly at England, was dazzled by the magnificence he beheld in Russia, and that his judgment had been taken captive by the artful condescensions and flatteries of the czar.

But to the circumstance we have to relate:—"Dr. Thomas Cottman," we are informed by the *New York Herald*, "was born in Maryland, and is now (1854) about forty years of age. He moved to Louisiana in 1830, where he has occasionally practised medicine, and was elected to the legislature. He still owns a plantation there, and a large number of slaves. In 1853, he went to Europe for the purpose of placing his daughter in a boarding-school at Paris; and while there he determined to visit the different countries, and investigate for his own satisfaction the merits of the present difficulty between the belligerent powers. In the course of his travels he went to St. Petersburg, where he had an interview with the czar, who treated him in the most friendly manner, and offered him every facility in his power. The better to assist him in making his tour of observation through his dominions, the czar gave him an imperial order to all the institutions and places of note in the country. With this order he visited Cronstadt, where he remained six weeks with General Dehn, the commander-in-chief of the northern division of the army. He subsequently went to all the principal cities, and was everywhere treated with the greatest hospitality. Dr. Cottman acted in the capacity of surgeon to the Grand Duke Constantine up to the time of his appointment on his present mission, and

enjoys the confidence of the whole of the imperial family."

The Emperor Nicholas perfectly captivated Dr. Cottman by his condescension and his professions of a desire to cultivate the friendship of his countrymen, of whom he spoke in the highest terms of praise. "There are," said he, "but two governments in the world—those of Russia and America; and although I have the greatest regard for the latter, yet I know it would be impracticable in my country. The republican form of government is best suited," he added, "for the people of the United States, because they are enlightened and intelligent; but with Russia it is entirely different, and the government she has is the only one that is suited to her condition."

The czar also astonished the American by his knowledge of the institutions and people of the country of the latter. The doctor described his imperial friend as not only thoroughly informed on this particular, but as quite familiar with American local politics, and as knowing the leading politicians in the different states by name. In a word, he was thoroughly *posted up* in the history of the different parties.

Of the looks and habits of Nicholas, Dr. Cottman speaks as follows: "The emperor is one of the most refined and polished gentlemen in Europe, and his personal appearance is remarkably prepossessing. He is about six feet two inches in height, and made in proportion, while in manly beauty it would be difficult to find his equal. In his manner of living he is very temperate, and preserves the greatest regularity and order in all his transactions. He rises every morning before sunrise, a practice which is followed by the other members of his family. Before breakfast they take about an hour's exercise in

the open air, such as riding, walking, &c. After a very light meal (for he is a believer in homœopathy, as applied to dietetics) he reviews the troops, and then visits the different members of his family at their several places. He next visits the various departments, or gives audiences; and as this portion of the day's work is ended at six o'clock, he takes dinner, after which he indulges in another ride or drive. His sons regulate their time in the same manner as the emperor; but, at stated times, they have general reunions of all the members of the family."

Of course all this politeness on the part of the great representative of despotism towards a plain American citizen, was not without its object. In estimating the character of Nicholas, in an early chapter of this work, we mentioned that he was frequently very affable and condescending towards foreigners of ability or rank, because such conduct helped to gain him a good name in other countries. But, in flattering the republican doctor, the czar had another motive. He wished to dispose of the island of Sitka (a part of the Russian dominions in America) to the government of the United States. Sitka contains the settlement of New Archangel, a small town, with about a thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of the governor of all the establishments of Russian America, and possesses fortifications, magazines, &c., built of wood. In England it is generally considered that Sitka would be almost valueless to the Americans, and that the possession of it might tend to embroil them with the British government respecting some hunting or fishing right, or boundary question. In America, it seems, a different opinion is entertained, at least by a portion of the press and people.*

The czar, no doubt, foreseeing that Sitka solved, it would be manifestly for the interest of Great Britain, as well as the United States, that this intervening tract should be transferred by sale from them to us. In this event, our territory would stretch in one undivided line from the icebound oceans of the north to the line 32°, such a coast as no nation in the world possesses, and one which the natural tendency of the events now occurring in Asia cannot but render extremely valuable. Even if Great Britain refused to part with Vancouver's Island and the vicinity, the military value of these possessions would be manifestly diminished, to a very considerable extent, by our occupation of the coast, both north and south, including the whaling depot at Sitka, on the one side, and the mouth of the Columbia on the other. We make no question, therefore, of the course which our executive should pursue in the present conjuncture. Our surplus funds could not be better employed than in acquiring the

* The following article from the *New York Herald* contains the views of that party in America who advocate the purchase of Sitka:—"The Russian territory extends along the shore from a point near longitude 64° in the Arctic Ocean to Observatory Inlet on the Pacific, being bounded on the south and east by the British possessions occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. It comprises all the best whaling stations in the Northern Pacific, and if annexed to the United States would give our whalers an advantage which would at once enable them to defy competition. Again, in a political point of view, its acquisition would make us masters of the whole western coast of America, from the Arctic to the Mexican boundary, with the exception of that portion lying between 49° and 54° 40'—say some 350 miles. We should thus surround Great Britain; and if, as seems likely to occur in process of time, the Hudson's Bay Company were dis-

might possibly become a means of disturbing the friendly relations that exist, and which we trust ever will exist, between England and America, entrusted Dr. Cottman with a mission to the government of the United States, and invested him with full powers to treat on his behalf. The doctor was to propose to the American government that they should purchase Sitka, and probably the rest of the Russian possessions on that continent, which he would make over to it on very easy terms. "The emperor," said Dr. Cottman, "looks forward to the adoption of a commercial treaty between Russia and our country, and the purchase of Sitka, with no little anxiety, as he is very desirous of keeping up friendly terms with us during the present war. In speaking of our relations with Spain, he says that he considers that Cuba is ours by right of her geographical position; and that, as she commands the entrance to the gulf, we should take her, whether the Spanish government is willing or not." The czar had thrown dust in the eyes of Dr. Cottman by his overwhelming politeness, and he then attempted to blind America with a bribe. It was equivalent to saying, "do not you interfere while I take Constantinople, and you are welcome to Cuba with all my heart. Let us be wise, and sanction each other's aggressions."

Before returning to his native land Dr. Cottman visited London, and there he wrote a rather remarkable letter to Mr. George N. Sanders, the American consul in this country. This letter brought upon Dr. Cottman much censure and ridicule, and was condemned by the English press as containing a tissue of falsehoods and exaggerations. It certainly exhibits our petty exploits at Brahestad and Ulcaborg in a new light, and does its best to

tarnish the name of England, while it holds the Russians up to admiration; yet we cannot but think there may probably be more of truth in its assertions than the English press are inclined to admit. At any rate, it is as well sometimes to see our portrait as painted by one who professes himself to be in the interest of, and delighted with, our enemy. For this purpose we subjoin the letter, some of the sarcasms of which will, we think, find their way to the mark they were aimed at:—

"Sir,—I have just arrived here on my way from the seat of war in the north-east, and take it for granted that a true narrative would interest you, being perfectly aware that you appreciate at their proper value the details you have had through the London and Paris journals. France and England have equipped the finest fleet that ever floated, and sent it to the Baltic to instruct the Russians in geography. They have been hunting up places so far north that the sun never sets upon them for more than two months at a time. There are not more than 500 persons in St. Petersburg and Moscow together that ever heard of Brahestad, Ulcaborg, &c., until they had been bombarded by the allied fleets. By the way, speaking of Ulcaborg, the greatest vandalism of the present century was there committed. The account in the *Dublin Post*, from the journal of an officer on board the *Leopard*, is as near the truth as anything you have seen since the commencement of the war, as there has been a systematic perversion and *suppressio veri* in everything that has been delivered to the public since April last. It is true, as the *Leopard's* officer tells you, that they sacked, pillaged, and burnt the defenceless town of Ulcaborg; but he does not tell you what was the fate of the women in that village, where he says: 'No resistance was offered, and we landed the marines.' I will tell you. They were all violated by the crews of twenty boats, pretending to be civilised men and Christians. He tells you:

territory offered us. The case of Louisiana, which was acquired under precisely the same circumstances, is an example which should by all means be followed. Should the administration resolve on making the purchase, a difficulty is very likely to occur between Great Britain and this country. As soon as it was known in England that the purchase of Russian America had been suggested to this government, the president was notified that the British fleet in the Pacific had received orders to take Sitka. It may possibly be contended that this notification should have operated to prevent our purchase, or that such a purchase, made in the teeth of the notification, amounts to an act of hostility against Great Britain. We think it likely that this argument will be used on the other side of the Atlantic, because we have known such arguments to proceed from the same quarter before; but we regard it as entirely fallacious and incorrect. The expression of an intention on the part of Great Britain could not affect the actual sove-

reignty of the czar, or deprive him of the power of giving a valid title to the territory. Until that intention is executed, and Sitka actually taken, the czar has a clear right to sell, and we to buy, the tract menaced. If, therefore, we choose to buy, and the czar places us in possession of the territory, the British fleet will be bound to respect our purchase, under the obvious penalty of hostilities with us. This we take to be the true view of the law on the point. Should Sitka have fallen before our purchase is completed, the case would be different, as there could be no delivery from Russia to the United States, and consequently no sale. This consideration ought to stimulate our government to prompt measures. If the territory is to be bought, it must be bought at once. Delay will preclude the possibility of our acquiring it, and will in all probability, have the effect of aiding Great Britain in its promised conquest, and adding further strength to a rival whose power is already but too formidable on this continent."

We began the work of destruction on Thursday, and did not leave off until Friday morning at ten o'clock.' After appropriating to themselves the property of the citizens, and violating the persons of their wives and daughters, he continues: 'It was near costing us our lives, for we got hemmed-in in the river by the fire. Twice we attempted to burst through it, and twice failed. At the third time the first lieutenant cried out, 'Pull, pull, for dear life—one more attempt.' For about 100 yards I had to close my eyes and put my hands to my face. I was scorched and roasted; my hair was singed. We got out fainting and half-grilled; we had a narrow escape and lost one mau. This morning part of his skull and spine were found burnt to a cinder; it was as dreadful a night's work as ever I was at, and terrible.' Let the civilised world judge of the result of this drunken orgie. A town, where there was neither soldier nor gun, sacked, pillaged, and devastated by fire, the work of the marines of twenty of her majesty's ships. Not content with the destruction of property, the virtue of the women was assailed with equal ferocity and baseness. This writer speaks truly when he says: 'We destroyed everything, virtue, goods, and chattels. The unfortunate inhabitants were like madmen; it was a sad sight to see the creatures; many a man arose yesterday in good circumstances, and that night was a ruined man.' Thus you see Merry Old England, with all her vainglory and boasting, reduced in action to a level with the pagan Turk whose cause she espouses, associating herself with her next-door neighbour, and on the slightest opportunity occurring casting reflections on him, which, unfortunately, is like spitting against the wind that hurls back the expectorated matter full into the face of the projector. The *Leopard's* officer gives out the idea to the world that the Finnish lasses did not mind brutal violence, if it were not done by Frenchmen. True, there is some reason for jealousy of the French—they have not committed a dishonourable act since they have been in the Baltic. The *prestige* of a Briton's name has fled from the Russian dominions. Fishing-boats, nets, tar-barrels, and deal boards have been burnt, simply because they trust to English professions of respecting private property. The much-vaunted capture of prizes reduced to the comprehension of ordinary individuals, consists in a few Finnish smacks laden with salt for curing fish on the coast of Finland, and these are the means employed for revolutionising Finland. Wherever there is a cannon the allies have slunk away like a sneaking dog from a sheepfold on the discovery of the shepherd. Witness the attack on places of so little consequence that no man in England ever heard of them until he saw the report of their being attacked by the allied fleets, which have been invariably repulsed, notwithstanding the gallantry of Ekness, Gamla-Karleby, and Bomarsund, which

tell a mournful story for Britons' pride. Old Bodisco, brother of the late Russian minister at Washington, commands Bomarsund with about a dozen canuon, and, for fear he might use them if they approached too near, the fleet contented themselves by firing all day into his apple orchard and among his trees, entirely out of reach of the old mau's guns, but not of his wrath. More than one English flag has been brought to St. Petersburg as a trophy. I had expected to find in London a Russian flag at every corner of the street, captured by the fleet so much vaunted here before I left for Russia. I think there is an axiom, or a proverb, or something of that kind, which runs: 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast.' England is frenzied with commiseration for the slaves of the United States of America, and consequently devotes her whole time to ameliorate the condition of the collier, who rarely sees the light of the sun from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. In a moment of excess of this humane consideration, she declined doing anything more at Odessa than burning a few hovels on the mole, and the deal boards in the lumber-yard, which were very convenient for exercising the Congreve-rockets upon. They had no intention of injuring the city by the 2,000 asphyxiant bombs thrown into it. The officers well knew that the asphyxizing principle contained in the bomb would decompose the explosive principle in the capsule, and prevent the bursting of the shell, and, as they were useless, they concluded to rid the fleet of them by pitching them into Odessa. Old Admiral Napier came up last Sunday week, and took a look at Cronstadt, where I have been waiting a month to see a great combat, and have been disappointed, for the fleet all disappeared on Monday. I have found out there is to be no show. I paid my money at the gate, got admission, find the principal actor sick—'Can't come to the scratch,' and the play 'is given up.' The finest fleet that ever floated passes by Riga, Revel, Sweaborg, and Cronstadt, and contents itself with a look. The days of chivalry are gone, and I must be satisfied with cheerful, happy faces and hospitable hearths in lieu of great battles in Russia. British valour has eked out in gasconade, detraction and defamation of private character, and destruction of private property. The idea of terminating a war by discord in the imperial household, and jealousy between the elder brothers of the imperial family! There never existed a more united or harmonious family. The Grand Duke Alexander is, according to the journals of the day, dying of hectic fever and night sweats, when in reality he would pass freely for a beer-drinking, athletic Englishman, and, I might almost say, with an exuberance of health; and, instead of jealousy and distrust, the most cordial sympathy and devotion to each other prevail. Brothers more devoted to each other cannot be found anywhere in the

private walks of life. Michael, the chief of artillery, and Nicholas, of infantry, are both very intelligent, and the devotion to their father and the desire to execute his will equal anything that the most exalted imagination could picture. The emperor's health and spirits have been very good for the last two months, but they both appeared to advantage the two days that the allied fleet lay off Cronstadt. The fleet lay between the imperial pavilion on the premises of the Grand Duchess Helen, at Oranienbaum, and the fortifications at Cronstadt. Thousands of persons collected on the heights of Knansa Gorkoe, and about Oranienbaum, as they said, to see Old Charley cut capers when the ball opened, but the spectators were disappointed; this magnificently attired company declined to face the music, and left the saloon, consequently the ball closed before the dancing commenced, as it is rather awkward to dance without a *vis-à-vis*.

"Colonel G. N. Sanders."

In closing this chapter, we must allude to a curious and seemingly improbable circumstance, which is said to have occurred while the allied fleets were lying before Cronstadt. An English yacht, belonging to Lords Lichfield and Enston, ventured considerably in advance of the ships, when suddenly a small Russian steamer put out with the intention of making a prize of her. This she would probably have done, but that an English war-steamer advanced to the rescue of the yacht. The Russian vessel declining a combat, retired within the batteries, and the affair ended. Respecting these events there is no doubt; and they were even confirmed by a letter from Lord Lichfield to one of the public journals, correcting some of the details of its narration.

But now comes the wonderful part of the story. It is asserted that on board the Russian steamer which put forth to effect the capture of the yacht, were the Emperor Nicholas, the Archduke Constantine, the archduchess, and the Russian admiral in command at Cronstadt! All these distinguished persons had steamed in the warship to enjoy the pleasure of taking a little unarmed yacht; and, by so doing, had exposed themselves to the risk of being made prisoners by the English steamer which approached to protect it. If the Russian

vessel did contain such goodly company, it must be deeply regretted that the fact was not known to the captain of the English one. No doubt he would have risked his life to have made a prisoner of the disturber of the peace of Europe, or have done his best to send the vessel containing the autocrat to the bottom. Had he succeeded in either alternative, he would have won a name, remembered with honour until the time comes when Mr. Macaulay's traveller of the future shall stand on the remains of London-bridge and contemplate the ruins of the English capital. But the fact was unknown: the emperor, with his family and admiral (if indeed they were there) escaped; and the captain of the English vessel had to wait another opportunity for distinction.

"On the political consequences of such an event" (*i.e.*, the capture of the emperor), said a leading journal, "we must scarcely venture to speculate. The imagination of the historian who is called upon to write the history of the events *which did not occur*, may fairly recoil from the magnitude of the subject. Little petty questions, such as those connected with the Sulina mouths of the Danube, the navigation of the Black Sea, the freedom of the Circassian mountaineers, the restoration of Finland to Sweden, &c., sink into comparative insignificance by the side of the chapter which might have been written on the result of the czar's yachting expedition off Cronstadt. The wonder of it is, that all this time we are not dealing with a fable, nor with the result of a drunkard's inspiration, but with sober and serious fact. The czar of Russia, the Archduke Constantine, and the archduchess were as near to capture and transmission to England as it is possible to be without having actually incurred such a catastrophe. Such is life and history—such a strange mixture of chances and improbabilities! What an end to the Russian war; and to think, in all soberness of thought, that it might really have come to pass, had the captain of a little English steamer known who were on board the little Russian steamer the other day off Cronstadt."

CHAPTER XII.

CRUISE OF THE RUSSIAN SHIP VLADIMIR; THE CHOLERA IN THE ALLIED FLEETS AND ARMIES; PROROGATION OF THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT; PREPARATIONS TO ATTACK BOMARSUND; FORT TZEZ TAKEN BY THE FRENCH, AND FORT NOTTICH BY THE ENGLISH, BOMBARDMENT OF THE GREAT TOWER, AND SURRENDER OF THE RUSSIAN GARRISON; THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS; BLOWING UP THE FORTS.

MANY were the conjectures hazarded as to when the allied fleets in the Black Sea would attack Sebastopol. Expectation was frequently excited upon this subject, and as frequently disappointed. At length a portion of the allied fleets, composed of fourteen ships-of-the-line and six frigates, departed from Baltschik on the 21st of July, and directed its course towards the Crimea. Generals Brown and Canrobert accompanied the expedition; and it was supposed their object was to effect a landing, or to reconnoitre and settle the plan of future attack.

The proceedings of the fleets in the Black Sea we shall speak of more fully when returning to the narrative of events of the war in Asia. Here it will be sufficient to say, that a strict blockade of the Euxine was supposed to be kept up by the allied fleets. Notwithstanding this circumstance, a Russian steam-frigate, called the *Vladimir*, put out from Sebastopol, evaded the blockade, and defeated the vigilance of the cruisers to such an extent, as to penetrate as far as the mouth of the Bosphorus! On steaming away from Sebastopol, the daring Russian ship proceeded to the Asiatic coast, and sunk several Turkish vessels laden with corn. The captain of the *Vladimir*, himself a Greek, had received information from spies of his own nation, which, united with the negligence of the blockade, might have inflicted a severe disgrace upon the British flag. He had learnt that the English steamer, *Cyclops*, had landed her guns, and was then lying defenceless in the roads at Heraclia. Thither he bent his course; and the British vessel would have fallen an easy prey to the adventurous Russian, but that she had been accidentally detained at Constantinople for the purpose of undergoing some repairs, after being ordered to Heraclia to inquire into the state of the coal-mines then working on that coast for the use of the combined fleets. Though disappointed of her intended prize, the *Vladimir* reaped the reward of her audacious bravery. She

took in tow two vessels laden with coal, and steamed away with them to Sebastopol. Four English war-steamers went in pursuit of her, but spent their efforts in vain. Such negligence on the part of the blockading fleets was extremely culpable, and calculated to lead to dangerous results. It was well remarked, that that was not the way in which matters were conducted when stout old Sir John Jervis had a similar duty in hand, and Troubridge was with the in-shore squadron off Toulon. In consequence of this dashing exploit of the Russian captain, seven sail-of-the-line sailed from Baltschik to enforce the blockade more thoroughly.

The expedition to Sebastopol turned out to be only for the purpose of a *reconnaissance*. Sir George Brown, in the *Fury*, approached quietly during the night to within 2,000 yards of the batteries. While he stood on deck counting the guns of the enemy, an explosion was heard, and a shot tore through the rigging of the vessel. Other shot and shell instantly followed, and the *Fury* steamed out of the harbour with a cannon-ball in her hull, but without injury to any of her crew. It is said that Sir George Brown was so satisfied with the result of his observations, that on his return he recommended immediate action.

Into the city of Constantinople, amid the troops there; into the vessels in the Bosphorus, and the camp at Varna, crept the dread pest—cholera. It broke out at Varna on the 24th of July, and in the course of one day and night, upwards of twenty men had fallen victims. So virulent was it, that one man, seized at seven o'clock, was a corpse at twelve. As if cholera was not sufficient to thin those gaudy masses of crowded life, typhus-fever was linked to the modern scourge of Europe. The light division (which was the first attacked) was ordered on to Monastir, a village about eight miles further on. Several of the men were struck upon the march; but the attacks were not so fatal as when the pestilence first broke out. At one period the deaths

amongst the English rose from sixteen to twenty a-day, while that among the French were even more numerous. The correspondent of a leading journal, while writing from the spot, thus inquires the causes of this terrible visitation :—

“The remoter causes of the epidemic which rages at Varna and in the camps may be beyond our ken, but assuredly there is no difficulty in discovering the immediate physical predisposing conditions of its existence, if medical authority is of any value. In the first place, the men were left too long in the same encampments. It is the practice of the French, as a general rule, to change their ground once every ten days, even in healthier climates. They seem to have paid the penalty, on this occasion, of their breach of a rule recommended by experience and founded on common sense. Our men, in spite of all orders to the contrary, persisted in throwing offal, heads and entrails of fowls, bones, and skins, into the bush and brushwood around the camp. In the broiling sun all these various animal matters speedily become putrescent, and myriads of flies hover around them, and buzz about into the tents, laden with cargoes of corruption. Although soldiers are constantly employed carrying away offal and clearing the ground occupied by horses and mules, nothing can prevent acts of carelessness and nastiness on the part of the men. Now at Aladyn the smell from the thickets in the rear of the camp, when the light division left it, was almost intolerable. The guards and highlanders are, however, marched up to within a comparatively short distance of this abandoned camp, and pitch their tents at a distance which subjects them, I should think, to the influence of its tainted atmosphere. And where do the light division go to? They march to Devno, which is said to bear a proverbial name for its unhealthiness; and they remain in a spot which (I understand) the principal medical officer of the army, Dr. Hall, authoritatively condemned, after his recent inspection of it. The condition of the atmosphere of the camps outside Varna must be worst of all, from the long-continued encampment of troops there, and from the large masses of troops, Turkish, Egyptian, Bashi-Bazouk, English, and French, congregated there. Sir De L. Evans's division seems to have been placed in the most healthy and favourable spot, and I believe the returns from the various divisions

will be found to support the view taken of the comparative healthiness of the sites of the various camps. Another cause of the illness which prevails may be the long morning drills, and lengthened exposure to the rays of a broiling sun at a time when the men are little able to resist its effects, owing to insufficient meals. Oftentimes they have gone out to a four hours' drill without anything more substantial to work upon than a cup of coffee. Sometimes they have not had even that. Why should the officers escape almost with impunity? The fact of the men sleeping fifteen in a single tent, while the officers have tents to themselves, or a tent between two, has no doubt something to do with this difference; but the better feeding of the officers has, I suspect, a far greater influence. The pork ration which is sometimes issued is decidedly unwholesome. Mr. Warren* was seized with illness after a meal of pork, and several persons have complained that they are never well after it. Perhaps Mohammed was a better physiologist than we think, and found that swine flesh in these climates is essentially unwholesome. It certainly should be washed down with something stronger than lukewarm river-water. Our generals, who were so anxious to get their men into good working order, to make them hardy, to render them temperate, to wean them from the luxuries of the malt-tub, will feel somewhat astonished if they should find—which God forbid!—that this splendid army is withered by sickness and decimated by a plague which might have been prevented, humanly speaking, if the precautions which were pointed out and insisted on had been taken. Whatever else caused the cholera, neither porter nor spirits had anything to do with it! The wine sold in the canteens of the regiments was not so cheap as to be commonly drunk in quantities by the men, nor so bad as to be deleterious. It was examined again and again by the doctors, at the command of the authorities, when they found diarrhœa increasing, and the doctors shook their heads, and talked about increase of rations and better supplies of rice, &c., as being more germane to the matter. Apricots, which the people here eat in enormous quantities, long ere they ripen, were sold without let or hindrance to the men in the camps; nor

* Mr. Warren was a storekeeper at Varna, and a very estimable man. He was on duty on the evening of the 24th of July, and at twelve the following day he was no more.

were juicy pumpkins and crisp cucumbers wanting. The Turks and Greeks eat them abundantly, and yet Varna is not a place where cholera is at all common—on the contrary, it is generally very healthy, and is not at all subject to the attacks of this terrible pestilence. In compliance with the request of our authorities, the Turks have ordered all offal to be buried with quicklime.”

At Constantinople the cholera committed frightful ravages amongst the troops, and 200 persons perished shortly after its outbreak. It was said that this alarming amount of sickness was, to a large extent, the result of the idle and stationary life the soldiers were compelled to lead, and that, too, while their presence was so much needed at the seat of war. Indian officers, accustomed to deal with armies in hot climates, had all along asserted that sickness would attack the men if they were kept unoccupied within the lines, and that the only way to preserve the soldiers in health was to give them constant employment and something of the excitement of war.

In England, the progress of the war, or at least the safety of our fleets and armies, was considered so far satisfactory, that although there had been some little talk of an autumn session, the queen prorogued parliament with the usual formalities on the 12th of August. We mention this circumstance to show that the government entertained no apprehensions for the result of the great struggle in which they were engaged. In addressing the members of both houses her majesty said truly:—“You will join with me in admiration of the courage and perseverance manifested by the troops of the sultan in their defence of Silistria, and in the various military operations on the Danube.” This praise was bravely and nobly earned; but it is not an inspiring reflection that the Queen of England could not bestow upon her own willing troops the tribute of admiration that was wrung from her by the Mussulmans.

We must now recall our reader's attention to the Baltic. The English vessels bearing the French troops from Calais, most of them, joined the allied fleet on the 30th of July, at the little bay of Led Sund. At this place all was noise, life, and cheerfulness. Bomarsund presented a very different appearance. The Russian commander, learning that the fortress was to be again attacked, ordered all the villages around it to be burned. This cruel man-

date was effected early in August; and for several days clouds of smoke and flames rolled up towards heaven, and attested how Russia protects her subjects. By Sunday (the 6th) the destruction was complete, and nothing remained of the town and woods around the fort, but a few blackened walls and heaps of charred and smouldering ashes. Deserters from the forts frequently joined the ships of the allies. One fine-looking fellow, having obtained leave to bathe, left his clothes upon the beach, and swam off two miles to join the *Leopard*. He said that he had served for fourteen years nearly without pay, and living upon very little else than brown bread and water, and that he at length resolved to endure such a state of things no longer. The poor fellow seems to have been kindly received. Englishmen do not injure or abuse the helpless. In evidence of this, we may observe that Sir Charles Napier gave strict orders that a cordial and friendly demeanour should be shown towards the inhabitants of the islands. The soldiers and sailors were informed that no injury was to be done to private property, and that the full value must be paid for everything they required. The inhabitants, however, were loath to receive anything for fear they should be punished if subsequently detected. It is actually related, that two boys, on whom some English coin was found, were summarily hanged! Surely the severities and atrocities of war have their limits; and this barbarism was certainly beyond them.

On the 5th of August, the *Tilsit*, *St. Louis*, *Asmodée*, *Cleopatra*, and *Syrene*, arrived with the siege-guns, horses, and the stores necessary for the latter. The next day the *Tilsit*, *St. Louis*, *Inflexible*, and *Asmodée* proceeded to Bomarsund; and on the 7th they were followed by the transports and steamers, taking up the troops and English marines. Sir Charles Napier shifted his flag to the *Bulldog*, and, together with his staff, also steamed up to Bomarsund, from which doomed fortress the passive sentinels and officers beheld the preparations for its destruction. For some days the carpenters of all the ships were employed in constructing platforms to carry 32-pounders. These enormous guns weighed as much as forty-five hundred-weight each, and were to be conveyed to the scene of action on sledges, each dragged along by 150 men. They were to be used in addition to the ordinary field ordnance.

The landing of the expeditionary corps took place at three o'clock in the morning of the 8th of August. It was effected without resistance upon two points of the island of Lumpar, near Bomarsund. A battery of five guns, of large calibre, which opened its fire, was silenced and destroyed by a French and an English steamer, the *Phlégethon* and the *Amphion*. The guns, which had been buried under the ruins of the gun-carriages and the earth, were spiked by the sailors. The French encamped behind some high ground about two miles from the main battery, the French chasseurs spreading themselves over the intervening ground, to within 800 yards of the walls. A Russian officer was daring enough to leave the fort and advance about a dozen yards towards them, when he received a bullet in his breast and fell. Whether his rashness led to his death or not we cannot say, as some men instantly rushed out from the fort and took him in. One vessel (the *Penelope*) had, like the Russian officer, nearly fallen a victim to its temerity. It got aground within range of the forts, and was fired upon for three hours and-a-half, though happily without sustaining much injury. This was in consequence of several small ships going to her assistance, and thus drawing the attention of the forts upon themselves. Of these vessels the *Hecla* received several shots, and the mainmast of the *Pigmy* was torn away. The *Penelope* had to throw over her guns, water, and everything of weight, before she could be floated again, and rescued from her perilous position. She had two men killed and one wounded by the fire from the Russian fort, a result which may be regarded as favourable, when it is understood that 123 shots were fired at the vessel, and that twenty-one of them struck either her hull or rigging. The cholera, which in this fatal summer seems to have been almost universal, made its appearance amongst the French troops, but the infliction was not very severe.

The landing of the troops, to the number of 11,000, was effected with the greatest dispatch and without any casualty. As each regiment stepped on shore the men formed into order, and marched through the thick pine forests and over the heights, with their bright bayonets and red caps illuminated by the morning sun. The centre wing of the army encamped for the night in and around the village, about two miles from the fortress it was soon to attack. On the 11th, the sailors transported the great

guns through the village to the camp of the royal marines. During this time they were fired upon at intervals by one of the round towers. Sir Charles Napier, together with General Baraguay d'Hilliers, went through the encampment and arranged the disposition of the forces. The same day a Russian spy, in the garb of a female, was arrested in the camp. The fort continued a desultory fire on the troops all day; and a village was on fire and reduced to ashes by the Russian shells.

The bombardment began on the 13th. Behind Bomarsund were two towers, called fort Tzee and fort Nottich, each of which contained a garrison of 120 men. Fort Tzee was first attacked by the French, and afterwards fort Nottich by the English forces; the allies, however, not only acting in concert, but actually as parts of the same army. At four o'clock in the morning, the French battery of four 16-pounders and four mortars opened a tremendous fire upon the western fort. It was kept up for twelve hours, accompanied by a terrific roaring and rending. The shells burst in the embrasures and over the roof, and the shot destroyed the facings of the embrasures at every round. By four o'clock the Russians hung a flag of truce out of a porthole, and demanded two hours' respite to bury their dead. General Baraguay d'Hilliers granted them one hour; and, as might have been expected, they made use of it to obtain reinforcements and a further supply of ammunition from the other fort.

The hour expired, and the firing recommenced with a more certain and deadly fury. The riflemen on the rocks also poured into the embrasures a fatal storm of bullets. Indeed, the chasseurs employed their Minié rifles with such success, that the Russians had great difficulty in loading their guns. The eastern tower, therefore, came to the assistance of the garrison in the western, and hurled their shells over the besieged fort into the camp of the allies. At eight in the evening, the Russians attempted to gain a fresh respite by hanging out another flag of truce. Accordingly, the commandant of the artillery went to General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and inquired if the battery should cease firing. "Cease firing!" was the reply, "certainly not, sir. These men have not respected the object of their truce, and they shall not receive the slightest consideration. Continue your bombardment the whole night long."

In conformity with the orders of the general, the firing was carried on all night without cessation, and the ground almost rocked with the terrific explosions and the blows dealt by iron balls against the massive stone walls. The Russians held out with dogged bravery, and their commander expressed his intention of fighting to the last. At length the face of the tower on which the guns played was completely knocked away, a breach was nearly effected, and fort Tzee surrendered at nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th. The commandant would not give up his sword quietly, and in flourishing it about wounded a French officer in the face, who instantly ran him through the side, but the wound did not prove mortal. On the following day the fort was accidentally set on fire by a shell discharged by the Russians to dislodge the French. The fire continued smouldering and gathering strength for some hours; then the flames roared fiercely from the embrasures, and the tower blew up with a tremendous explosion which hurled its masses of granite and brickwork high into the air, and left nothing of it standing but a bare, grim, blackened ruin. Unhappily two Frenchmen were blown up with the fort.

During the night of the 14th a singular accident happened. A party of chasseurs had been out reconnoitring and were returning to their camp, when the French sentry, mistaking their tread for the approach of an enemy (or perhaps he had been asleep and dreaming), called out—"The Russians!—the Russians!" Instantly the guard, without challenging, fired upon the approaching party, and thus unfortunately killed seven and wounded thirteen of their own countrymen.

On the morning of the 15th, the English battery began a fierce firing of shot and shell upon fort Nottich. Captain Pelham, of the *Blenheim*, also landed a large 10-inch gun on the earthwork battery, and his crew kept up a steady fire in a very exposed position. As the shells burst over them, these brave fellows prostrated themselves for a moment, and then leaping again to their feet, renewed the assault. The guns of several vessels from time to time joined in the assault, while the *Edinburgh* and the *Ajax* directed their fire upon the large fort. The effect of these deadly and combined attacks was to be seen in the defaced and crushed condition of the fort. At six in the evening, the Russians hung out the white flag and surrendered. They had six

men killed, seven wounded, and 115 (besides three officers) taken prisoners. Among the latter was the Russian commandant, who, as he passed the ruins of the first round tower, looked up and exclaimed with an absurd assumption of pathos—"Oh, England, England, we did not expect this from you!" He also expressed a wish to see the battery that had done him so much mischief. On its being shown to him, he almost cried with vexation to find it contained only three guns. He said he thought there were at least twenty-five. On the morning of the 16th, the prisoners were marched under a guard to the boats, and put on board the *Termagant*. The loss of the English in this affair was slight—almost beyond belief. The Hon. Mr. Wrottesley, of the royal engineers, was killed, together with one marine, and seven or eight men were wounded. Very few ships were engaged in the affair, much to the disappointment of the Jack-tars, who longed to haul in near the forts and pour a few broadsides upon them.

The principal fortress, properly called Bomarsund, was not capable of much resistance after its supporting towers had fallen. The attack upon it commenced on the afternoon of the 14th, and was conducted by the land forces, assisted by the *Edinburgh* and one of the French liners, while the *Amphion*, *Ajax*, and *Driver* fired shot and shell at long range. The bombardment continued during the 15th, and on the 16th the governor, seeing that a longer resistance was useless, hung out a white flag from one of the embrasures in token of surrender. The signal was given to suspend firing, and Sir Charles Napier and Admiral Chads went, in a small unarmed boat, to the shore. At the same time the French general and his staff galloped up to the fort. General Bodiseo, the Russian commander, came forth, complied with the demand of an unconditional surrender, and delivered up his sword to the English admiral and the French general. A command was then given to the French troops to advance. They did so, and many of them entered the fortress, while the rest drew up in line outside.

The next demand was for the arms of the Russians, which the dejected soldiers brought and piled up in heaps. The prisoners, to the number of 2,300 men, having collected their personal baggage, were ordered to be taken at once on board the men-of-war. During their removal the victors triumphantly played them out of the fortress. The

army was divided into two long files, extending from the gateway to the landing-place. The men stood with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, while the prisoners were brought out and marched between them two by two. They looked careworn, and exhausted with fatigue; for five days they had taken no rest, except at the side of their guns. Symptoms of revolt had been shown before the surrender; and when the army entered the fortress, many of the Russians had seized the spirit casks, and endeavoured to drown the consciousness of their defeat in intoxication. These fellows were got out with difficulty; and when the music struck up, they commenced their national pastime, and ludicrously danced a polka through the whole line. Poor creatures! perhaps captivity to generous foes came to them as a welcome deliverance from something worse. One drunken Russian soldier was affected in a very different manner. The ruffian was seized by two French soldiers, in an attempt to fire the powder-magazine. Being dragged forth he met the fate he deserved, and was shot. Within three hours after the surrender, the prisoners were safely lodged on board the men-of-war. The following morning the mole was crowded with the wives of these poor people, who came to see their husbands before their departure. Besides the prisoners, 139 pieces of artillery were taken in the different forts; other accounts say 202.

But this was not all: provisions for 3,000 men for two years were discovered; an enormous quantity of stores of all kinds; about £15,000 in Russian notes, useless to the captors; and eleven magazines, containing nearly 200 tons of powder. The latter was destined to blow up the forts as soon as the officers received authority from their respective governments to do so. Military men have expressed their opinion, that, in a short time, the place would have been as strong as Cronstadt. It was the intention of the emperor to build eleven more round forts, and another like Bomarsund. The foundations of some were begun; and the large fort, which was a noble building, already stood fifteen or twenty feet high. It is supposed this was to have been his stepping-stone to Sweden; but his hopes were overthrown by the severe check he experienced in the destruction of Bomarsund.

The following interesting account from the pen of a naval officer supplies some further particulars:—

“By the time you get this, no doubt the English newspapers will have given you a vast deal more information than I can of the affair in detail. I can only write of the part I have been engaged in. Bomarsund is the only fortified place of all the Aland Islands, and was said to be impregnable. Beyond the great or centre battery, it has, or had, two tower batteries; the one tower was taken two day's ago by the French and English, and was occupied by them. The Russians had dug a mine from the great battery to the one taken, and Sir C. Napier, from information or suspicion, telegraphed the troops to leave. A few minutes after, the whole tower was blown to atoms. I came into the bay too late to see it, but not too late to hear it. The second tower was taken by assault of the marines and blue jackets last night late, and the governor taken prisoner, and to-day was the grand attack upon the centre battery. The firing from the ships commenced this morning about ten; at the same time the French and English troops were banging away on shore upon the places from their main forts: the scene was bewildering. I watched the shot and shell from the deck of the *Cuckoo* steamer until my eyes ached. Some fell short of the battery; others went over; many I could see plough up the ground at its foot; others dashed the roof into splinters: some shells burst in the air—a most singular sight. The volume of smoke from them did not separate for many minutes, but looked like small balloons floating about. The roar of guns was terrific. At last, at exactly half-past twelve, a white flag was seen flying upon the roof of the building. Sir C. Napier's ship (the *Bulldog*) and the French admiral's ship instantly sent up theirs, and all was quiet: the fort had surrendered. Two boats were then sent off to the fort from the admirals, and not another gun was heard: 2,000 Russians had surrendered prisoners to the allied fleets. The French and English troops now poured down by thousands from their main forts towards the battery, and boats from the ships in dozens, the boats of the *Royal William* schooner not long behind them: there was no resisting it. The men pulled away, and there we were, where only a few minutes before it would have been certain death to have shown our noses. Lost in wonder and awe at the devastation before us, the scene was too much. The prisoners were being taken by boatloads to the vessels, for conveyance to England and France; many of

them the poorest and most deplorable-looking objects it is possible to conceive; others, again, looking as if they had just escaped from a tyrant, and were at last freemen, laughing and quite jolly. Many were helplessly drunk, and were driven along by the soldiery. Carts were bringing out the sick and wounded—a melancholy sight, indeed. We did not enter far into the great battery, it being dangerous from the quantity of loose powder-bags lying about. The troops were engaged searching for the Russian officers; numbers of them had stowed themselves away, and were found insensibly drunk. None but those who have seen, as I now have, the capabilities of the allied powers, can form any idea of their means. The walls of this place are nine feet thick, solid granite; the roof is iron, and, under the iron, is sand six feet thick. Yet, there it is. Well have the French and English guns done their work: the place is a ruin; the roof torn off; the solid granite blown to fragments; the ground is ploughed up with shot and shell around it: and the ships that did this work were 2,700 yards off, and, as far as I can hear, not one ship received the least injury. The French troops have done well, it is said, with their rifles. They shot the men at the guns in the fort through the loopholes; the bullets (of which I have a pocketful) were as thick as hail at the foot of the building. The French soldiers were bringing out all sorts of things.

“The view from the ruin of the upper tower is delightful in the extreme, looking over small islands out of all number, but all covered with shrubs and trees. The men-of-war all decked out with their gay flags; the boats belonging to the ships sailing about in all directions, and the small Swedish boats navigated by women, was a sight not to be forgotten. The sheep here are anybody’s; they are very nimble, and our middies shoot them. I did not venture near the French camp, as the cholera is raging there violently. Of course, with all this gaiety of scene following immediately after the surrender of the great tower, there is the dark and gloomy in attendance; although unseen by many, I could not shut my eyes to the sight, and my ears to the sounds of woe from the poor Russian women—many with babies in their arms—whose husbands had either fallen or were now on their way to England or France, prisoners of war. That monster Nicholas had pressed these men, and they were actually locked into the fort I

have just been over, to fight until they perished. These poor women are now without homes or means of any kind whatever. The French they fear to approach, but cling to the English as protectors; and all the English here seem proud of the distinction. I saw some of our sturdy fellows dividing their rations with them, and sheltering them from the sun.

“I sat beside one poor creature who seemed overwhelmed with grief; her husband had had his arm blown off. I intended to give her some pieces of silver, and placed some before her. They were all allowed to see their husbands before leaving for England. The officers were allowed to take their wives with them; indeed, the English are very kind.”

The fall of Bomarsund was the most dignified and gratifying act hitherto performed by the allies in the cause of the Ottoman. Bomarsund, with its solid walls of granite nine feet thick, and its roof of iron, was smitten by the cannon of the allies as a house of glass might be by the mailed hand of a giant; itself shattered and overthrown, and its defenders carried away into captivity. But in losing Bomarsund, the czar also lost the reputation of his great fortresses for impregnability. If Bomarsund could be shattered, and if need were, pulverised, by French and English cannon, then why not Cronstadt also? Why not Sebastopol? The French general,* in writing to the minister of war, thus referred to this point: “The destruction of Bomarsund will be a considerable loss for Russia, both in a material and moral point of view. We have, in one week, destroyed the *prestige* attached to their ramparts of granite, which, it has been said, were invulnerable against cannon. We know now, that there is nothing in these fine and threatening fortifications to secure them from the effects of a well-directed fire. This fine result, Monsieur le Maréchal, is due to the intelligence, the devotedness, and the courage of the officers and men of the expeditionary corps, and of the allied fleets. Everyone has done his duty; danger, fatigue, and privations have been unheeded by those French soldiers whom it is so glorious to command.” Admiral Napier much regretted that there was not scope for action for the whole of the fleet, and also that the enemy did not attempt to raise the siege

* The French emperor bestowed upon General Baraguay d’Hilliers the staff of a marshal of France, as a reward for his exertions at Bomarsund.

with their fleets. In the latter case, judging from the zeal and gallantry of the officers and men under his command, he thought it most probable that many of the Russian ships would have found their way into British ports.

To restore tranquillity to the poor inhabitants of the Aland Isles, the following proclamation was issued and read in all their churches:—

“We, the undersigned commanders-in-chief of the combined naval and land forces, hereby authorise the authorities of these islands to continue in the administration of their respective duties, and we rely on their doing so with zeal and circumspection.

“In times of tumult and war, it devolves upon every well-disposed citizen to do his utmost in maintaining order and peace; the lower classes must not be led away with the belief that no law or order exists, for these will be enforced with as much rigour as heretofore.

“Since the late events, which have changed the aspect of these islands, the blockade has been raised, and the public are informed that they are at liberty to trade with Sweden on the same conditions and privileges as heretofore.

“Each and every one is cautioned against holding any communication or intercourse with the enemy or Finland; and if any one is found aiding them in any way, he will be punished most severely.

“Given under our hands, &c.,

“BARAGUAY D’HILLIERS.

“CHARLES NAPIER.

“PARSEVAL DESCHENES.

“— JONES.”

The prisoners were equally divided between the French and English forces, 1,000 and odd to each. General Bodisco, the governor of Bomarsund, and a number of Russian officers, were sent by the steam frigate *Souffleur* to France, and the remainder of the prisoners belonging to the French were embarked on board the *Cléopâtre* and the *Syrène*, and taken to Brest. The general was accompanied by his two aides-de-camp, his wife, one of his children (a boy between four and five years of age), and two servants. The whole party were permitted to take apartments at an hotel, where they awaited the decision of the government as to their future destination.

On the 5th of September, the *Hannibal* and the *Termagant* arrived respectively at

Deal and Sheerness. The first brought 223 Russian prisoners; and the last 199 soldiers and one woman, together with three officers and their wives. The *Valorous* and the *Dauntless* also brought small numbers of prisoners; and the *James* arrived with 132 Russian soldiers, nine women, and thirteen children. Twenty of these prisoners were convicts, destined for Siberia, but sent to Bomarsund to assist in working the guns in the principal fort. They were said to be the most depraved characters, many of them having been condemned for murders, and others for the perpetration of most detestable crimes. These men were put on board the *Benbow* prison-ship. The Hon. Keith Stewart, captain of the *Termagant*, gave a farewell dinner to the officers and their wives previously to their being sent on board the *Devonshire*. Captain Swaroff, one of the Russian officers, proposed the health of their entertainer, and for himself and his associates begged to return him their most sincere thanks for the kindness shown, both to them and their wives, during the time they had been on board his ship. The officers stated that the emperor does not grant them any pay while prisoners of war, nor allow them to return on parole of honour, nor to serve. They all seemed quite happy at the idea of a residence in England, but earnestly expressed a hope that our government will confer on them the same liberty that was given to the officers of the *Tiger*—namely, to remain on shore, in private lodgings, at their own expense. The Russian press have, however, with their customary want of veracity, accused the English of treating their prisoners with extreme cruelty. The Russian soldiers were thin, ill-fed looking men, and inferior, both in physical strength and intelligence, to the soldiers of western Europe. Their long gray pepper-and-salt great coats, with faded facings, and destitute of any brass ornaments, gave them a poor and dingy look. Their wives were plainly but neatly dressed, most of them wearing coloured handkerchiefs round their heads, and bearing a resemblance to the Bavarian broom-girls we sometimes see in our streets. The Russian prisoners carried the cholera with them on board the *Termagant*, and out of forty-three of these poor fellows who were attacked during the passage to England, seventeen perished. The Russian officers were very superior to their men. They were fine-looking fellows, and both

well-educated and possessed of pleasing manners.

A curious circumstance has been stated in connexion with the destruction of Bomarsund. It is, that towards the last of the conflict, the Russians loaded their muskets with silver rubles, or as others say, with shot made out of rubles cut into pieces. Whether this was done from a superstitious feeling, or with a view to deprive the victors of the contents of the military chest, is not known. Opinions lean towards the latter speculation; because after the surrender of the fortress, a quantity of specie was found secreted in the earth. The charging their muskets with coins may, however, have arisen from a superstition. Probably the ignorant Russian soldiers feared that their enemies might have been in league with the powers of darkness, and the idea that a wizard can only be slain by a silver bullet is extremely general among ignorant and superstitious minds.

When the allies were in possession of Bomarsund, the question naturally arose, what should be done with it? Should they repair and occupy it, or level its fortifications with the dust, and thus prevent them from again falling into the hands of the Russians? On this subject the admirals sent for commands from their respective governments, who returned for answer that the fortifications should be utterly destroyed, and the islands abandoned. The project of restoring the ruined fortifications to Sweden was contemplated, and we believe an offer of them was made to that state, on condition that she should hold them by an arrangement with the allies until the peace: but Sweden appears not to have accepted the offer, probably because she feared herself not strong enough to retain them.

It was certainly the wisest policy to lay Bomarsund in ruins. "Destroy the nests," said a warrior who fought against the enemies of the mind, "destroy the nests, and the crows will not return." As to a permanent occupation of the Aland Islands by French or English troops, the extreme bitterness of the winters would render it a compound of madness and cruelty. The rigour of that merciless season is such as neither French nor English could stand up against; and even amongst the Russian troops, the mortality there is most alarming. This is seen by the inscriptions on the tombs in the military cemetery, and from the fact that the Russian government had

lately ordered the construction of a military hospital as spacious as the fortress itself. From the commencement of November to the end of April the climate is so bitter, that the centigrade thermometer ranges from 20° to 25°, and rises often to 30°. During this period, the cold is sometimes increased by violent north-westerly winds, which frequently blow in winter during several consecutive days, and render the islands completely uninhabitable for foreigners. Some of the Russian officers taken prisoners at Bomarsund stated that they had often travelled in sledges from Aland to St. Petersburg, encamping at night on the ice. They said, also, there were still in the island several old men, who perfectly recollected having seen, in 1809, a corps of Russian cavalry, of 15,000 men, coming from Finland, and crossing the Gulf of Bothnia to Aland on the ice.

The blowing up of the fortification commenced on the 30th of August, with the destruction of Fort Prästo, which had escaped almost uninjured from the bombardment. The necessary quantity of powder having been placed beneath its walls, the preparations made, and the train fired, a rumbling sensation was felt, then two terrific explosions were heard, and the fort was hurled into the air in uncouth masses, accompanied by enormous columns of dust and smoke. A strong wind carried away the artificial darkness thus caused, and revealed nothing of Fort Prästo but two little bits of wall, each about twenty feet high, standing amidst a ruinous heap of blackened rafters and masses of stone. The enormous stores of provisions found in Bomarsund were generously given to the poor country-people, the homes of many of whom had been burnt by the Russians to prevent their affording shelter to the allies. The supply was very seasonable, and the poor creatures flocked from all parts to receive it. Indeed, but for it, many of them would probably have starved during the winter. Fort Notich was mined and blown up. Only half the quantity of powder used at Prästo was employed, and the ruin was not so complete.

The same day, a Russian vessel, bearing a flag of truce flying from a pole forward, arrived at Bomarsund. She was instantly boarded, both by English and French guard-boats, and her captain carried before Sir C. Napier. On being questioned, the captain said that he had been sent from Helsingfors

to a place near Abo, with a flag of truce, where he was to meet the officers' and soldiers' wives taken at Bomarsund; but not finding them there, he ventured to approach the latter place. Sir Charles told him, that by doing so he had laid himself open to capture, because he had no business to come beyond his first destination; and therefore he would be detained until it was convenient to send him back with an escort.

The mines under the great tower of Bomarsund were fired in the evening of the 2nd of September. It was nearly dark when the series of explosions, to the number of five or six, occurred. The effect was grand, even to awfulness. "None of the shells," says a spectator, "had been removed from the fort, and when they were blown into the air, those projectiles were banging off in all directions, sparkling like a bright star at the moment of their bursting. The ruins afterwards took fire, and burnt with great violence. About twelve the fire reached another magazine, which sent the burning timber and hot stones blazing like meteors through the air. A portion of the centre of the tower had been purposely left for Admiral Chads to try the effect of the broadsides of the *Edinburgh*. On Monday, the 4th, he laid his ship within 500 yards, and fired seven broadsides, which made a complete breach in the wall, knocking several embrasures into one, and proving pretty clearly that, if the other forts of the emperor are built like this, they are no match against our 'wooden walls.' The admiral then tried broadsides at 1,000 yards, but neither the firing nor its effect was satisfactory. I am sorry to say, that four natives were blown up with the fort. They had been repeatedly warned to go away, but secreted themselves in hopes, I suppose, of plunder, not believing the mines were to be sprung. One man escaped, by some miracle, to tell the tale. The foundations of the forts in contemplation (some of which are already twenty feet high, and were to contain 160 guns in casemates) are being blown up by some few sappers and miners left behind for that purpose. With this exception all the troops have embarked, and left Led Sund yesterday for home."

Several vessels of the allied fleet left Led Sund as early as the 21st of August, and steamed in the direction of Hango. On Sunday, the 27th, General Baraguay d'Hilliers and Sir Charles Napier reached Hango, and there was a probability that the scenes

enacted at Bomarsund would be repeated. The disheartened Russians, however, foreseeing the result of a bombardment by such a force as then threatened them, and anxious by any means to escape from the disgrace of defeat and surrender, themselves blew up the fortifications of Hango in the sight of the enemy, and retreated to Abo, where 15,000 of their countrymen were stationed. The steamers proceeded in the direction of Abo, but after ascertaining that it was strongly guarded and protected by numerous gun-boats, they retired. The reason of this act is assigned in the following despatches respecting it:—

"Reconnaissance of the Enemy's Gun-boats and Steamers at Abo."

"Duke of Wellington, Led Sund, Aug. 27th.

"Sir,—Having received information that Russian troops and gun-boats were among the islands, I sent Captain Scott with a small squadron to find them out, and I beg to enclose his very able report.

"Captain Scott threaded his way through the islands in a most persevering manner, as their lordships will see by the chart I send; his ships were repeatedly on shore, and the *Odin* no less than nine times, before they discovered the enemy's gun-boats and steamers lying behind a floating boom, supported on each side by batteries and a number of troops, covering the town of Abo, where they have collected a large force.

"I take this opportunity of bringing under their lordships' notice the very great exertions of the surveying officers, Captain Sullivan, assisted by Mr. Evans, master of the *Lightning*, and Commander Otter, of the *Alban*; and I have no hesitation in saying, that it is owing to their exertions this fleet have found their way, with comparatively little damage, into creeks and corners never intended for ships-of-the-line; day and night have they worked, and worked successfully. Commander Otter is an old officer, and well worthy of promotion; and Captain Sullivan and his assisting surveyor deserve the protection of their lordships.

"I have, &c.,

"C. NAPIER.

"Vice-admiral and Commander-in-chief.

"The Secretary of the Admiralty, London."

(Enclosure No. 1 in Sir Charles Napier's Letter.)—Her Majesty's ship *Odin*, Led Sund, August 25th.

"Sir,—I have the honour to state that, in pursuance of your orders, dated the 18th of August, I proceeded, with her majesty's ships *Odin*, *Alban*, *Gorgon*, and *Driver*, under my command, towards Kumblinge and the islands east of it.

"Having procured a pilot at Dagerby, we felt our way on with boats and leads through a most difficult and intricate navigation, in the course of which every ship has been on shore (*Gorgon* and *Odin* frequently), but we hope with no further injury than that done to the copper in various places.

"At Kumlinge and the adjacent islands, I was unable to obtain any information of troops or gun-boats, but learnt on Sunday, at Asterholm, that a small fast steam-boat from Abo was in our immediate vicinity.

"Rather than return to your flag without intelligence, I resolved to attempt a passage to Abo, and on Monday, at daylight, leaving the larger ships at anchor, I took all the masters in the *Alban*, surveyed and buoyed off a passage for ten miles to Bergham, and then returned for the other ships, but the *Gorgon* grounding delayed us for that night.

"On Tuesday we made our way in safety into the comparatively main open track to Abo, beyond Bergham; at two, P.M., observed a small steamer watching us; and at three, P.M., several gun-boats moving a body of troops from the point (one and-a-half miles to the north-west) up to the chain across the narrow entrance to the harbour.

"Having approached to within 3,000 yards, the *Alban* stood in to sound. The entrance of the harbour was closed by two impediments; the one in front appeared to be a chain laid on a floating platform, the other of stakes and booms, between which the gun-boats were stationed at regular intervals, and the steam-vessels (four in number) were under the shelter of the points.

"About four, P.M., the *Alban* fired the first shell, which burst over one of the gun-boats. I then commenced firing, and was followed at intervals by the *Gorgon* and *Driver*, but with little or no effect that we could discover, except that of fully answering my purpose in drawing a return from the masked batteries and gun-boats. Only one of the former, at the end of the boom, mounted a gun or guns of large calibre and long range, but which was concealed from our view by a point of land. The others—three in number—about one mile to the west of the boom, as far as we could judge, did not in any one case mount more than five, or less than three, small guns. A fort, of apparently eight or nine large guns, at a distance, constructed to enfilade both passages, fired repeatedly, but the shot invariably fell a very short distance beyond the south end of Little Beckholm.

"As my object was not to attack Abo, but to examine its defences, I contented myself with firing a shot occasionally at the gun-boats, or whatever looked like a masked battery. In the meantime, Commander Otter, in the most zealous and gallant manner, after going as close

as it was prudent in the *Alban*, pulled in with his gig, sounding just within range of the gun-boats and batteries, which were all the time keeping up a constant fire.

"The sum of the information I have been able to obtain with his assistance, and that of Commanders Cracroft and Hobart, amounts to this;—seventeen row-boats, two guns each, and about twenty oars on each side; four steam-vessels (all small), two having the flag with cross anchors in it; and another was observed steaming away through the channel to the eastward of Beckholm. Three (if not four) masked batteries, and another I think in course of construction, for the position of which I refer you to the very clear delineation executed by Commander Otter.

"The channel appears to be very narrow, and the thick woods were evidently full of soldiers. We learnt that our arrival had been anticipated (as we expected, knowing that we had been watched by a steamer for some days), and that 4,000 additional troops had been sent on the previous day, and 5,000 more were expected to arrive on the following day; that there were six steamers—five small and one large (the latter we did not see)—and eighteen boats and two guns, and eighty men, besides soldiers in each.

"The weather was so bad on Thursday that I was detained under Bergo, and went into Bomarsund this morning; when, having communicated with Captain Warden, and received his despatches, I proceeded to join your flag.

"I have only to add my very anxious hope that my proceedings may meet with the approbation of the commander-in-chief.

"I have, &c.,

"FRANCIS SCOTT, Captain.

"Vice-admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B.,
"Commander-in-Chief."

(Enclosure No. 2 in Sir Charles Napier's Letter.)—Her Majesty's ship *Odin*, Led Sund, August 25th.

"Sir,—In returning to your flag from detached service with the squadron you did me the honour to place under my orders, it is my gratifying duty to express to you how well and ably I have been supported by Commanders Otter, Cracroft, and Hobart, in their respective ships, during my late examination of Abo and its defences, and engagement with the batteries and gun-boats at that place; and I beg to offer my humble testimony to their ability, zeal, and great exertions during a week of very difficult and harassing duties.

"I desire most particularly to call your attention to the services performed by Commander Otter during that time. Nothing but the most unceasing and laborious efforts of a clever, indefatigable, and zealous officer could have performed the duties I required of him, which

alone enabled me to obtain the information herewith enclosed, and to examine a place so difficult of access and so little known as Abo, in the limited time to which I was restricted by you.

"Under the above circumstances, upon public grounds, and for the advantage of the naval service, which I know you have so much at heart, I beg to urge your recommendation of that officer and Lieutenant William Mould, senior and gunnery lieutenant of this ship, to the lords commissioners of the admiralty for that promotion their constant and valuable services have so long entitled them to expect and hope for. "I have, &c.,

"FRANCIS SCOTT, Captain.

"Vice-admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B."

We shall be pardoned for dwelling upon this first great event in the war, as far as the allies were concerned, because we can do so with something of national pride. Such an event was wanting to preserve the reputation of England and France from the stain of indifference or idleness. The laurels had hitherto been worn by the brave Turks, and (with the exception of a few individual cases of chivalrous action) by them alone; but in the destruction of Bomarsund the allies also snatched a wreath. So much of interest, indeed, pertains to this memorable bombardment, which rocked the pride of Russia, that we shall offer no apology for the insertion of the following pictorial letters, as they give many particulars on minor points not contained in other accounts, and have moreover such a dashing, sailor-like air, that they will be instantly recognised as the composition of a British naval officer:—

"Her Majesty's ship *Leopard*, Prästo Channel, Bomarsund, Wednesday, Aug. 16th, half-past five, A.M.

"My dear —,—On Monday we did little. The large fort commenced firing in the evening on the one that had been taken by the French (for I must tell you we saw the tricolour planted on it on the Monday morning.) They entered it on that morning, and found thirty-four soldiers, with a captain, stretched on the ground perfectly exhausted from fatigue. They were made prisoners. The fortress was gutted with shot and shell; and, as a French officer described it to me, a perfect 'lace-work' from rifle-balls. All the wounded had been removed—fifty-nine bodies were found in quicklime, where they stowed them, as they dared not leave the fort to bury them; but they consider more than this number

fell. (The French discovered a train leading to a mine, they supposed; they could not find the mine, but they cut off the train, and having made all their arrangements they prepared to occupy the place.) But, to return from this awkward and long parenthesis. We were on Monday morning ordered to be about 2,000 yards off the second highest fort. We did so, and, as I say, the lower and large Russian fort opened fire on the upper one, and on yesterday morning, when I went on deck, it was smoking away cheerily—it appears they set fire to it with red-hot shell and rockets. I believe the French soldiers had then to evacuate. The English, at eight, A.M., yesterday, opened fire on the fort we lay abreast of, from a screened battery and breastwork on the hill, and we, to aid them, opened from our position; but, though our shot struck at that long range, it was uncertain, and as the admiral was off to the commander-in-chief, and we dared not go further on without him, we had to give it up, as it was only wasting shell; for not more than one in six hit, as the ship was rolling a little, but what did hit did damage indeed. They returned our fire, and during the day their shot flew over us, between our mast and rigging; many struck close to the ship, some of them red-hot; fortunately we did not get hulled. The English battery on the hill kept up a fierce fire on the fort: it was manfully returned by the three forts, the English directing their attention to the fort abreast of which we lay alone; the effect of the shot and shell on the roof was beautiful. The fort that had been taken was smoking away, when at half-past eleven, A.M., I saw it fly up into the air with an awful cloud of lurid, pitchy, greasy smoke and flames. Through the glass I could see millions of all sorts of bodies and stones flying up, and then came an awful roar and report! All was one huge impenetrable black veil on the hill, hiding camps, forts, and batteries for a time; and when this rolled sluggishly away, a remnant of a shattered wall alone pointed out the place where stood the proud fort that had been so hotly contended for but a day before! The fire continued all day without stopping for a second; it was one eternal ceaseless roar of artillery. I could see the English sand-battery on the hill getting sadly knocked about by the enemy's shot, and I learnt in the evening that one officer, a lieutenant of engineers, a son of Lord Wrottesley, had been cut in

two with a shot; besides several soldiers killed and wounded, some pickets and outlying sentries were picked off. The roar of artillery never slackened till seven o'clock, P.M., when a white rag was seen thrust up through the fearful shot-swept gap in the roof and wall of the devoted fort. Firing instantly ceased. What has taken place since then between the English and the governor of the fort I have not yet learnt. I conceive their ammunition must be all out, for I do think that they would return our fire from only a single stone of the wreck of the forts. At eight o'clock (by-the-bye) we are to weigh, and to-day is to be the grand day. This is the day for the navy! Prästo fort and the large fort are this day to be the victims of the wooden walls; the large fort is as big as the other three put into one. They will, I believe, make the resistance of desperate men. This will be the severest day's fighting we have had yet; we are to weigh and go to the fleet to take up our position in line of battle at eight o'clock, opposite the large fort. It is now half-past six; all is in anchor preparation, and I have no doubt but that we shall (as many as are alive) walk into the ruins of Bomarsund this evening."

"Thursday morning, Aug. 17, six, A.M.

"Victory!—Aland is ours. At half-past nine, A.M., yesterday, the *Leopard*, 18, the *Hecla*, 6, and *Cocyte* (French), 4, steamed into within 1,600 yards of Prästo fort, and about 800 yards behind this we had the main fort of Boomar. This was a good dodge as it turned out, for every shot that flew over Prästo went slap into the other. We anchored at half-past nine o'clock, and beat to quarters at forty minutes past nine. We were all ready. The admiral came down on the main deck and made a short speech to the men, who, by the way, fought with nothing but trowsers and a sleeveless flannel on. Fire! and a broadside from the ships went slap into the devoted forts; a few trees intervened between us, so we could only see the roof. Broadside after broadside continued to be discharged, and I suppose we fired a dozen or so before they replied, and this dozen (we afterwards heard from one of them) killed and wounded sixty of them; at last they opened. I heard the shot strike our side and pitch close to us. Well, the fire was kept up with great rapidity from six main deck 32's, two 84's, and two 68's—all shell. It continued for

about an hour and-a-half. I went up the main deck occasionally, and looking through the port could see the shot ricochetting towards us and go slap into our sides. One shot came right through, and rolled across the main deck. This lasted, as I say, an hour and-a-half; not an accident took place on board, though how they escaped I know not, for the old *Leopard* had twelve shots through her hull, the maintopmast shot away, and a great hole in both sides of her foremost funnel. One large paddle-box boat, on the starboard side, got struck by a 32-pound shot; first cutting the ridge-rope, it passed through both sides of the boat, passed over the deck, carried away an iron stanchion two inches thick (its own breadth of it), cut another ridge-rope, and went on its way as though nothing had happened. The shot that took away our topmast was a 32-pounder; it cut the starboard topmast rigging, went clean through the maintopmast above the cap (fourteen inches solid pine!) drove splinters three feet long up and down it, right through the centre; it went clean through the mainroyal yard and sail, stopped up in the port-topmast shrouds, which it also cut, and passed on its way. The splinters flew about all over the ship; the piece of iron stanchion cut a coil of rope, and struck a piece a foot thick off the edge of the paddle-box. It's wonderful what a shot will do; but not an accident occurred—no killed or wounded. I don't know about the *Cocyte*. On the white flag being hoisted, we went round to Boomar, to report to the commander-in-chief, who, with Admiral Plumridge and the French and English generals, went to treat. The general of the fort yielded up his sword to Sir Charles or to General Jones—I know not which—and the garrison laid down their arms. Old Bodiseo was asked if he surrendered to the allies. He said, 'Yes; I hope you think I fought my forts well?' 'Yes,' said the English general, 'you fought as long as a brave man should.' We then made a general recall of all ships engaged, some miles and miles off, and we hauled in close to the large fort to take the prisoners. Three thousand French, or more, and as many English troops, marched into the fort with colours flying; 2,000 Russians, soldiers and officers, marched out disarmed, and we commenced taking them on board. The large fort was riddled—miserably riddled; we took 450 men and five officers; the latter appeared very broken-spirited—the men did not care. The officers, as also

the men, begged to be let lie down, for it was three weeks since any man in the forts had taken off as much as his boots. They had slept at their guns—they looked like it, indeed; many were seriously wounded, and we had all sorts of surgery on them—shattered bones, slashes of shot and shell—all, all sorts. We made them as comfortable as a ship with 800 in her could. They had a mortar battery in the large fort; but they said our fire had killed such numbers at the mortars that they could not use them. It seems they never expected us to open on them, and were sitting smoking and lolling about, when slap went our first broadside into them, killing and wounding sixty men.

"The *Leopard* was highly complimented by Old Charley. The poor old ship was the envy of all these crack line-of-battle ships and frigates, going up to the commander-in-chief, hot out of action, the colours flying, her sides pierced with the enemy's shot, her maintopmast shot away, her poor dear old funnel smoking through two shot-holes half-way up, and her great white paddle-box boat with two holes in it you might jump through—the smoke still wreathing out of the muzzles of her guns as she steamed in close to the forts that she had given the *coup de grace* to and caused to hoist the white flag. Good old *Leopard*, I love her! We got cheered by the *Hecla* as she winded to under our stern. We quickly sent down the stump of the topmast, and sent a spiek-and-span new one up, plugged the shot-holes, and in an hour or two were all a-tant; but even at six o'clock in the evening, if you put your hand on the guns, you would find them still hot. The officers (Russian) begged to be allowed to write to their wives and families that they had left behind: of course they got permission. Indeed they were well treated; taken down to the gun-room, got wine, tea, coffee: in a word, we were all hand-in-glove with the men who a few short hours before would have shot or sabred us like dogs—such is war. We came down to the fleet at Led Sund, to put our prisoners on board the *Hannibal* to go to England. The *Hecla*, *Sphinx*, &c., brought down the rest. We are now going back to Boomar: we will take the guns out of the forts and blow them to Old Nick. It will be a grand explosion. We put our prisoners on board the *Hannibal* at five this morning, so I got precious little sleep last night; but it is war time, and we don't look for luxuries. I will write again this evening; till then, adieu."

"Friday, August 18th, ten, A.M.

"All day yesterday I spent rambling over the ruins of the four forts. I don't know how to describe the scene—you must see it to know what it is like. First, I examined the large fort; the roads approaching it were ploughed up with shot, and strewed with 32, 68, and 84-pounder shot and broken shell, grape, broken rocks, beams of burning wood, large fragments of the metal roof, sand-bags, gabions, &c., in the most dreadful confusion. The roof and walls of the fort were smashed to atoms; the embrasures in many cases were beaten to pieces, sometimes two knocked into one, and all about them literally pitted with Minié rifle-balls. There was no leave given to go into the forts, so I rambled on the ruins of the one blown up on the top of the hill. About 300 yards on the road above the big fort, on a hill, there was a small French sand-battery quite safe, which did all the dreadful work on the back of the fort. The Russians had forts in the progress of erection, so that if we had left them for another year, more than twice the present defences would have existed. I got among the smoking ruins—such a scene! One side-wall and tower alone stood; it was red-hot in many places; so hot that it burnt our boots. We climbed about. A large piece of iron dropped from the roof and grazed my cheek, cutting me. If it had struck me full it would have knocked out my brains. All the guns were precipitated down the sides of the declivity, on the top of which stood the fort. At the bottom of a round tower, where I was guided by the smell, I found at the bottom of a dark winding stair a small room, about six feet by four, with an iron door blown off its hinges, some loose flags, with quicklime bulging up between them; I guessed from the stench, that this was where they had stowed some of the dead. I half raised a flag (for they were heavy), and, sure enough, there were the bodies. I forced a stick some four feet among them, so I think it was deep. There was little to be seen at the fort (it was totally destroyed) but smouldering ruins, in many places still red-hot and blazing bright. In most places, the sulphurous vapour would nearly choke us, and we had to run back to the fresh air; but we did not leave it until we had explored every bit of it. Going hence I went to the second fort. I fell in with a French officer and French priest (for they brought out three

priests.) We all went to examine the forts together: they are very strong; but never again will I place faith in stone walls against wooden ones. If I ever have my choice to fight, it shall be in a ship. Walls six and eight feet thick, of nearly solid granite, beaten into one shapeless mass of ruins by ship shot! On one side, where only three 32-pounders had been playing on these walls, the two lower embrasures, and, of course, guns, were hidden ten feet by the rubbish of the breach overhead. The guns of the upper tier had fallen out, carriages and all, and lay at the bottom of the immense heap of ruins in the valley. One gun was smashed to atoms by our shot—such wreck, such dreadful destruction—I could not have believed it. In the middle of the fort is an open round yard; here was a deep stone cistern twenty feet deep and twenty square, half filled with water, and at the bottom of this lay the dead, with shot flung on them to keep them down; others were buried, or rather half-buried, in the clay of the roof, for the roof consists of four feet of hard earth, and over this a roof of beams forty-two inches square, and thick sheet iron. On this bed of earth we found thousands of our shot, split and whole shells, &c.; five bodies we found beside the magazine, sitting up resting against the wall. All the rooms were covered with blood, and on the walls you might see the marks of bloody fingers. I came to where the surgeons had been at work; there were a few beds knocked to pieces by shells, and all soaked in blood; buckets of coagulated blood lying about, with medicine bottles, bandages, wet sponges, basins of water, &c. In fact, all the appliances of military surgery. They could not have less than 150 killed. I took away a great many relics of the siege. I saw the effect of some of our 68-pound and 84-pound shot. The blocks of granite in the face of the walls are, on an average, about four cubic feet thick. These were backed by four more feet of solid brickwork. In many places, when our shot struck from a distance of 1,700 yards, one of these blocks would split in all directions, and be driven back an inch into the breastwork; that was cracked and forced into the interior of the fort. You can hence readily understand how it is that a continued repetition of such blows as the foregoing will soon crumble down the thickest masonry. Nothing can withstand the iron storm of a ship's broadside. I do believe its effect is tremendous;

and stone-work powders before its force. In the yards were furnaces for heating the shot, with shot in them yet hot; also, in every compartment with their guns was a store, also full of red-hot shot; so they fired nothing else scarcely at us. Such destruction, such ruin, I could not have believed. I am not able to convey to you an idea of the enormity of the destruction done, so it is out of the question. We are coaling ship, and going off to the Gulf of Finland to Baro Sound. Admiral Plumridge is going to the *Neptune*, and we are going to have Admiral Martin. They talk of more fighting at Hango Head; I don't know. God bless you. Adieu."

But what did Russia—what did the Emperor Nicholas say to the taking of Bomarsund? How was this pleasant news received at St. Petersburg? Was it, like the bombardment of Odessa, regarded as another triumph or semi-victory? Was a *Te Deum* performed within the gorgeous walls of St. Isaac's, and the city of the czar illuminated? No, none of these things were done: the smouldering ruins of Bomarsund were there to tell their own tale; the batteries of the allies had beaten down even Russian sophistry; and the defeat was admitted by the Russian press. It was evident that the czar himself began to feel the effects of the storm he had created; and to fear, that like the devil-dealing wizard in the old nursery tale, he had raised a spirit for his own destruction. An extreme depression was felt in trade, and a general feeling of gloom was reported to have prevailed among the population. The following article from the *Invalides Russe*, contains the Russian account of the bombardment and capture of Bomarsund:—

"The last news from the Aland Islands was to the 27th of July, the date of the landing of the French troops. From that time commenced the complete investment, by sea and land, of the fortifications of those islands, and all means of receiving direct and certain information ceased. It was only known from the reports of the inhabitants which had been sent to the governor of Abo, that the enemy, after having landed 10,000 men upon the principal island, had begun to construct batteries, and were firing upon our fortifications with powerful artillery. Since the 31st of July (12th of August) there was heard at Abo, on the Island of Aland, a heavy cannonade, which continued from sunrise to sunset; but all the accounts agreed in stating that our fortifications held out vigorously, and had

destroyed a battery constructed by the French, near the village of Finsby. From the 2nd (14th) of August the cannonading proceeded with redoubled violence, but suddenly ceased two days afterwards, and the melancholy news was spread that the enemy had taken possession of the fort of Åland.

"Although up to this period no positive news has been received from Åland, with the exception of private reports, there is no doubt as to the lamentable fate of our fortifications. Although differing in regard to certain details, those reports agree upon the principal points.

"The fortifications of Åland were composed of a fortified barrack, occupying the eastern extremity of the principal island on the strait of Bomarsund, and three towers designated by the letters C, U, and Z. These works, separated from each other, were the only works finished, the greater portion of the fortress being merely sketched out and only existing in project. The garrison was composed of the Finland battalion of the line (No. 10), and two companies of the battalion of sharpshooter grenadiers, under the command of Colonel de Furuhielm, who, from the commencement of the siege, occupied a side battery, raised temporarily to the south of the fort. The first attempts of the enemy were directed, as it appears, against the tower C, situated to the west of the fort, and he obtained possession of it on the 14th of August, after an unceasing bombardment. According to the statements of several individuals, the brave defenders of this tower, deprived at last of all possibility of continuing their resistance, decided upon a hopeless sortie, which threw the ranks, of the enemy into disorder, and afterwards blew up the tower when the French had entered it.

"On the 15th of August the enemy attacked the tower U, situated on Cape Nordwick, to the north of the principal fort, and took possession of it also, with considerable loss. On the 16th, at daybreak, the enemy directed all his power by land and by sea against the fortified barrack, which was inundated with a shower of shells and balls. Ultimately, towards one o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy took possession of the last fortification. A report prevails that the commandant of the place, Major-general Bodisco, Colonel Furuhielm, and a portion of the garrison were taken prisoners of war. It is said that the enemy was astonished both at the energy and the duration of their resistance, and that in testimony of his esteem for the brave defenders of the fort, he returned the officers their swords.

"This is all that is known of this lamentable occurrence, which it was impossible to prevent. However painful may be the fate of the fortifications of Åland, isolated as they were as an advanced post, we have in this respect the consolation of knowing that the Russian troops remained faithful to their duty and to military honour. By defending during eight days, against fifty-

eight ships and 10,000 soldiers, a secondary and unfinished fort, the garrison of Åland has merited the respect even of the enemy, and has heroically sustained the glory of the Russian arms.

"On the 22nd of August five of the enemy's steamers entered the archipelago of Åbo, and attacked seventeen gun-sloops of the 2nd battalion of the flotilla of the west, which, with a few small steam-tugs, were at anchor near the island of Rousal, and blocked up the channel leading to Åbo. The enemy opened a sharp cannonade at a distance of 2,000 sagues. His balls, shells, and bombs for the most part went beyond the sloops, which waited quietly until the enemy approached within good range, and did not open their fire till then. The cannonade lasted more than two hours and-a-half, during which time we had three men killed and eight wounded; among the latter were three men belonging to the naval militia of Finland. The enemy retired, having one of his steamers in tow in consequence of the damage he suffered.

"In his report of this affair the naval captain of the first rank, Akouloff, commander of the western brigade of the rowing flotilla, bears testimony to and particularly praises the coolness and the excellent dispositions made by Captain Kryganieff, the captain of a corvette, and eulogises very highly all the officers, acknowledging also the zeal of the crews.

"His majesty the emperor has deigned to express his satisfaction to the officers, and to confer twelve marks of honour of the military order upon the crews."

The following article is from the same journal, under the head of additional details respecting the defence of the fortifications of Åland. It is not so intelligible as we could wish; but the Russian scribe must tell his story in his own way:—

"In completion of the details already given relative to the capture of the fortifications of Åland, an account has just been received from Lieutenant-general Rokassovsky, commander of the troops in Finland, containing a detailed narrative from the honorary councillor Westorius, formerly superintendent of the magazine of provisions of Åland, who was at the principal island during the whole time of the siege of the fort. M. Westorius was sent by the commander, on the 7th of August, to purchase from the inhabitants of the neighbouring village forage and provisions for the support of the place. In returning on the next day to Skarpans, he perceived that the route to the fort had already been intercepted by the enemy, and, wishing at all events to avoid being made prisoner, M. Westorius concealed himself until the 19th of August, in the villages and woods of Åland, and ultimately succeeded in reaching Finland, having passed across the lines of the

cruisers in a fishing-boat. Having, on the 28th of August, reached Helsingfors, he gave to the authorities the following account of the siege and defence of the fortifications of Aland:—
 ‘In consequence of the bombardment of the principal fort of Aland, on the 21st of June last, by three English ships of war, the commander of Aland ordered the construction of a fresh land battery on the south-west coast of the bay of Lumpar, which was effected in the course of the month by the soldiers of the garrison of Aland, under the command of Captain du Kransold, chief of the detachment of artillery of the island. At the same time there were sent from the fort five guns of the rampart, for which the workmen had made new carriages, under the orders of Sub-lieutenant Pistebouline, of the artillery garrison of Aland, and in accordance with the directions of Captain du Kransold. When this battery was ready, a certain number of picked men, taken from the Finland battalion, of the line No. 10, from the garrison of artillery of Aland, were ordered to work the battery, under the command of Lieutenant Schimanovsky and Sub-lieutenant Pistebouline. Detachments of the 3rd and 4th companies of the battalion of grenadier riflemen, under the command of Colonel of the Guard de Farnjelm, adjutant of the governor of Abo, were ordered to defend this battery. Ultimately, after the entry of the Anglo-French fleet, to the number of more than thirty vessels, into the bay of Lumpar, it was demolished, the guns were destroyed, and all the men were sent to the principal fort, and a portion of the riflemen were stationed in the three towers. All this was entirely completed on the 6th of August.

“According to the statement of M. Westermarck, the garrison of each tower was composed of about ninety men of the Finland battalion of the line No. 10, and about twenty-five men of the artillery and engineers, with three officers; and, in addition, in the tower C were Captain of Artillery de Tesche; Lieutenant de Salberg, of the battalion of the line; Busign de Bolfras, and Sub-lieutenant Couradi, of the battalion of grenadier riflemen. In the tower U, Lieutenant of Artillery Zvereff, Second Captain de Mélar, and Sub-lieutenant de Blum, of the battalion of the line. Also in the tower Z, the Lieutenant of Artillery Chatelain, and Captains de Knoning and Pérémilowsky, of the battalion of the line.

“At the same time—that is to say, during the month of June—according to the instructions of the commandant, there was constructed, under the superintendence of the head of the engineers, in the principal fort, a masked earth battery, covering three Paixhan guns, all the openings being walled round, internal as well as external, the latter not being armed with guns.

“During the construction of the battery of Lumpar four pieces of the garrison of field artillery of Aland, under the command of Captain of Artillery Schvétoff, were divided into two detachments, one of which took post at the limit of the force of Schvétoff, and the other near Mougstekt, each supported by detachments of grenadier riflemen. There existed on these two points old batteries in ruins, which the soldiers reconstructed. In the night between the 5th and 6th of August these four pieces were taken from their positions and placed in the fort, with men to work them and troops to defend them. In the evening of the 7th of August, twenty-four artillery horses were sent to Gerad, the officer of the crown at Aland, that they might be fed by the inhabitants.

“Such was the situation of the fortifications when, on the 24th of July, there arrived seven of the enemy's vessels in the bay of Lumpar. This number successively increased, and amounted in a few days to more than thirty. At the same time the enemy surrounded the fortifications on the other sides. His vessels remained quietly at anchor, and were only occupied in sounding until the 7th of August. On that day it was remarked that the enemy's vessels were being towed into the bays of Lumpar and Wargata, and it was presumed that troops intended for land were on board, and this idea was confirmed the next day; for at two o'clock in the morning the enemy landed troops upon two points—viz., to the west of the village of Ivanwik, and to the east of that of Hutta. The riflemen advanced from these points in large masses, and the two troops assembled together at Finby, situated three versts from the fortifications. There they bivouacked, and the head of the French troops took up his position in the village.

“According to probable reports which reached me on the same day as the landing of his troops at Aland, the enemy began the assault upon the tower C, but was repulsed with loss. He then began to construct his batteries and to bring his guns to the siege by means of rollers placed in a particular manner. Subsequently, in the night between the 8th and 9th of August, he opened a fire upon the tower, endeavouring at the same time to erect a new battery nearer to it, but what he had succeeded in raising during the night was destroyed at daybreak by our balls. Eventually, having discovered an appropriate position, where he was sheltered, the enemy constructed a battery, and when it was finished he fired day and night upon both sides of the tower, with a view to make a breach, so that it was seriously and dangerously damaged in every part. Upon this the garrison which defended it, foreseeing probably the impossibility of holding out much longer, decided upon returning to the principal fort, but was pre-

vented by the enemy, who unexpectedly made an assault upon it, surrounded it, and cut off all retreat. Both officers and soldiers (as I have heard) were desirous of forcing a passage at the point of the bayonet, but they could not overcome the advantage of superior numbers, and were forced to surrender. A few hours afterwards the tower, which was much shaken, tumbled to pieces. Among its officers, the Artillery Captain de Tesche was wounded with a bayonet in the leg, and Eusign de Bolfras, of the battalion of grenadier guards, received injury on the shoulder from a blow with a sword.

"After the capture of the tower C, the enemy raised batteries against the tower U, the bombardment of which was commenced on the 12th of August, and was continued without intermission during three days. That tower, in which two large breaches were made by the balls, without reckoning the other damage done to its interior by shells, having only the means of firing four times more, was at length forced to capitulate.

"I am not aware of the cause of the reduction of the tower B. I only know that the garrison capitulated on the 15th of August, at eleven o'clock in the evening.

"I have not received precise information as to the reasons for the capitulation of the principal fort, but the following are the reports which I have collected upon the subject, the authenticity of which, however, I do not guarantee. While the French troops bombarded the towers, the Anglo-French fleet in the bay of Lumpar kept up an irresistible fire against the principal fort, doing serious injury to its interior, overthrowing the roofs and chimneys, and destroying the embrasures. The garrison of the fort surrendered on the 16th of August. It is said that the cause of this surrender was that, after having lost the tower, it was no longer possible for it to repulse simultaneously the attacks by land and by sea, and that it was destitute of the means of silencing the enemy's powerful artillery. Before the reduction of the principal fort, its garrison was so exhausted by the watches and the incessant operations it had effected during several days, that it was not in a condition either for further action, or for offering a longer resistance. It is said that on our side the number of killed was fifty-three, and that of the wounded eighty-six, and that the enemy lost from 500 to 600 men.* The garrisons of the principal fort and of the three towers were embarked in Anglo-French vessels. Such of the prisoners as were to be sent to England were dispatched on the 17th of August, and the others, among whom were General Bodisco and his wife, were sent to France on the 18th of August. It was also reported that

with the consent of the enemy's chief officers, the wives of some of our officers have accompanied their husbands.'"

There was a kind of poetical justice in the destruction of the fortress of Bomarsund, as it was not only built by the Emperor Nicholas, but actually constructed from a plan of his own, formed before he wore the imperial crown. His object was to erect an impregnable fortress, which should command the narrowest strait in the Aland Archipelago that admits of navigation at all by vessels of any size. To accomplish this, the massive walls of Bomarsund were raised; Bomar signifying a bolt or bar. When the fortress was completed, it was discovered that there was an error in the design, as the works were easily assailable from the land side, and commanded by the neighbouring heights. At the time of the capture other fortifications were (as we have stated) in progress to defend the first. So anxious had the czar been for their completion, that the work was carried on up to the last moment that was found practicable. The artisans seem actually to have left their labour with precipitate fear, on beholding the landing of the allies. The chisel of the mason, and the trowel and mallet of the bricklayer stood idly at the work that was never to be resumed. The ground bore the impression of recent footsteps; the keystone of a bomb-proof granite vault was found half sunk into its bed; and on one pile of bricks some poor labourer had left his wallet, containing a piece of black bread and his empty *schnapps* bottle.

We will conclude this chapter with the following reflections from a French print, the *Constitutionnel*, upon the evils Russia has drawn down upon herself by the aggressive policy of the czar:—

"Russia, weakened in her moral authority, has, in addition, wasted her resources, both in money and men. She was proud of her granite fortresses: the capture of Bomarsund has proved that the ramparts which were said to be indestructible fall in three days. She was proud of her fleets; and her fleets, hidden in her fortified ports, expiate, by the humiliation of their inertness, the surprise of Sinope. She spoke loudly of the terrible power of her army, and the *prestige* of her arms has vanished. She boasted of being the only nation which was not in straitened circumstances, and it is proved that she is succumbing under the burden of a debt of five milliards, at this very moment

* This extravagant statement will give a good idea of Russian exaggeration.

liable to be called for; that, since the war began, the silver rouble has lost upwards of the fourth of its value; that the paper rouble, which was formerly equal in value to the silver one, has fallen from four to one franc; that, being forced to give up the advantages of a free loan, Russia has been obliged to have recourse to a forced one, disguised under the name of voluntary contributions; that she is condemned to seek a perilous expedient in an issue, more and more extensive, of paper money; and that she is incapable of furnishing money for a second or third campaign. These truths appear clearly from a remarkable work by M. Léon Faucher, which shows in what a desperate situation are the finances of Russia. Besides, let any one think of the enormity of the sacrifices that the war is inflicting on landed property. It may be calculated that the czar, in order to complete his armies, must have raised 250,000 men; but, as in Russia fifty per cent. of the new recruits are lost before they reach their colours, the total levy must have been 500,000 men. The price of a serf is estimated at from 1,200 to 1,500 francs; so that a tax of

800,000,000 francs has been in that way levied on the landed proprietors. Mark further, that these landed proprietors cannot sell their flax, tallow, leather, and hemp as formerly, and then calculate what immense losses they must have sustained; and as they are not rich, after all, but on condition of feeding their peasants when these latter cannot support themselves, you can comprehend what frightful sufferings must already weigh on the Muscovite populations. To the cry of the national pride, deeply wounded, will be added through that vast empire the clamours of misery and hunger. Such are the deplorable fruits of the czar's policy. In place of applying all his attention to ameliorate the situation of his people, to cement together the various incoherent parts of his states, and to develop commerce and agriculture—in place of regenerating the national church, and removing the leprosy of serfdom, the Emperor Nicholas has thought fit to brave justice and to violate the faith of treaties. He is severely punished for his acts by the moral decadency of his country, by the radical impuissance of his efforts, and by the notoriety of his failure."

CHAPTER XIII.

NICHOLAS ENCOURAGES HIS TROOPS; OMAR PASHA AT BUCHAREST; REPLY OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS TO THE NOTES OF AUSTRIA AND THE WESTERN POWERS; THE CHOLERA AT VARNA; PROCLAMATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO HIS SUFFERING TROOPS; FRATERNISATION OF PRINCES AT BOULOGNE.

PREPARATIONS for an attack upon the Crimea were being carried forward in earnest in the allied army at Varna and in the allied fleets at Baltschik. Interminable trains of vehicles, laden with supplies and military stores, were constantly proceeding to the former place; and at length, it was announced that an army of 58,000 men, consisting of English, French, and Turks, had actually embarked. Marshal St. Arnaud had issued an order, stating that Sebastopol would be taken and held as a guarantee of peace.

The Emperor Nicholas, threatened on all sides, evidently began to fear that the spirit of his troops would fail them, and on the 13th of August the following order of the day was read to the soldiers assembled at

Odessa. This, with an extra allowance of *schnapps* and bread, it was trusted would nerve them to fresh efforts against the foe:—"His majesty the czar has, in his high wisdom, ordered the troops which were in Moldavia and Wallachia, to retire from those provinces, and to march where the danger is more imminent. An ally of many years' standing, undertakes for the time being, to occupy the principalities, and to protect them against the invasion of the Turks. You will have to do with a new enemy, who has the impious intention to attack us in our own dominions. This enemy was already beaten and conquered by our valiant fathers. His majesty expects the same from you. By your valour and discipline you will overcome the enemy.

The new foe is more skilful, more courageous, and better led than the Turks; but your courage and strength will enable you to vanquish him as our fathers often did. Think on our struggle with these French during the glorious year 1812, when the Heavenly Father armed his hosts against godless and impious men who perished miserably in the snow."

We left Omar Pasha (page 151) advancing with his victorious troops upon Bucharest. He entered the capital of Wallachia on the 22nd of August, and was received with enthusiastic excitement. The metropolitan, the ministers, and other high functionaries of the state, attended by a brilliant staff, went forth to meet him, and then followed in his train. The triumphant pasha was seated in an open carriage, which in a little while was actually filled with flowers, the offerings of the fairer portion of the spectators, who threw them into it from the windows. His retinue may truly be described as more than princely, for it consisted of 10,000 soldiers, including the Wallachian militia. Amongst them were mingled a singular variety of costumes. Officers of cavalry, infantry, staff, artillery, and engineers, belonging to the English, French, Turkish, Sardinian, and Wallachian armies, were followed by crowds of civilians in carriages and on horseback. Omar went in procession through the principal streets, and then took up his quarters in a country-house about a mile outside the city. The dispirited Russians had retired across the Pruth; and fighting in the border provinces was over for at least that year. There was nothing to prevent Omar Pasha from resting in his country-house and honourably enjoying the laurels he had so bravely won.

The conditions of peace which were forwarded to St. Petersburg by the Austrian court and the Western Powers, were rejected by the czar, as might have been foreseen. We extract the following from the reply of Count Nesselrode, as containing the substance of his whole despatch:—"The conditions required by the Western Powers are unacceptable in respect to their substance (*teneur*), as well as in form, principally because that, according to the avowal of the French government itself, what they exact with the ostensible purpose of maintaining the European equilibrium, is nothing less than the destruction of the Russian marine and the power of Russia in the Black Sea.

"Austria, in recommending these con-

ditions, has added that the Western Powers have still reserved the right to make others, which renders it perfectly useless to submit them to a detailed examination. Besides, even if they should not be changed, their acceptance would lead it to be supposed that Russia is reduced by war to the last degree of exhaustion. Although the emperor has adhered to the principles enunciated in the protocol of Vienna, he cannot enlarge the meaning of it as much as others have done, because the immense sacrifices which Russia has made in the interests of Austria and Prussia would remain without any compensation. In the place of finding in those concessions a motive for redeeming those obligations, Austria has drawn closer its alliance with the enemies of Russia.

"Consequently, the emperor infinitely regrets that he has not been able to accept the last overtures made by Austria. He considers that he has made every concession compatible with the honour of Russia; and, as he has not withdrawn any of these advantages, it only remains for him to do the same as his enemies—that is, to try the eventualities of war, in order to arrive at some solid basis of negotiations for peace.

"The emperor has directed his general-in-chief to repass the Pruth with his troops from strategic motives, and Russia will keep herself upon the defensive within her frontiers, until more equitable conditions are offered to her. The emperor, on his side, will avoid increasing the complications of the war, but he will repel with the greatest energy all attacks against him, from whatever quarter they may proceed."

While the French and English cannon were beating down the massive walls of Bomarsund, the dreaded cholera was smiting its victims with an unsparing and regardless hand. All were alike to it—Christian or Mussulman, English or French, Turk or Russian, sickened and perished beneath the blast of its pestilent breath. It continued its ravages in the allied fleets, at Constantinople, at Gallipoli; but chiefly at Varna. A correspondent, writing from the latter place, on the 9th of August, said:—"Up to the present date the British army has lost about 260 men from this fatal disease. Of these deaths about 100 were in the light division. Since the movement of our camp out to Monastir the division has become healthier. Our troops are, at present, losing thirty men a-day. The French losses from cholera are frightful. The disease is not much on the

wane among them; and there are divisions in which they die at the rate of seventy and eighty a-day. In the French general hospital, since the 14th of July, 720 men have died of cholera; and only seventy-eight have been sent out cured."

The hospital for the sick had been a Turkish barrack, and was a mouldering, rotten, and offensive-smelling place. The French at length became so persuaded of its unhealthiness, that they preferred removing their sick to the open field. It was found that men who were sent there with fevers or other sickness were frequently seized with the worst form of cholera, and perished in spite of the most assiduous efforts to save them. The writer of the letter above quoted, thus describes a visit he paid to the hospital at midnight, in order to obtain some medicine for a friend who had been taken ill:—"Along two sides of the hospital was drawn up a long train of araba carts, and by the moonlight I could see that some of them were filled with sick soldiers. I counted thirty-five carts, with three or four men in each. These were sick French soldiers sent in from the camps, and waiting till room could be found for them in the hospital. A number of soldiers were sitting down by the roadside, and here and there the moonbeams flashed brightly off their piled arms. The men were silent; not a song; not a laugh! A gloom, which never had I seen before among the French troops, reigned amid those groups of grey-coated men; and the quiet that prevailed was broken only now and then by the moans and cries of pain of the poor sufferers in the carts. Observing that about fifteen arabas were drawn up without any occupants, I asked a *sous-officier* for what purpose they were required. His answer, sullen and short, was:—"Pour les morts—pour les Français décédés, monsieur." The white walls of the fatal hospital looked clean and neat, as they towered above the lengthened *cortège* of the dead which lay in deep shadow at its base; but the murmurings of sickness and the groans of the dying stole out on the night air through the long lines of latticed windows. As I turned away and spurred under the gateway which leads to the English quarter, I encountered a burial party escorting the bodies of six of our own poor fellows to their last resting-place, outside the walls by the sea-beach of Varna."

It was under these sad circumstances that the French emperor addressed the following

proclamation to his suffering troops. He could not erect a barrier against the ravages of disease, and exorcise the pestilence from the sick and troubled air; but he could give directions that his poor soldiers and sailors should receive every attention that surrounding circumstances would admit, and also speak to them words of sympathy, consolation, and hope. This it will be seen he did:—

"Soldiers and Sailors of the Army of the East!—You have not fought, but already you have obtained a signal success. Your presence and that of the English troops have sufficed to compel the enemy to recross the Danube, and the Russian vessels remain ingloriously in their ports. You have not yet fought, and already you have struggled courageously against death. A scourge, fatal though transitory, has not arrested your ardour. France and the sovereign whom she has chosen cannot witness without deep emotion, or without making every effort to give assistance to such energy and such sacrifices.

"The first consul said, in 1797, in a proclamation to his army:—'The first quality required in a soldier is the power of supporting fatigues and privations. Courage is only a secondary one.' The first you are now displaying. Who can deny you the possession of the second? Therefore it is that your enemies, disseminated from Finland to the Caucasus, are seeking anxiously to discover the point upon which France and England will direct their attacks, which they foresee will be decisive; for right, justice, and warlike inspiration are on our side.

"Already Bomarsund and 2,000 prisoners have just fallen into our power. Soldiers! you will follow the example of the army of Egypt. The conquerors of the Pyramids and Mount-Tabor had, like you, to contend against warlike soldiers and against disease; but, in spite of pestilence and the efforts of three armies, they returned with honour to their country. Soldiers! have confidence in your general-in-chief and in me. I am watching over you, and I hope, with the assistance of God, soon to see a diminution of your sufferings and an increase of your glory.

"Soldiers! farewell, till we meet again.
"NAPOLEON."

The greatest part of the Russian troops had retired from the Dobrudscha, which, without doubt, was the best thing they could

do, as sickness prevailed amongst them to an alarming extent. General Canrobert, probably ashamed of the prolonged inaction of his troops, led an expedition to Kostendje on the 1st of August. It soon turned out to be an unfortunate movement; sickness rioted amongst his soldiers, and he lost nearly 2,000 men in that sterile district. His troops attacked some Cossacks, and carried off two-and-twenty prisoners; but, finding it useless to struggle or fight against the blows of that invisible enemy, disease, the French were compelled to retire. In reference to the losses of the allies by the fatal sickness that prevailed, it was pertinently asked, "What are we gaining by a delay which is more deadly than battles? and why do we hesitate between the enemy and the camp, when the latter is the more formidable of the two?"

As soon as the cholera was on the decline at Varna, that unfortunate place was subject to another visitation; a fearful fire broke out there on the night of Thursday, the 10th of August, and utterly destroyed more than a quarter of the town. Its cause was enveloped in mystery; but it is generally supposed to have been the work of incendiary Greeks. It broke out near the French commissariat stores, a great portion of which were destroyed. The officers having broached some casks of spirits, a Greek was seen to set fire to the inflammable liquor as it ran down the streets. The villain instantly received his punishment, for he was cloven to the chin by a French officer, and fell a corpse into the burning stream. It is reported that other incendiaries were shot on the spot by the French soldiers. The energy of the French and English troops probably saved the town from being totally destroyed, for a brisk wind blew, and spread the roaring flames from house to house through the wooden streets. For ten hours did those bold men labour unremittingly before the fire was subdued. The scene was frightful; the cries of the inhabitants, the screams of women and children, and the clamour of droves of dogs and startled horses, all helped to make the din and confusion perfectly terrific.

The losses occasioned by the conflagration were of a very serious character, and many of the inhabitants were reduced to destitution by the destruction of their houses and the stoppage of their trade in supplying the wants of the soldiers. Mr. Grace, an extensive merchant of Galata, had his magazine pulled down by the French soldiers, in order

to arrest the progress of the flames. The contents were carried off by the mob, who were very active in availing themselves of every opportunity for plunder. The destruction of bisenit, hay, and military stores was enormous. Shoes, also, to the number of 19,000 pairs, were burnt; and an immense quantity of cavalry sabres were found amid the ruins, fused into the most fantastic shapes. Amidst this scene of destruction the townspeople and military had yet some cause for congratulation. The powder magazines of both French and English escaped explosion as by a miracle, for burning fragments of the houses fell frequently upon and near them. A military cordon was afterwards placed around them. Other accounts state that some Greeks were seen throwing lighted matches among the houses during the progress of the fire, and that they were bayoneted by the troops. Some, on the other hand, believe the conflagration to have been the result of accident, and think that the money-making Greeks of Varna were as unlikely to have risked the destruction of their own property, as the tradesmen of London would have been.

After the fire at Varna the cholera began to abate; and it seemed as if the flames had purified the air. Doubtless they had done much towards clearing away many foul sources of corruption. Still it raged with terrible virulence in the fleets at Baltchik, and probably delayed the expedition to the Crimea. Here, again, the French were the greatest victims. The *Friedland* and *Montebello* suffered with particular severity, upwards of one hundred having perished by the violence of the pestilence in four-and-twenty hours! No bravery could prevent the sailors from feeling a great amount of depression from such an awful visitation as this. Those who showed briskness and cheerfulness when the bullets of an enemy whistled past their heads, or rent the rigging above them into ribbons, turned pale in contemplating the dreadful activity of their mysterious, invisible, and merciless foe. They were described as "supping full with horrors," and listening greedily to tales of death, which served but to weaken and terrify them.

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 19th of August from Varna, gives the following particulars on this dark subject:—"I must appease the anxiety of the public by the happy assurance that the cholera is abating in the army, and that its worst seems to have passed over the

fleet. The news from the latter has been melancholy. Towards the close of last week the cholera assumed such an alarming character, that both admirals (French and English) resolved to leave their anchorage at Baltschik, and stand out to sea for a cruise. It is almost a pity that the ships were left there so long. On Wednesday morning the *Caradoc*, Lieutenant Derriman, which left Constantinople with the mails for the fleet and army the previous evening, came up with the English fleet, under Admiral Dundas. The *Caradoc* was boarded by a boat from the *Britannia*, and the officer who came on board communicated the appalling intelligence that the flag-ship had lost seventy men since she left Baltschik, and that she had buried ten men that morning. Upwards of 100 men were on the sick-list at that time. Some of the other ships had lost several men, but not in the same proportion. The fact is, that the admiral's ship is over-crowded with supernumeraries. By the last accounts the *Britannia* was healthier, but she had lost altogether eighty-six men by cholera. The British fleet was cruising in two lines, about twenty-five miles south-east of Varna, on the morning of the 16th. The ships were the *Britannia*,* the *Albion*,* the *London*, the *Trafalgar*, the *Queen*, *Furious*,* the *Diamond* (frigate), *Rodney*, *Tribune*, *Vengeance*, and two steamers. Later in the day, the French fleet was observed cruising east of Varna about twenty miles. The accounts from these ships were most depressing; but the disease has now been deprived somewhat of its virulence. The *Ville de Paris* has lost more than 200 men. The *Montebello*, which is in Varna harbour, has lost about the same number.

"It has been found, indeed, that the plan of wide open encampments has answered in checking disease. The British army is now scattered broad-cast all over the country, from Monastir to Varna, a distance of twenty-six or twenty-seven miles. The light division is nominally encamped at Monastir, but the regiments composing it are wide apart from each other, and the division stretches almost from Pravadi to the plains above Monastir. The cavalry brigade, under Lord Cardigan, is encamped close to Kosladschi. Sir De L. Evans's division, which has been tolerably healthy in comparison with Sir George

Brown's and the Duke of Cambridge's divisions, extends over a large plateau, encamped regiment by regiment, between Aladyn and Devno. The duke's division has marched in from Aladyn, and is now encamped towards the south-western side of the bay. It appears, that notwithstanding the exquisite beauty of the country around Aladyn, it is a hot-bed of fever and dysentery. The same is true of Devno, which is called by the Turks 'the Valley of Death;' and had we consulted the natives ere we pitched our camps, we assuredly should never have gone either to Aladyn or Devno, notwithstanding the charms of their position and the temptations offered by the abundant supply of water and by the adjacent woods.

"No blame, perhaps, is to be attached to any one for neglecting to ascertain whether these great natural advantages were counter-balanced by any peculiar sanitary evils. Whoever gazed on these rich meadows, stretching for long miles away, and bordered by heights on which the dense forests struggled, all but in vain, to pierce the masses of wild vine, clematis, dwarf acacia, and many-coloured brushwoods—on the verdant hill-sides, and on the dancing waters of lake and stream below, lighted up by the golden rays of a Bulgarian summer's sun—might well think that no English glade or hill-top could well be healthier or better suited for the residence of man. But these meadows nurture the fever, the ague, dysentery, and pestilence in their bosom—the lake and the stream exhale death; and at night fat unctuous vapours rise up fold after fold from the valleys, and creep up in the dark, and steal into the tent of the sleeper, and wrap him in their deadly embrace. So completely exhausted on last Thursday was the brigade of guards, these 3,000 of the flower of England, that they had to make two marches in order to get over the distance from Aladyn to Varna, which is not more than (not so much, many people say, as) ten miles. But that is not all. Their packs were carried for them. Just think of this, good people of England, who are sitting anxiously in your homes, day after day, expecting every morning to gladden your eyes with the sight of the announcement, in large type, of 'Fall of Sebastopol,' your guards, your *corps d'élite*, the pride of your hearts, the delight of your eyes, these Anakims, whose stature, strength, and massive bulk you exhibit to

* Those marked as above have suffered most from cholera.

kingly visitors as no inapt symbols of your nation, have been so reduced by sickness, disease, and a depressing climate, that it was judged inexpedient to allow them to carry their own packs, or to permit them to march more than five miles a-day, even though these packs were carried for them! Think of this, and then judge whether these men are fit, in their present state, to go to Sebastopol, or to attempt any great operation of war.

"The highland brigade is in better condition; but even the three noble regiments which compose it are far from being in good health, or in the spirits in which they set out for Varna. The duke's division has lost 110 men; of these nearly 100 belonged to the guards. In the brigade of guards there were, before the march to Varna, upwards of 600 men sick. The light division has lost 110 or 112 men. Sir De L. Evans has lost 100 men or thereabouts. The little cavalry force has been sadly reduced by death, and the third (Sir R. England's) division, which has been encamped to the north-west of Varna, close outside the town, has lost upwards of 100 men also; the 50th regiment, who were much worked, being particularly cut up. The ambulance corps has been completely crippled by the death of the drivers and men belonging to it; and the medical officers have been called upon to make a special report on the mortality among them. I believe the fact to be, there was rather an unhappy selection of men, and that many of them were old soldiers, rather addicted to free living and spirits; and in Bulgaria drunkenness is death. Sir R. England's division has been moved round the bay, and is now loosely encamped near Lord Lucan's cavalry, on the heights extending from the Fountain to Galata Bournon, and looking across the bay towards Varna. We have still some few men of our army encamped on the north-east side of the town, on the plains outside the walls.

"The French have their 'cholera camp' between Chatel Tepeh and Medjidji-tahi, about two miles from the town. It is only too extensive and too well filled. Horrors occur here every day which are shocking to think of. Walking by the beach, one sees some straw sticking up through the sand, and scraping it away with his stick, he is horrified at bringing to light the face of a corpse, which has been deposited there, with a wisp of straw around it, a prey to dogs and vultures. Dead bodies rise up from the

bottom in the harbour, and bob grimly around in the water, or float in from sea, and drift past the sickened gazers on board the ships—all buoyant, bolt upright, and hideous in the sun. On Friday, the body of a French soldier, who had been murdered (for his neckerchief was twisted round the neck so as to produce strangulation, and the forehead was laid open by a ghastly wound which cleft the skull to the brain), came alongside the *Caradoc* in harbour, and was with difficulty sunk again. What fond parent or anxious sweetheart, in some pleasant homestead of La Belle France, may now be expecting him and wondering at his silence? Will they ever hear of that poor fellow's fate? A boat's crew go on shore to put a few stones together as a sort of landing-place on the sand; they move a stone, and underneath is a festering corpse again. But there is no use in accumulating the details of scenes like these, which must ever be the terrible attendants on war and pestilence."

Let us change the scene: we are glad that we can do so to one that the philanthropic mind will dwell upon with pleasure. Let us turn our attention to one of those brilliant episodes of history in which nations are drawn closer to each other, and the interests of good-will and brotherhood amongst men promoted. It redeems war from detestation to know that it sometimes gives rise to such events.

We allude to the fraternisation of princes at Boulogne, which occurred in the month of September. Enormous military preparations had been made in France, and an immense army, under the title of the Camp of the North, was stationed along the coast from Boulogne to St. Omer. The Emperor Napoleon announced his intention of spending nearly the whole of September at the former place, where he was to be visited by the King of Belgium, and the husband of the sovereign of Great Britain, both of whom had been invited to witness a series of grand military manœuvres by the French troops. As the latter were commanded by the emperor, it was justly supposed that the presence of such distinguished visitors would be regarded not only as a compliment to the French monarch, but would also have a healthy influence upon the politics of Europe, by showing what strong sympathies were evinced by the people of France, England, and Belgium in the course pursued by the great Western Powers.

On Saturday, the 2d of September, the Emperor of the French arrived, at noon, at Calais, from Boulogne, in order to meet and welcome the King of the Belgians. He proceeded at once to Dessin's hotel, which had been engaged for the occasion. Shortly afterwards he received a deputation of *poissardes*, who, clad in pretty chintz dresses and black linsey-woolsey petticoats, testified their loyalty by presenting the emperor with a fine dish of fish. After them the peasant-women were admitted to an interview with their sovereign, and offered for his acceptance a magnificent *bouquet*. A little before two o'clock the King of the Belgians arrived, escorted by a detachment of cuirassiers, and welcomed by a salute of artillery. He was accompanied by his eldest son, the Duke de Brabant, and was immediately conducted by the authorities of the town, and amid the cheers of the people, to Dessin's hotel. The emperor met his royal visitor in the courtyard, when both sovereigns bowed, and Leopold exclaimed: "I am charmed to make your acquaintance. Allow me to introduce to you my son, the Duke de Brabant." Louis responded with a few kindly words, and took the king and the duke into his private apartment, where they remained together for about three-quarters of an hour.

The next morning (Sunday) they proceeded in an open carriage to Boulogne, escorted by a detachment of the imperial guards, and halted at the emperor's hotel at Capeure. A grand military mass was to have been solemnised at the camp, and the tricolour fluttered over the temporary chapel in which the service of the day was to be performed. The little building resembled a rustic lodge, and in the centre of it stood the altar, decorated with flowers, and furnished with the silver candlesticks and other plate used in the Roman catholic ritual. The signal of assembling was given by the roll of drums and the shrill braying of trumpets, and immediately immense bodies of men, the contingents from the second and third camps, came marching over the hills. The heat, however, was so great, that the emperor and his royal guests did not care to brave it, and the ceremony proceeded without them. In the evening the following proclamation, dated the previous day, was issued by the emperor to his troops:—

"Soldiers!—In coming to take the command of that army of the north, a division of which has so recently distinguished itself

in the Baltic, I ought already to address you in the language of praise; for you have now for two months gaily supported the fatigues and privations inseparable from a similar agglomeration of troops.

"The formation of camps is the best apprenticeship to war, because it is the faithful image of war; but it will not profit all if the reasons of the movements to be executed are not brought within the comprehension of every soldier.

"A numerous army is obliged to divide itself in order to subsist, so that it may not exhaust the resources of a country; and yet it ought to be able to reunite itself promptly on the field of battle. Here is one of the first difficulties of a great concourse of troops. 'Every army,' said the emperor, 'that cannot reunite itself in twenty-four hours, upon a given point, is an army badly placed.'

"Ours occupies a triangle, of which St. Omer is the apex, and of which the base extends itself from Ambleteuse to Montreuil. This triangle has a base of eight leagues upon twelve of height, and all the troops can be concentrated in twenty-four hours upon any point of the triangle whatsoever. These movements can be effected with facility, if the soldier is accustomed to march—if he carries with ease his provisions and ammunition—if each *chef de corps* maintains on the march the severest discipline—if the different columns which direct themselves by different routes have well reconnoitred the ground, and never cease to maintain a communication with each other—in fine, if each army does not obstruct the march of the other, notwithstanding the immense hindrance of a great number of horses and vehicles. The troops once arrived at the place indicated, it is necessary that they should understand each other, that they should protect themselves by a military position, and bivouac.

"This is what you are about to be called upon to put in practice. Without at present speaking of the engagements and manœuvres of military tactics, you see how all is linked together in the art of war, and how much the most simple detail must contribute to the general success.

"Soldiers! the experienced chiefs whom I have placed at your head, and the devotion which animates you, will render the command of the army of the north easy to me. You will be worthy of my confidence, and, if circumstances should exact it, you will

be ready to respond to the appeal of our country.

"NAPOLEON.

"Boulogne, Sept. 2."

The King of the Belgians and his son embarked on Sunday evening, and returned home, in consequence of the presence of the former being required in his own dominions by urgent business. They were accompanied to the steam-boat by the emperor, and their departure caused much regret to the people and the English visitors of Boulogne, who were estimated at 15,000.

The following day (Monday) the King of Portugal, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Oporto, arrived at Boulogne by special train from Paris. The emperor received his visitors in the vestibule of the hotel, and escorted them to the apartments prepared for their reception. In the afternoon the illustrious party drove to the camp at Houvault, to inspect the troops. On their arrival there, a great body of troops turned out, and marched past the royal carriages in slow and quick time. The word of command, loud and wild as an Arab war-cry, might be heard all along the line, and the officers galloped up and down in that apparently frantic excitement which is peculiar to the French. The young King of Portugal was delighted with the grand spectacle around him, which revealed the might and majesty of France, and was an earnest of the gigantic force the allied powers could raise to resist oppression. As the royal party drove along the line, they were received by shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* the officers of the various regiments giving their soldiers the signal when to raise their sturdy voices. Napoleon was also received with enthusiasm by the spectators, chiefly English, whom he repaid by repeated smiles and bows. The inspection over, the royal party alighted from their carriages, and the emperor took the King of Portugal, first into the tent of a captain, and then into that of a common soldier; in both of which he explained the contrivances adopted for the comfort of the troops. This mark of condescension was received by the soldiers with great delight, and as the royal party re-entered the carriages, the air rang with acclamations. Amongst the Englishmen present were Lord Ranelagh and Colonel Knox, with whom the emperor conversed freely. Indeed, his whole demeanour was extremely frank and winning; and at times, when the *gens d'armes* tried to keep back

the people, he said: "Let them come in and stand where they please." Much to the surprise and disappointment of the good folks of Boulogne, the young King of Portugal left the same day that he arrived, and proceeded by the railway to Brussels, amid the thunders of a military salute.

With the morning of the next day (the 5th) came the consort of the Queen of England. The weather was brilliant; the sky cloudless; and the whole population of Boulogne seemed to have poured forth to welcome Prince Albert to the town. About half-past ten the royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, with the tricolour floating at the fore, and the royal standard at the main, was seen rounding the point on the Capeure side of the harbour. She was followed by the *Black Eagle* and the *Fivid*, both with colours dressed. The emperor, attended by a group of officers and aides-de-camp, left his hotel, and went down to the quay to receive his illustrious visitor.

As the royal yacht entered the harbour, she was received with the roar of artillery and the enthusiastic shouts of the dense masses of spectators. The prince bowed repeatedly to the multitudes; and seeing the emperor standing a little in advance of his staff, a glance of recognition passed between them, and they simultaneously raised their hats, and exchanged several bows. As the *Victoria and Albert* came alongside, a carpeted gangway was thrown on board, and Prince Albert ran briskly ashore, and raising his hat, advanced to the emperor. The latter shook hands with the prince very warmly, and addressed several friendly expressions to him. On approaching the open carriage which brought the emperor to the quay, a difficulty arose as to who first should enter it. Napoleon insisted that his guest should do so; but the prince hesitated to take precedence of the emperor. The latter, however, would not yield, and the prince entered the carriage first, which soon after drove slowly off, escorted by the cent-gardes, whose brilliant uniforms, consisting of helmet and cuirass, light blue coats, jack-boots, and leather breeches, added to the gaiety of the scene. From the quay to the emperor's hotel at Capeure, the streets were densely crowded, and every window was well filled with fashionably-dressed women, who gave an enthusiastic welcome to the distinguished visitor. It is said the people seemed extremely gratified, but too intent on seeing the prince to cheer

as a thoroughly English crowd would have done.

At four o'clock the emperor and the prince mounted on horseback, and, attended by their suites, proceeded to the camps at Ambleuse, Wimeroux, and Houvaut. The prince rode side by side, followed at a short distance by the leading personages of their staffs, the troops falling into line with astonishing rapidity as the royal *cortège* approached. Leaving the camp near the column, the royal party rode through the streets, amidst the enthusiastic congratulations of the people, and returned to the imperial hotel.

The next day (Wednesday), September the 6th, a grand military review took place at the camp of Helfaut, in honour of Prince Albert. The emperor and his distinguished visitor arrived on the ground at eleven in the morning. After taking some refreshment they visited the huts, and admired the tasteful decorations, the sculpture, and the little gardens with which the soldiers had adorned the camp. The royal party then mounted their horses and rode slowly to the Brnyères, a magnificent plateau overlooking the town and churches of St. Omer. The number of soldiers assembled amounted to 25,000. The emperor and the prince, on arriving on the field, were saluted by a discharge of twenty-one guns, fired from one of the batteries. The emperor was attired in his usual costume, the full uniform of a lieutenant-general of division, and rode his favourite chestnut charger. The prince wore the cocked hat and blue undress coat of a field-marshal, with the star of the order of the garter. They first rode together along the front line of infantry, and were saluted by the soldiers lowering the ensigns as they proceeded. The troops afterwards slowly defiled before them, and the cavalry executed some dashing charges. The prince regarded them with a scrutinising eye, and the emperor apparently directed his attention to various points in connexion with the equipment and training of the various arms of the service.

The review over, the prince rode forward, and, addressing the officers in French, expressed the gratification he had derived from witnessing the admirably-executed evolutions which had been gone through, and his warm approval of the soldierlike appearance and military bearing of the men.

He added, with peculiar emphasis, that it was his earnest hope that the *entente cordiale*, so auspiciously exhibited that day, would long continue to exist between the two countries of France and Great Britain. This brief address gave much pleasure to the emperor, who handed his royal highness into the carriage, and they both returned to Boulogne.

The Thursday was passed by the emperor and prince in mutual civilities, and in the evening a grand ball was given at the Tintelleries, and attended by many thousands of persons, both French and English. But the great event occurred on Friday. It was the representation of a battle upon the line of road between Boulogne and Calais, in which the actors were 25,000 French soldiers, one half of whom were commanded by the emperor in person, and the other by General de Schramm. The latter was supposed to threaten Boulogne from the direction of Calais, while the former took up a position to resist any further advance of the supposed enemy.

The fight opened with the artillery on both sides, which was kept up heavily for some time. After an interval, the long lines of Schramm's corps, drawn up upon the opposite height, broke into columns, and slowly fell back towards Calais. The emperor, directing his attack continuously from his right, and pressing forward with his cavalry, succeeded in turning his opponent's left. General de Schramm thereupon changed his front, so as to face this flank movement, still, however, retreating. The manœuvres extended over a distance of three or four miles, and of course embraced an infinite number of details into which it is impossible to enter. The sham fight terminated on the fine open slope of a height four miles distant from the point at which it had commenced. Schramm's corps holding the ridge, made a last stand against their opponents, who, steadily debouching from the woods below, at length drove them from their position. At half-past eleven it was all over, and the emperor conducted his illustrious guest to breakfast.

The departure of Prince Albert took place at eleven o'clock at night, under circumstances of a most brilliant and picturesque character. The emperor saw him on board, and after a cordial farewell, the *Victoria and Albert* steamed away towards Portsmouth, and was soon lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER XIV.

INSURRECTION OF THE GREEK SUBJECTS OF THE SULTAN; EXPULSION OF THE GREEKS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE; TURKISH DEFENCE OF THIS MEASURE, AND GREEK APPEAL AGAINST IT; EXCESSES OF THE INSURGENTS; INTERFERENCE OF GENERAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS ON BEHALF OF THE GREEK CATHOLICS, AND DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE PORTE; GREEK VIEW OF THE INSURRECTION; MONTE-NEGRO AND ITS PEOPLE; PRINCE DANIEL CALLS ON HIS SUBJECTS TO TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST THE TURKS; FRENCH AND ENGLISH FORCES OCCUPY THE PIRÆUS; SUBMISSION OF KING OTHO; DECLINE OF THE INSURRECTION.

To prevent confusion, we have carried the account of the war in the principalities and in the Baltic Sea up to the period when Bomarsund was destroyed, without noticing the progress of the insurrection among the Greek subjects of the sultan, and the war in Asia. We must now retrace our steps, and resume these interesting narrations from the points at which we left them. And first, of the insurrection of the Greeks in the Turkish provinces of Albania, Macedonia, and Thessaly, to which we shall devote this chapter. By referring to the sixth chapter of this work, from page 73 to page 77, the reader will see the opening of the subject to which we now return.

We have there shown, that the Greek subjects of the Porte, instigated by Russian agents and Russian gold, had chosen the moment of Turkey's danger to cast off her yoke and gratify their long-cherished hatred against her government and religion: that King Otho and the independent Greeks had at first secretly, and afterwards openly, fomented the insurrection,—which proceeded, in reality, rather from Athens than from the Christian inhabitants of the neighbouring provinces: that England and France had assisted the Porte to suppress the insurrection; because it was ill-timed, and threatened still further to prolong the war, and disturb the tranquillity of Europe, by dividing the power of Turkey and strengthening the hands of the Emperor of Russia: and finally, that diplomatic relations between Greece and Turkey were broken off, and their respective ambassadors recalled. The last-named event took place in the month of March, 1854, much to the regret of all humane and prudent men, who severely blamed the Greek government for fostering insurrection in a neighbouring state at a time when the safety, if not the existence, of that state was threatened by the common foe of Europe, of progress, and of liberty.

After diplomatic relations had been broken off between Greece and Turkey, the Porte decided on a natural but extremely rigorous measure. It determined on the expulsion from Constantinople, within fifteen days, of all Greek subjects who would not place themselves under its exclusive protection. This measure was carried out with great severity, and every steamer that left Constantinople for Syra was so crowded with Greeks, that it was impossible for them to walk the decks. Many—indeed, most of them—were, by this act of banishment, reduced to the depths of poverty, and would have to be placed on shore at the Piræus both destitute and friendless. The Turks also felt the inconvenience of the measure. More than thirty medical men—the most skilful in the capital of the sultan—took their departure; and many shops in Pera were shut up in consequence of the expulsion of their owners.

Redschid Pasha, the Turkish minister of foreign affairs, in forwarding to the Greek ambassador his passports, sent also a letter, justifying the conduct of the Porte in expelling the Greeks:—"It appears," said that document, "from positive proofs, that it is not through mere negligence, but through the toleration of the Greek government, that the frontier provinces of the empire have been just invaded." It added the following passages, which show, that although the Porte considered it necessary to proceed with severity against the Greeks, it did not act in a merciless spirit: "Orders have been given to the proper authorities to facilitate the departure of those Greek subjects who are poor or destitute, and to show as much indulgence as possible to those who are sick or infirm. It is my duty once more to repeat, that it is the Greek government alone which has created the necessity for this determination, and that the responsibility of it must rest entirely upon Greece."

To this note M. Metaxa replied by another, of an expostulatory character. In it he complained of cruelty, saying, that although he had desired for the Greeks established in Turkey a period of six months for them to wind up their affairs and quit the country, yet the Porte had reduced that term to fifteen days. He added: "There is a tribunal higher than either Greece or Turkey, whose judgments are unerring, and whose decrees are infallible. It is to this Supreme tribunal that Greece appeals; for to that alone it belongs to decide whether Greece and its government ought to be held responsible for the evil consequences of the existing state of things, because discontent has provoked the inhabitants of Epirus and Thessaly to revolt; and because, on this occasion, sympathies have been manifested in Greece favourable to a movement made by co-religionists, by countrymen, and by relations."

The Turkish government did not escape censure on account of the course it had pursued; and it was reasoned that the Greeks were punished, in their private and mercantile interests, for offences committed by a court which they disliked. The edict of expulsion drove forth thousands of innocent and intelligent men, whose very subsistence depended on dwelling where alone they seemed able to obtain a market for their labour.

The expulsion of the Greeks from Constantinople had no effect on the government and people of independent Greece. Bodies of men and supplies of arms were continually sent across the frontier to the rebels of Thessaly and Epirus. Most of these men were little better than brigands, who plundered under the pretence of patriotism. They not only committed depredations on the property of the Turks, against whom they professed to have taken arms, but also robbed those of their own creed and nation. So well was this understood, that the Greek subjects of the Porte, in many places, bolted their doors and concealed their goods on the approach of the insurgents. At first these bands of robbers, in the name of liberty, being opposed only by isolated detachments, obtained some successes; but when they encountered corps of regular troops, they were invariably beaten, and obliged to fly to the mountains. Such was the ferocity of these men, that Grivas, one of their leaders, offered a pound of gunpowder and fifteen drachmas for a couple of

Turks' heads. During this time, King Otho showed an obstinacy that might have cost him his crown or even his life. He disregarded the advice given him, and asserted his belief that he was destined to liberate the Christians from the Ottoman rule.

The resolve of the sultan to drive the Greeks from Constantinople led to a serious difference between the Porte and General Baraguay d'Hilliers, then acting not only as a soldier, but as French ambassador at Constantinople. We have already mentioned that the French regarded themselves as the protectors of the Christians of the Roman church in the Turkish empire. The general, therefore, made a demand that all Greek catholics should be excepted from the decree of expulsion, and that his guarantee for the good behaviour of the members of his own church should be considered sufficient. The animosity existing between the Greek and Latin churches is bitter in the extreme. As the former were known to lean towards Russia, the latter went to the other extreme, and made the most fervent expressions of loyalty to the Ottoman government. The French general pointed out this circumstance to Redschid Pasha, and insisted very strongly upon it to obtain the favour he demanded for the Greeks of the Roman church. After some hesitation the desire of the French ambassador was acceded to, though in a somewhat modified form. The Porte, however, repented of its partiality, and afterwards informed General Baraguay d'Hilliers that his request could not be granted. The French soldier was extremely indignant; he demanded the dismissal of the Turkish ministers, and threatened, if satisfaction was denied to him, to embark with his whole embassy and leave Constantinople within forty-eight hours. This incident might have produced untoward results, but for the discretion of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who supported the ministers of the sultan; and the French ambassador was finally pacified. The cause of quarrel was afterwards removed by an edict from the Porte, by which all the Greeks then at Constantinople, and not implicated in the insurrection, were permitted to remain. To prevent a repetition of this scene, General Baraguay d'Hilliers was recalled from Constantinople, and appointed to a command in the Baltic, where (as we have already related) he won distinction at the fall of Bomarsund.

The expulsion from Turkey of the Greeks was bitterly felt by that people, and regarded with indignation by King Otho and his government. The Greek minister for foreign affairs addressed the following circulars to the diplomatic agents of his government. They contain a Greek view of the insurrection and the difference with the Porte, and may be regarded as the defence of the free Greeks against the charges brought against them by the ministers of the sultan. We subjoin them, as necessary to assist the reader to an impartial judgment on the subject:—

"Athens, 5th (17th) April, 1854.

"Ministry of the Royal Household and of Foreign Affairs.

"Sir,—The disastrous measures which the Porte has just adopted against Greek subjects and their interests, as I have informed you in my despatch of this day, gave us without doubt the incontestible right of reprisal by means of analogous measures, without, at the same time, departing from the rules usually observed in similar cases.

"But it was repugnant to the king's government to act thus, or, in imitation of the Porte, to injure the subjects of the Ottoman Porte, whom it could not reasonably consider as responsible for all the rigours committed in Turkey against our countrymen and our commercial navy.

"After the Sublime Porte had broken off the political and commercial relations between Greece and Turkey, and abruptly expelled our consular agents from the Ottoman territory, the government of the king could no longer permit the consular authorities of the Porte to continue in the exercise of their functions in Greece. But while giving to the prefects the order to withdraw the *exequatur*, and to signify to all those who belonged to that body, and who were invested with an official character, to quit the country, it has at the same time declared that Turkish subjects may continue to reside in the kingdom, and that the vessels under the Ottoman flag shall be received in Greek ports, in order to carry on freely their commercial operations, as before; and both are placed under the protection of the Hellenic laws.

"I have the honour to transmit to you herewith copies of the circular I have issued on the subject, and in which you will remark, among other things, the solicitude with which the government of the king recommends to its agents to afford all the assistance and facility in their power to Turkish subjects in the conduct of their affairs, as also to the Turkish flag.

"It is now for the nations of the civilised world to judge of the difference which exists in the conduct of the respective governments of

the two states. The king's government has limited itself to doing what was strictly and absolutely necessary. It could not, and it ought not, to imitate the Porte in having recourse to measures which are reprobated by the spirit of modern civilisation, and also by the noble sentiments of the nation of which it is the organ.

"Receive, sir, the assurance of my high consideration, &c.

"A. PAIKOS."

The following is the circular referred to in the above:—

"Athens, 5th (17th) April, 1854.

"Sir,—The Ottoman Porte has just adopted against us the most disastrous measures. You are already aware, sir, that the *chargé d'affaires* of the Ottoman Porte at Athens, not having found the answer sufficiently satisfactory which the king's government gave to an *ultimatum* addressed to them on the subject, has quitted Greece, after having announced that the political relations between the two governments were broken off. In consequence of a proceeding so abrupt and so unexpected, the royal government could not keep any longer their minister at Constantinople. That functionary received, therefore, the order to demand, in turn, his passports, and to quit that capital with the members of the legation, leaving only the chancellery for the arrangement of the commercial affairs of more than 15,000 Greek subjects who reside there, and intrusting, as is usual in such cases, the protection of the Hellenic subjects to one of his colleagues. The government was all the more inclined to follow that course as Nessel Bey himself, on quitting Athens, confided the protection of Ottoman subjects to the ministers of France and Great Britain, and he did not declare that the consuls of the Porte in Greece should also quit their posts. You may therefore judge of our astonishment on learning that the Porte, on sending to M. Metaxas, the king's minister at Constantinople, his passports, communicated to him at the same time, in its note of the 20th of March, that (to date from that day) all political and commercial relations between Greece and Turkey were broken off; that all the *employés* of the Greek chancellery at Constantinople, as well as all the consuls of Greece in the Ottoman empire, must immediately quit; that all Greek subjects, without exception, must also leave Turkey within the term of fifteen days, at the expiration of which no ship bearing the Greek flag should any longer appear in the ports of Turkey. Independently of these measures, the Porte has intimated that it would recognise in no minister of the friendly powers accredited to it the right to protect Greek subjects, and to whom the king's ministers might confide that care. The Porte has also constituted, of itself, a commission to settle arbitrarily the affairs of our countrymen within

the term of fifteen days, and to proceed to their expulsion.

"You may easily conceive, sir, the perturbation which measures of so serious a kind must have created in the commercial transactions of more than 15,000 persons established at Constantinople alone, without counting almost double the number of Greek subjects scattered throughout the Ottoman empire, all engaged in trade and industry, as well as the immense and incalculable loss which must be the result to them. It was in vain that the king's minister observed that in order to settle interests so extensive and so complicated as those of the Greek subjects residing in Turkey, a period of six months would scarce suffice. The Porte persisted in its resolution. In presence of such enormities, nothing was left for his majesty's minister but to quit Constantinople, protesting at the same time against conduct so unheard of and so indescribable, and leaving the commercial chancery for some days only, in order to try to arrange as well as it could the various interests of our subjects, to facilitate their speedy departure, and to issue passports and prepare the papers of our ships. But scarcely was he gone when the police peremptorily ordered the consul, the director of the Hellenic chancery, at once to close his office, and to stop all settlement of business. At the same time the commission instituted by the Porte ordered, in a proclamation posted up on the doors of the chancery, all Greek subjects to present themselves before it for the settlement of their affairs, and forbidding them, under severe penalties, to have any intercourse with their chancery. Thus, sir, in a few days, Greek subjects are violently expelled from the Turkish empire. The Greek flag can no more appear in the waters of that empire. The ruin of the fortunes of so many is consummated; and a great number of our countrymen will soon be reduced to misery.

"Such is the conduct we witness for the first time in the recent history of civilised countries. No nation in a state of war with another has ever acted in so outrageous a manner with the subjects of its enemy. In order to show all the animosity against Greece, as manifested in these exceptional measures of the Porte, I might refer to what has always been practised in similar cases between great and civilised nations. I could support my views by the recent example of France who, though at war with Russia, has nevertheless permitted Russian subjects to continue their residence in their country under the protection of French laws. But I content myself with comparing with those measures the conduct which the Porte itself has observed towards Russian subjects. The Porte has been for the last six months in a state of open war with Russia. Much blood, both on one side and the other, has been already shed on the field of battle; and yet not only has it not during that

time expelled Russian subjects from its empire, but even when at the last moment it thought it to be its duty to order them to quit the country, it granted them, for that purpose, a delay of some months, which delay, at a later period having been prolonged through the intervention of the internuncio of his majesty the Emperor of Austria, did not expire till the middle of April. Still more, during all that period they were placed, and actually remained, under the protection of the said internuncio, when scarcely 150 Russians were found to be residing at Constantinople.

"It may then be asked, why has the Porte shown itself towards Greece, with which it is not at war, much more severe than it has been towards Russia, its declared enemy? The reason, sir, is clear—it is because the Porte has, unfortunately, never forgotten what Greece was before she became free. That hostile disposition cannot be otherwise explained, which it has at all times manifested towards Greece, notwithstanding all the good-will which the Hellenic government has invariably shown, in order to render the relations between the two countries more and more friendly. For twenty years that royalty has existed in Greece, and that the independence of the Hellenic kingdom has been recognised by the Porte, it has never ceased to raise up against her every species of embarrassment, and to create obstacles to her service and her commerce in Turkey. Many times have Greek subjects had to suffer from the arbitrary conduct of its authorities in the provinces. It has refused to issue the *exequaturs* of a great number of our consuls, in order that our countrymen should be deprived of the protection absolutely requisite in Turkey, and it impeded the service of those it had been obliged to recognise. I have not now space enough to expose in detail all the wrongs the royal government has endured from the Porte. It will be sufficient to remind you that in two other instances it has again found occasion for harsh measures against our vessels and our merchants, by prohibiting the former from trading in its ports, excluding the others from the corporations of trade, and withdrawing their *exequaturs* from our consuls. It will be then easily understood how at this moment the Porte has seized eagerly on the pretext furnished it by the insurrection of Epirus and Thessaly to resume its arbitrary measures against us, with a force and severity all the greater that it believes it can do so freely and without any obstacle.

"I have said, sir, that the Porte sought a pretext for such conduct; for, after the answer given to the last note of its *chargé d'affaires*, its conduct cannot otherwise be explained. What, in fact, was demanded in the note of Nesset Bey? To order some officers who, for the most part natives of the insurgent districts, left the kingdom to combat with those of the same reli-

gion as themselves—with their brothers—to return to the kingdom within ten days, and to intimate to them that, if they did not obey, their pay should be stopped; to form a commission to try and punish them; to prohibit all armaments in the kingdom in favour of the insurgents; not to permit armed men to pass the frontier; to dismiss certain *employés* for having excited the public mind against Turkey; to disavow, in its official organs, those who openly and publicly (*au grand jour*) demanded pecuniary aid, who prepared armaments, and were members of divers committees in favour of the insurrection; to moderate the language of certain journals, and to establish an inquiry, in order to discover the officer who facilitated the escape of the prisoners at Chalcis.

"The Hellenic government could reply to the complaints of the Porte by pointing to recent and well-known examples of other nations who were in the same relation to each other as Greece is now with respect to the Porte. But with the view of maintaining its friendly relations with the Sublime Porte, it not only did not avail itself of these examples, but it, on the contrary, promised to do all it was permitted to do by the laws of the country, and all that was in its power to do, to satisfy those demands.

"It therefore replied,* that the proposition relative to the recall of the officers was no longer necessary from the moment those officers had demanded and received their dismissal; that not belonging to the Greek army they received no pay, and were consequently out of the jurisdiction of the Hellenic government; that the government would take care that the armaments against a neighbouring state should be prevented, and that armed persons should be prohibited from crossing the frontier so far as the nature and extent of our limits and our means permitted us to do; that an inquiry should be instituted against the accused *employés*; that it had no objection to express in its official organs all the inconvenience and injury that would accrue to the friendly relations of the two states from making collections of money for the purpose of preparing armaments for the insurgents; and that it would do with pleasure all that was compatible with the laws of the country to moderate the language of the journals with reference to the insurrection of the neighbouring provinces. The Hellenic government gave, at the same time, assurances to Nessel Bey that his wishes respecting the escape of the prisoners of Chalcis had already been anticipated; and that the result of the inquiry which had been ordered proved not only the innocence of the officers of the garrison of Chalcis, but also the

inutility of the attempts they had made to bring back the soldiers to their duty.

"It was after a reply so reasonable and so conciliatory, and in spite of those promises and those assurances of the royal government, that Nessel Bey suddenly quitted Greece, and broke off all relations with the two countries. In such a state of things it only remains for Greece, thus exposed to arbitrary conduct of the most unexampled kind, and to the most unjustifiable vexations, to make the Porte responsible for all the evils which will be the inevitable result of it; for the ruin of her commerce, of her navy, and of the fortunes of so many private persons. It is for the enlightened nations of the world to say whether, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in time of peace, any government can be allowed to abuse in such a manner its position, and to inflict such serious injury on an independent state. You will, sir, communicate verbally this despatch and the documents annexed to it to the government to which you are accredited,† and, if you are required to do so, a copy of them; and you will direct its particular attention to the conduct of the Porte with regard to us—conduct which a state of open war could scarcely justify. Receive, sir, &c.,

"ΠΑΙΚΟΣ."

The perplexity of the Turkish government, caused by the insurrection of the Greeks, was aggravated at this point by the hostilities of the prince and people of Montenegro. A singular interest attaches to this romantic land and its spirited inhabitants; and we shall therefore give a short description of them. On looking at a map of European Turkey, the reader will perceive a small tract of land lying enclosed between Herzegovina, Albania, and the Adriatic. It is Montenegro, which means the Black Mountain—a title imagined by some speculators on the subject, to be derived from the dark forests of pine-trees supposed to have once covered the country. Others, however, think that the name "Black" has been given to the inhabitants to denote the wild and intractable character of these dwellers among the mountains. The name is supposed to have been bestowed on the people in hatred, and accepted by them in defiance. The surface of the country forms a series of elevated ridges of limestone rocks, diversified by lofty mountainous peaks, and looking in some parts like a petrified sea. The Montenegrins, who are extremely ignorant and superstitious, have a singular tradition (Athens) and M. Paikos, on the subjects noticed in the circular, and are dated from the 31st of January (12th of February) to the 10th (22nd) of March, when M. Paikos announced that the passports demanded by the Turkish envoy were at his disposal.

* The reply of the Greeks was offensively curt.

† The documents which accompany the above despatch, and which are in print, are eighteen in number. They consist of the notes exchanged between Nessel Bey (the minister of the Porte at

to account for the stony and rugged aspect of their land. They say, that when the Deity was distributing stones over the earth, the bag in which he held them burst when over Montenegro, and all the stones fell upon that spot.

Though Montenegro is but a small country, estimated at about 450 square miles, with a population of not more than 100,000 persons, yet they have ever preserved their independence, in spite of their powerful and warlike neighbours the Turks, who conquered and possessed all the surrounding country. They now acknowledge the protection of the Czar of Russia; but they do so not from any spirit of submission to that potentate, but because they mostly belong to the Greek church, and also because they regard the Turks as their natural enemies; and therefore attach themselves to a power which has opposed, and in past times humbled, the great Mussulman empire. The form of government in Montenegro was, until lately, a sort of rude republic, and its chief rulers were called Vladikas, and united in themselves the office of bishop and prince, or president. In the year 1796, the Turks invaded Montenegro with the intention of either subduing or exterminating the population. The brave mountaineers, favoured by the natural defences of their land, succeeded by a stratagem in surrounding the Turkish army, who, after a struggle of three days and nights, in which about 30,000 of them perished, were compelled to submit and retire. Since that time the Montenegrins have been free from any invasion on the part of the Turks, but savage border forays have never ceased between the two nations.

The climate of Montenegro is healthy, but it may be supposed that the soil is too rocky to be very productive. Some parts, however, are exceedingly fertile, and there the inhabitants cultivate maize, tobacco, potatoes, and other vegetables. They do this so successfully, that they are enabled to export them extensively. They value the potato very highly; and they testified their gratitude to the bishop who introduced its culture amongst them, by enrolling him in the list of their saints. Besides vegetables, they also export smoked mutton, salt fish, hides, tallow, wool, butter, honey, and other agricultural produce. The manufactures of this people are very primitive, and consist only of coarse woollens.

Montenegro has nothing that deserves so

dignified a name as a city or town; but it contains about 300 villages, each of which possesses its church. Tzeticin, the seat of the government, can be regarded as nothing better than a village. The Montenegrins are brave and hardy, tall, well-proportioned, and extremely picturesque in their costume and appearance. The women, though almost in the condition of slaves, are fond of finery, and adorn themselves with many chains and ornaments of gold. The girls wear little red caps, covered in front with a number of silver coins, lapped one over another, like scales. The Montenegrins are very fond of their weapons, which they scarcely ever lay aside; and, in the event of the Turks making an inroad into the country, nearly the whole male population rise to oppose them. Boys of such a tender age as ten are said to have taken to the field in these border skirmishes; and many a stalwart Turk has received his death-wound from a bullet discharged by such an infant hand. In war these stern mountaineers never ask for mercy, and never give it. When one of their countrymen is severely wounded, and in danger of being taken by the enemy, they themselves cut off his head to save him from the disgrace of captivity. Their bravery is tarnished by ferocity, and their primitive habits by a love of plunder. Excursions into surrounding countries for the sake of robbery, are not held dishonourable among them; and in battle they have been seen rushing forward like madmen, uttering savage yells, and bearing the blood-dripping heads of their slaughtered enemies suspended from their necks and shoulders.

On the death of the late vladika, or governor of Montenegro, some change was made in the form of government. His nephew and successor, Prince Daniel Petrovich, was installed in the chief authority without receiving the ecclesiastical investiture. Not being a priest, he is permitted to marry and transmit his dignity to his sons. The installation of Prince Daniel into his seat of authority took place on the 1st of July, 1852. The ceremonies and festivities performed by his semi-barbarous subjects on that occasion, sound oddly in the ears of the inhabitants of large and highly-civilised states. The following particulars are extracted from an account by an eye-witness of the scenes they describe. Having returned from a visit to St. Petersburg, where he had gone to obtain the sanction of the emperor to his appointment,

the prince was met on his landing at Cattaro by crowds of his subjects, who welcomed him by the discharges of their rifles, and then conducted him, with many expressions of joy, to the house that had been prepared for his reception. "The following morning," said a witness of the scene, "we commenced the journey to Tzétinie. The prince, his uncle Noviza, and some few more, travelled on horseback up the winding mountain path; the others climbed on foot, and with the agility of the chamois, up the rugged sides of the mountain, which is about the same height as Mount Vesuvius. The number of men forming the procession was so great, that the last had not left Cattaro when the first was already half-way up the mountain. The firing of rifles was incessant, as is the case on every festive occasion among these manly children of nature. On the summit of the mountain, the prince was received by fresh troops of Montenegrins, who also greeted him with volleys from their rifles. Here the mass separated. The greater number proceeded to Niegush, the birthplace of the prince's family; but Daniel and the chiefs entered the house of Prorokovich, the captain of Niegush, where they were to dine. You must not picture to yourself a great European banquet, or a banquet of any kind according to the fashion of modern times, but rather a Homeric hero's, or, if you will, a shepherd's meal—simple and frugal. In a large room, without a stove, the guests were first served with cold water, coffee without milk, and raki (a kind of spirits.) After this, a table formed of rough planks, low and as long as the room, was laid with a cloth, and round it were placed very low wooden benches. Prince Daniel sat at the head of the table; and he and those who sat nearest him were provided with the ordinary European appurtenances of a dinner-table; but further on, several guests had to share plate, goblet, and spoon, all of wood: every one used his own knife; and forks there were none. The first dish served up consisted of lamb, stewed with rice; then came boiled mutton; after that roast lamb and ham, and then cheese. On retiring from table, the greater number of the guests fired off their rifles, saying, 'We must thank our host, or it would look as if we were not pleased with the cheer, or were ungrateful.'

"Prince Daniel next proceeded to the village of Niegush, where he visited each one of his relatives, and in each cottage wine,

coffee, and melons were offered to the visitors. On the further journey from Niegush to Tzétinie, the prince was received on every mountain ridge by troops of his subjects, who, as usual, fired off their rifles as a salute. In the plain of Tzétinie, outside the village, the vice-president and several members of the senate, together with a crowd of less distinguished Montenegrins, came forward to wish him welcome; and here they were not content with rifles, but a few cannon-shots were fired in his honour. The next day divine service was performed in the church; and as the prince and the notables attended, the people crowded thither in such numbers that the church could not hold one-tenth part of them. After the service, the vice-president of the senate read to the people assembled outside the prince's dwelling, a document addressed to Prince Daniel by the Russian government, in which it was said, 'that in consideration of the petitions of the senate and people of Montenegro, his majesty, the Emperor of Russia, had consented that Prince Daniel should not enter the ecclesiastical order, but might, nevertheless, continue to be the chief ruler of the state. Prince Daniel was further permitted to select another to be bishop in his stead, who should have the exclusive direction of the ecclesiastical affairs of the principality; and he was exhorted to live in harmony with his Turkish and Austrian neighbours,' &c. After this document had been read aloud in the Russian and Servian languages, the prince distributed the orders and medals he had brought with him from Russia."

Such is Montenegro, its people, and its prince; and it seems scarcely possible that they could in any way be regarded of sufficient importance, as to play a part of some prominence in a great European struggle. Yet it was so. In the spring of 1854, two Russian agents arrived at Cettinje, in Montenegro, and communicated to Prince Daniel the wishes or commands of the czar. The result of their mission was soon manifest in the publication of the following document, in which the Montenegrin prince calls on his subjects to take up arms against their hereditary enemy:—

"Daniel Petrovich, Prince of Czernagora (Montenegro), and the Brda (the Nahias of Bielopavlichii, Piperi, Moratska, and Kutska, are so called), salutes his captains.

"I trust that we Montenegrins shall, as heretofore, show ourselves brave and courageous,

like unto the Greeks and other nations, and like unto our victorious grand and great grandfathers, who bequeathed to us the liberty of which we are so proud. I wish to know the soldiers who were before conscribed, in order that I may learn whether I can put trust in them; and therefore captains, I command that each of you do assemble his tribe. Let each separate soldier declare openly whether he is willing to do battle with us against the Turks, those cursed enemies of our faith and laws. Captains, take down the name of each volunteer, and send in a written report to me at Cetinje. But this I say beforehand, he who is not prepared to meet death with me, let him, in the name of Almighty God, remain at home. He, on the contrary, who will accompany me, and forget wife, child, and everything he possesses in the world, let him go to the captain that his name may be entered. I say unto you again, brave subjects and brethren, let him who is not prepared to look death in the face in my company remain unmolested at home; for I well know that one man who voluntarily and courageously takes the field is better than fifty timid ones. I invite every true man who has a courageous and not a womanly heart, and is not reluctant to shed his blood for the holy cross, the orthodox faith, and his country, to share with me honour and glory. Are we not, my dear brethren, the children of these ancient Montenegrin conquerors who at one and the same time defeated three Turkish viziers, beat the French troops, and stormed the sultan's fortresses? If we do not slight our fatherland and the reputation of our ancient heroes, let us assemble and set to in the name of God. Health be to all.

"Published at Cetinje, March 16th (28th), 1854."

This address to the Montenegrins was, in effect, a declaration of war against the Porte. Small as are Prince Daniel's dominions, it is said that he is able to raise 20,000 men, and that 4,000 chosen warriors immediately swore at the altar to go forth to battle against the Turks, and never to return unless covered with glory. On their flag was inscribed the words—"For faith and fatherland;" and preparations were made to proceed at once into the neighbouring Turkish provinces of Albania and the Herzegovina, the Montenegrins believing that all the Christians in the Turkish villages would make common cause with them, and enable them eventually to emancipate those districts. Russia had cunningly arranged this predatory excursion of the Montenegrins into the Turkish dominions at the time when the main body of the Russian army was about to attempt its principal operation on the Danube.

Hostilities of a petty plundering kind soon

commenced on the part of the Montenegrins. On the 19th of April, a body of 200 of them attacked a Turkish convoy with provisions and ammunition, which was on its way from Nieksich to Grahovo. A Turkish detachment, however, coming to the rescue, the warriors of the Black Mountain were dispersed. The Austrian government were startled at this boldness, and dispatched orders to two of its generals to advance into Montenegro and occupy it, if the people of that country made any further military demonstration. It was also stated that the Austrian minister at Athens informed the Greek government, that if it was unable to maintain order, Austria was prepared to do so. Prince Daniel certainly displayed great courage in bearding his powerful neighbours. He fortified Cetinje, and prepared to resist any attack that might be made on his mountain stronghold. On the 20th of April, he held a grand review of his forces in the presence of many Russian officers. Austria, however, decided on not attacking Montenegro; but it was understood that if he did not remain quiet, that the Austrian government would draw a military cordon round his territories, and starve him into submission.

Events in the meantime were tending to check the progress of the insurrection. Several engagements, or rather skirmishes (the details of which possess no interest to the general reader) took place, and terminated favourably for the Turks. The insurgents were defeated between Janina and Previsa, with the loss of 100 men. The savage leader, Grivas, was also defeated near Metzovo, and compelled to seek for safety, with a band of his comrades, by flight into Thessaly. A correspondent, writing from Janina, says:—"The ravages made in Thessaly, both by the Albanians and the Greeks, equal, if they do not surpass, everything perpetrated during the first revolution. Not plunder alone, as in Epirus, but murder, rape, destroying and burning are the order of the day. More than 700,000 sheep (seven hundred thousand—I write it out) have been carried over the Greek frontier. Incredible as this number seems at first sight, it will not surprise you if you hear that all the neighbouring mountaineers of Macedonia, Albania, and even Epirus send their flocks and their cattle during the winter to feed in the plains of Thessaly. This wholesale robbery cannot be left unpunished; and it is really high time that

the infamous government which countenances and encourages such predatory expeditions should be brought to its senses, and compelled to disgorge the plunder. The word *patriotism*, so often misapplied, has never been so fearfully abused as in this movement. I assure you it is revolting to hear the details of their crimes from the inhabitants of the villages which had to suffer from them."

Another engagement took place at the village of Peta, which was carried by assault by the Turks, in the teeth of 800 of the insurgents, on the 26th of April. The conflict scarcely lasted an hour before the insurgents took to flight. With the seizure of Peta, it was trusted that the insurrection in Lower Epirus, at least, would be terminated; because it had been the centre of the movement there, the seat of the provisional government, and the chief point of communication with Greece. When the affair was over, Fuad Effendi, the leader of the Mussulman force, went to the Albanian irregulars, or Bashi-Bazouks, and kissing their banner, encouraged them by saying, "You have behaved to-day like regular troops, and as such I shall look upon you henceforth." Eight flags were taken; they were all blue, with the Greek cross in the middle in white, except one, which was black, with the sign of the cross in white. The loss of Peta was a great blow to the Greek rebels, for it demoralised their men, and rendered union amongst them in the struggle against the Porte difficult, if not impossible. The Turkish government behaved with great clemency and moderation; and Fuad Effendi issued the following tranquillising circular, addressed to the clergy, the chief men, and the inhabitants generally of Epirus and Thessaly. It is an invitation to obedience, and a generous promise of pardon:—

"We announce that Peta, the stronghold of these ill-intentioned persons, who, having lately entered into these lands, disturbed the tranquillity of the inhabitants, exists no more. It has been destroyed to-day in one hour by the bravery of the imperial troops, and those of the above-mentioned individuals who could save themselves have dispersed, having, for the most part, gone to the place where they came from.

"I call, therefore, upon those among you, the inhabitants of the villages, who having been deceived by these people, have risen in insurrection and seemed hitherto connected with the same—some from fear of the authorities,

others forced by the disturbers, and others influenced by their mischievous counsels—knowing now the fate of the village of Peta, to come to yourselves, think of the position in which you are, and return to the right way, straying from which you were running towards your ruin.

"You who fear to suffer from the severity of the authorities, banish all fear from your hearts; you who were forced, call upon the imperial forces for help; and you who hope still to succeed in realising your vain hopes, think seriously and look at the evils which your error is likely to entail upon you. In one word, all those of you who, in whatever way, have participated in the insurrectionary movements, hear the paternal voice which calls you to embrace peace, tranquillity, and prosperity, and hasten to demand the pardon which we are ready to accord to you for all that you have done, willing or unwilling.

"We give you the period of a week, within which you must send to us two persons from every village to tender your submission to the imperial government; be sure that I myself, and with me all the civil and military authorities in this place, will receive you with that benevolence and clemency which are in accordance with the high will of our most merciful sovereign, and you will enjoy in full tranquillity and security the fruits of obedience and submission to your legitimate government.

"But, if even in future some villages disobeying these our summons should remain in insurrection, in that case I shall find myself in the most regrettable necessity to adopt such strong measures as will certainly be followed by immense evils.

"Let the inhabitants of those villages, whom the disturbers do not leave free to do their own will, but whom they force to insurrections, let them take up arms against those enemies of their tranquillity, let them beat and drive them away. Such conduct will be considered by us as the greatest proof of their submission and fidelity towards their government.

"Knowing this, hasten to do that which is counselled to you, for the love of your families and the welfare of your fatherland.

"Given in Arta the 13th (25th) of April, 1854.
"FUAD."

But the excited feelings of the inhabitants of independent Greece were not to be easily calmed down. Under colour of patriotism, piracy was making fresh progress in the Greek seas. Bands of ruffians, recruited among the dregs of the population, and provided with perfectly regular papers delivered by the Greek government itself, infested the Archipelago in fishing-vessels, and committed depredations indifferently upon the trading-ships of any nation, the owners of which

were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. In the meantime, the frontiers of Macedonia were invaded by a band of about 2,000 Greek adventurers, led by Shami Karatossa, ex-aide-de-camp of King Otho. Their progress was marked by shameful acts of robbery and violence. In one place they are reported to have hurnt to death 150 Turks—men, women, and children—who had taken refuge in a church. A cause that was stained by such frightful acts as these, deserved neither sympathy nor success. The Greeks, however, had not a monopoly of cruelty. Three Greek emissaries, who were seized in Albania endeavouring to excite the Christians to insurrection, and sowing discontent among the Mussulman soldiers, were put to death by the horrible process of impalement. Two of these unhappy wretches died speedily, but the third lingered during the whole day.

Prince Daniel of Montenegro, though not carrying out those warlike movements talked of in his proclamation to his people, was yet a dangerous neighbour both to Austria and Turkey. In the hope of rousing other Turkish provinces to insurrection, he issued the following eloquent and inflammatory address to the Christians of the neighbouring state of Herzegovina. Without doubt, these persons had suffered much wrong at the hands of the Mussulmans; but it is equally without doubt that Prince Daniel was the salaried servant of the Czar of Russia. At any other time our sympathy in such a struggle would be with the Montenegrins and their Christian neighbours; but we must withhold it when they would prostitute the name of liberty to strengthen the despotism of Russia, and to assist in prostrating the empire of the East before the grim power of northern tyranny. We subjoin Prince Daniel's address, which were it not for his avowed connection with Russia would, with the exception of some passages, find an echo in the mind of every freeborn man:—

"We, Daniel I., Prince of Montenegro, send our fraternal salutation to all Christians in the Herzegovina.

"You have heard that the Emperor of Russia, the father and protector of all Christians, is waging war with the Ottoman Porte. It is not for his own private advantage, but once for all to free the unfortunate Christians from the yoke under which they have sighed for the last 400 years. You have also heard how the Greeks, oppressed by the Ottomans, have taken up arms

against their task-masters, and, fighting day and night, are making good progress in their enterprise. And you also, brother Servians, will shortly shake off what the diplomatists have imposed on you by their treaties. Let this, then, be the guiding-star which your fathers had in vain looked for after the day of Kosovo. The moment is come at which every Christian who is oppressed by the Porte must rise against his tyrant, and he who does not take advantage of it has nothing to expect but eternal remorse and shame. In the name of humanity, then, rise, and annihilate your oppressors; spare neither life nor property, lest you should be cursed by posterity and despised by the present generation. Remember, enchained warriors, the ill treatment to which your ancestors were subjected, who died at the stake, were strangled, or starved. Remember that you are the despised slaves of a horde of barbarians, who tread under foot your nationality, customs, habits, and religion; who massacre your innocent children, and do violence to your women, and everything else which is sacred in your eyes.

"Where are your temples and sacred bells—where the holy halls which once echoed your hymns, and the praises of the one God? Where are your majestic convents—those sacred institutions in ereeting which the Servian princes spent their treasures? Look at your unfortunate brethren, who are daily forced either to renounce their faith, or to lose their heads, which are exposed on the bulwarks of cities full of crime and stained with blood! Regard yourselves; you stand disarmed, like women, despised and in despair, without security for life or property, obedient to the blind will of an insatiate tyrant. Listen, then! I am prepared to assist your glorious exertions with all the means in my power. Ammunition, gold, and provisions will with true brotherly feeling be shared with you, if, with confidence and without trembling, you will rise as one man against those worst of men, the Mussulmans. If we die in such a good cause, we shall have lived long enough. I hope that in the systematic torture to which we have been subjected for 400 years, we have atoned for the sins of our fathers. Providence has given to the present generation the glory of shaking off the unbearable yoke.

"The hour has struck. Unity and mutual confidence will make the enemy tremble. Let me know your views, and I shall be prepared to shed my best blood for your liberation. Until the moment that I call on you to take up arms, every movement must be kept secret, in order that you may not be surprised and conquered by your oppressors, whose last hour has come. May you be happy, and confide in my patriotic feelings.

"DANIEL I., Prince."

Austria was strongly interested in the

tranquillity of Montenegro, on account of the proximity of a portion of her territories to that country. She therefore sought and obtained permission from the Porte to pour her troops into the Turkish province of Herzegovina, if it should be necessary to act against Montenegro. In speaking of this circumstance, a correspondent from Vienna remarked:—"We shall probably hear little or nothing more of the raid of the Montenegrins in the Herzegovina, now that they are liable to be attacked by the Austrians on the north-western, or Grahova side. It is rumoured that the Porte is now endeavouring to induce the Servian government to renounce Russia, and to place the principality under the protection of Austria. The Servians are not likely to consent to this, as they are well able to protect themselves; but, as far as Austria is concerned, Russia will take the will for the deed, and place it to the account which, at some future day, will have to be settled between the two powers. The engagement entered into by this government to keep Montenegro quiet, and, if necessary, to attack the freebooters in their stronghold, is an offence which will never be pardoned by Russia. The intervention in Wallachia and Moldavia is bad enough, but to meddle with Montenegro, which at no distant period was to have assisted in establishing the power of Russia in the Adriatic, is far worse. All these matters being taken into consideration, Russia is not a whit more likely to come to a satisfactory arrangement with Austria than with the Porte and the Western Powers."

The Western Powers, anxious to terminate the disturbances in Greece and the Greek provinces of the sultan, dispatched an ultimatum to the government of King Otho, and demanded a reply to it within four days—that is, by the 22nd of May. The terms of it were, that Greece was to observe a strict neutrality in the war between Turkey and Russia; to recall all its officers and *employés* concerned in the insurrection, and to institute a judicial examination into their conduct. King Otho was also informed that if, as the result of his aiding the insurrection in Thessaly and Epirus, "the throne of Greece should crumble away, and the present dynasty give place to another form of government, the responsibility of such results will rest with those whose mistaken views and unjustifiable conduct will have converted into enmity the friendship which England and France would

wish to maintain with Greece." The connection of King Otho with the insurrection was clearly proved by many circumstances. Among other things was an intercepted letter from General Tsavellas (one of the rebel leaders) to M. Bentlan, Otho's private secretary, asking for *further assistance*. In this letter, he recommends that two battalions of the frontier guards should be sent to Anino, and allowed, or rather ordered to desert and join the insurrection; at the same time continuing to receive their pay from the Greek government.

Further light is cast upon the complicity of the Greek government with the insurrection, by the following extract from a letter by the fierce leader, Grivas. In this communication, which afterwards fell into the hands of the British legation at Athens, even that savage man deplores the cruelties committed by the patriots (so called) upon the wretched villages of the districts which they desired to rouse into active insurrection. "While in Epirus," he says, "I beheld so many of our soldiers indulging in every sort of violence, that I was compelled to dismiss them, and I have now about 400 chosen men. Were I to write to you the atrocities which have been committed against the property and honour of the Christian population by our soldiers, both in Epirus and Thessaly, you would be struck with horror, and would curse the day in which this new struggle had first begun. The government ought either at once to take up the struggle, appointing publicly the proper persons to a regular army at a regular pay, or let us sit down quietly at home, so that we may not be the cause of the destruction of our fellow-Christians."

The governments of France and England, however, did more than address an ultimatum to the Greek court. They resolved to put an end to its dangerous intrigues by sending a military power to the Piræus. For this purpose a force of about 6,000 French troops, under the command of General Forey, together with a regiment of English infantry, were dispatched to the Piræus, which they entered on the 25th of May, and at once landed, having previously taken possession of the Greek gun-boats in the harbour. This act was not one of hostilities, but rather directed to avert hostilities.* To use the able language of the

* Lord John Russell, in answer to a question put to him in the House of Commons respecting the object of the occupation of Greece, after alluding to

Moniteur—"France and England did not declare war against Greece. They desired to withdraw the Hellenic government from the fatal influence to which it had yielded, and to offer it a last hope of security." Great was the excitement in Athens, and the dismay among the partisans of Russia. The Amazonian Queen of Greece was thrown into such a state of frenzy, that fears were entertained that her passion might be followed by insanity. She even declared that she would mount on horseback, place herself at the head of the Greek troops, lead them across the frontiers, and call the Christians of the sultan's districts to arms. This dangerous woman, however, either on the representations of her more prudent husband, or on further and more sober reflection on her own part, abandoned her mad design.

When the troops of France and England landed on the soil of Greece, King Otho lowered his tone. On the 26th of May, he announced his acceptance of the proposals of the allies, proclaimed that he intended to observe a strict neutrality in the affairs of the sultan, and changed his ministry. At the head of his new cabinet was M. Mavrocordato, president and finance minister, who was regarded as one of the most upright men in Greece. It was generally admitted that if that country could be saved from the confusion to which the madness of its own people was hurrying it, Mavrocordato was the man who could render it that service. His chief associates were M. Palandrios, minister of the interior; M. Pericles Argyropoulos, minister of foreign affairs; M. Kalergi, of war; and M. Petoalis, of justice. It was trusted that this ministry, acting with the advice, and receiving the assistance, of the allied powers, would restore tranquillity to Greece, and rid it of that band of adventurers who ravaged the neighbouring territories of the sultan, and

brought disgrace and calamity upon their own country. King Otho was known not to be attached to his new ministers; but he submitted, though rather gracelessly, to necessity: Mavrocordato was popular, and Greece was reported to be quiet. Epirus, at least, was so; but in Thessaly fresh disorders were feared.

These fears were soon fulfilled. On the 12th of May, and the four following days, the Greek insurgents obtained a victory at Calabaca, in Thessaly, over a Turkish force consisting of two battalions of Arabians, under Selim Bey; 1,400 Albanians, under Ismail Bey Phrassari, Artem Bey, and other chiefs; 500 Redifs, and two squadrons of cavalry. The engagement commenced with a cannonade, at daybreak; at mid-day the two armies came to close quarters, and the shock of battle lasted until nightfall. Both sides fought with a desperate bravery: the Albanians were thrice driven back reeling to their entrenchments; and, on the approach of dusk, the Turks retired from the field, leaving eighty dead behind them. Skirmishing was renewed on the 14th; but the heavy rain prevented a general engagement. On the 15th, the fighting continued again to the disadvantage of the Turks. That day the Greeks received a reinforcement of 400 volunteers from Thessaly; and on the 16th, after a desperate combat, which lasted two hours, the Turks were driven back to their intrenchments with great loss, and left a considerable booty, in the way of arms and military stores, to the Greeks.

General Hadji Petros, one of the leaders of the Greek insurgents, gives the following account of this affair—an account which, coming from a Greek source, should be received with some abatement. But as the Turks are silent on the subject, we must necessarily receive our information as to particulars from the triumphant party;

the intercepted letter of General Tsavellas, observed: "That is only one of the very many instances which show that the members of the Greek government, instead of acting with that good faith which the government of Turkey has ever shown since the recognition of Greece as an independent state, have been endeavouring, contrary to the faith of treaties, and contrary to the obligations of a neutral power, to raise insurrections against the sultan, and to carry fire and sword into his territories. Such being the case, the governments of France and England have thought it necessary to send a force to occupy the Piræus. If the King of Greece disapproves (as we have been repeatedly told) of those attempts to violate the duties of a neutral power, the King of

Greece will find *protection* in the forces which have been sent, and the means of compelling his people to observe those duties. If, on the other hand, the protestations which we have received from the Greek government, should turn out not to be sincere, *those forces might prove useful in another way*. As has been stated in the French *Moniteur*, there is no intention of declaring war against Greece; but we mean to take care that the government of Greece shall not be secretly or avowedly an ally of Russia in the present war; and we have taken means, which I trust will be sufficient, to prevent a covert or avowed war against Turkey by the King of Greece." It must, we think, be admitted that the interference of the allies was requisite.

and also take it with what colouring they please to impart to it. "We exterminated yesterday," said Petros, "the Turks whom we had kept surrounded for the last ten days. We have killed 500 of them; wounded many; and made 200 prisoners. We have also given chase to 200 Arabs and Albanians, commanded by Halim Bey and Metzo Mahjowa, who had come to their succour. Vanquished and starving, the Turks who escaped took flight last night (May 21st), and abandoned five pieces of cannon in good condition, two stands of colours, munitions of war, clothing, the whole of their stores, their wounded and their tents; of which we took possession. But the greater part of those who fled were drowned in the Peneus, and the others are dispersed. Thus, with the aid of Divine Providence (?), the most formidable camp of the Turks is annihilated, and the insurrection will gain ground. Having been informed to-day that Nenel Pasha has destroyed Derendah by fire, I have just sent a corps of Macedonians, amounting to 900 men, and I hope that God will again bless our arms."

The Greek government endeavoured to spoil any further triumphs of Hadji-Petros, by instantly recalling him from Thessaly—a mandate he refused to obey. On the 22nd, the Turks regained the reputation they had so recently lost, by turning the tables against the Greeks, and defeating 2,000 of the insurgents at Sikstria, in Epirus. Part of the discomfited army returned to Greece, and the remainder fled to the mountains. Before the month had expired, Karatassos, another Greek chief, was defeated by the Turks in Macedonia. A letter from Salonica, dated the 31st, gives the following account of this reverse of the insurgents:—"After a first check, Tchami Karatassos removed his headquarters to Gonitza, where he occupied, with six or seven hundred men, the three country houses belonging to the convents of Mount Athos. He had, upon this point, his dépôt of provisions and munitions. He had also placed a corps of about 200 men in the villages of Larigori, Paléocori, and Novocelo. The Turkish troops attacked the Hellenes at Gonitza, and took that position from them after a combat of several hours. The supply of provisions and munitions of Tchami Karatassos, and his equipments—comprising, among other things, 700 cloaks, arms, and two standards—fell into the possession of the Turks. They have sent here some

guns, the two standards, the seal of the Hellenic chief, and some of his papers, among which are minutes of despatches to the Hellenic government. The insurgents had 280 men killed. According to the accounts sent to the Pasha of Salonica, the chief (Tchami Karatassos) and the greater portion of those who fled, retreated to the territory of Mount Athos. Two suspicious-looking schooners were also seized by the Turkish cruisers—one at St. Nicholas, and the other at the little port of Daphne, in the Gulf of Monte Santo. They have been taken to Volo, the centre of the naval station."

The emissaries of Russia were extremely anxious to prevent the restoration of tranquillity. To accomplish their sinister object they endeavoured to excite suspicion among the Greek army as to the real object of England and France in occupying the Piræus. They were so far successful, that the minister of war was induced to issue the following circular to the officers on the subject:—

"The enemies of public order, the instruments of interests opposed to those of the Hellenic nation, dare to assert that the allied army which has landed in the Piræus has views hostile to you. You are bound to contradict those malignant statements, and to explain clearly to the sub-officers, and through them to the private soldiers, that England and France, who have bestowed on Greece so many benefits, and who have not, for a single instant, ceased to protect her, have, by sending the allied army, no other object in view than to preserve our country from the fatal consequence of a policy which has been condemned by all Europe. Regarded thus in an European point of view, the presence of the allied army, far from threatening any attack on our independence, will on the contrary guarantee, in the midst of the war in the East, the Hellenic kingdom against any attack from without. Were it otherwise, a principle of honour would have prevented me from associating myself with the government. One of the most important objects of the policy of the ministry to which I have the honour to belong is to win for Greece the sympathies and esteem of all the great powers of Europe. Such policy is the only means of improving the present, and of preparing for the future. Whoever does not act on the same principle is the enemy of his country."

"KALLERGI, Minister at War.

"Athens, June 14th, 1854."

Fuad Effendi, whose humane proceedings in Epirus contributed so much to the suppression of the insurrection there, led a portion of the Turkish troops into Thessaly, to

assist the forces already there in putting an end to the disturbance. He also issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of that province, inviting them to return to their allegiance and to receive the pardon of the sultan. "Understand well," said the document, "that the powerful allies of our powerful sovereign, inspired by a sound and humane policy, and wishing to arrest the evil at its source, have forced the Hellenic government to make an engagement to prevent its nation from giving assistance to the perturbators. Consequently, those Hellenes who are now among you, who only fight by using your families as ramparts, will soon be forced to take to flight; and, in abandoning you, they will only leave you the melancholy remembrance of the evils and calamities which they have occasioned you. Reflect well upon the situation in which you are placed. Appreciate our paternal counsels at their just value, and you will separate yourselves from those malefactors who are very dangerous enemies of your welfare, and even of your existence. Hasten to come and ask for that pardon which we are ready to grant to you, for all that you have done, voluntarily or involuntarily."

Hadji-Petros yet remained in arms in Thessaly, but he was defeated on the 18th of June, at Kalabak, by Fuad Effendi, and retired in disorder towards the Greek frontier. The insurgents left two flags in the possession of the victors, and about one hundred dead upon the field. Kalabak is described as being in Thessaly what Peta was in Epirus; that is, the heart and home of all insurrectionary movements. Fuad Effendi behaved with the greatest energy and humanity. Not only did he discountenance cruelty, but he also threatened to have any of his soldiers shot if they committed the barbarity of mutilating the bodies of their enemies. The conduct of the Christian Greeks formed a dark contrast to that of this Mohammedan chieftain. In an abandoned Turkish camp, on the slope of the hills before Kalabak, fifteen places were found disfigured by the ghastly

remains of burnt human bodies. They were discovered to be those of the wounded Egyptian soldiers, whom Selim Pasha had been compelled to leave to their fate. That fate was death by fire, at the hands of the Greek insurgents. In some places the stakes were discovered to which the unhappy creatures had been bound.

In order to terminate the disturbances, the new Greek ministry issued a decree of amnesty for all the officers who had gone to join the troops invading the Turkish provinces, provided they returned to their own country within a month. To make this decree known to those who were still in Thessaly, a government agent was sent there from Athens, to acquaint the Greek chiefs with the late changes, and to induce them to return, in compliance with the orders of the new government. To give greater weight to the measure, Mr. Merlin, the British vice-consul at Athens, and Mr. Guerin, the French consul at Syra, accompanied the Greek commissioner, Colonel Packmore. The trio were highly successful: the insurgent chiefs, seeing no hope for their mad project, in most cases returned to their own country, and accepted the pardon offered them. The new government of Greece was also anxious to renew friendly relations with Turkey, as the commerce of the former country had suffered greatly in consequence of the ill-timed and unhappy outbreaks that had taken place. Still Greece was in an excited and unsettled state, with its roads thronged with robbers, and its seas with pirates. The adventurers, who had made a trade of patriotism and insurrection, were in many instances without the means of life, and resorted to open violence to procure them. The government of the country also was divided against itself; the new ministry did everything in its power to discountenance any further attempts to invade Turkey; while the court continued its exertions to renew the agitation and revive the frightful scenes lately enacted in Epirus and Thessaly.*

The following petition, addressed by the their former careers—most of them in money matters—consequently completely in the hands of the court, who may annihilate them. Every day brings new proofs, of the most startling nature, to what degree corruption had invaded every branch of administration: every minister had his regular tariff for the purchase of places; and I hear it is quite curious to see the astonished countenances of those who get places under the new administration without being expected to pay for them." Well may we mourn over the degeneracy of modern Greece!

* A correspondent from Athens observes: "The court derives its chief strength in this opposition from that system of personal and dynastic policy which it has succeeded in establishing, and so long maintaining in all branches of the public service, notwithstanding the written provisions of the constitution to the contrary. It has prepared thus for its aims a number of mercenary tools, who have embarked their fortunes in King Otho's barge, and sail with it in fair and foul weather. They are all, without exception, men compromised in some way or other by

insurgent chiefs to the council of ministers, throws some further light upon the nature of the insurrection, and of the selfish views of many of its promoters. King Otho had received large sums from the Russian government for carrying on the insurrection; a great portion of which money he placed in his own pocket and kept there.

"Returned to independent Greece by order of her government, we wish, before all, to express our thanks to it for having saved the nation from the wrath of the two protecting powers, and for having restored to us the rank which we formerly possessed.

"The only aim which we proposed to ourselves in crossing the frontier and in treading on the sacred soil of our fathers has been the deliverance of our brothers from the Ottoman yoke; besides this, we have been induced to do so by the following motives:—

"The former minister of war, Charles Soutzo, assured us positively, in the name and after the express orders of his majesty the king, that the government was firmly resolved to aid the revolution with all the means in its power; that the Western Powers would look at it favourably; that principally the states of Germany, on account of the connexion of kindred (*relations de parentés*) which exists between their sovereigns and our own, would furnish us with all manner of material aid, and that they would protect us in case the Western Powers should change their opinion about this new strife; and that, finally, the intention to aggrandise Greece, and to liberate our brothers, was evidently proved by the fact that several millions of money were in the hands of the government.

"If the insurrection has, unfortunately, had a bad result, it is due to the perfidious tendency of the government to direct exclusively the movement after the plan which it had fixed upon from the beginning, by concentrating all power in its own hands, and by relying (*appuyant*) on one of the European powers alone.

"It is worthy of remark that, while the government lavished on some persons money and ammunition, and reinforced them with all means in its power, it behaved towards us, who fought without any regard to personal influence, having only in view the public interest, without money, as if it had proposed to itself to take on us an ignoble revenge. You must add to this, that the government, which ought before all to have consulted the protecting powers of Greece, without whose consent nothing could be hoped, has undertaken this movement against their wish, falsely pretending, as we said above, that we had their full consent and approval.

"It has divided the considerable sums which it has received from abroad amongst its creatures, —among persons having no influence with the people who were to be revolutionised.

"It has sent ammunition in abundance, and even some cannons for the siege of fortified places; it has intrusted them to people utterly incapable and without any past (*antécédent*), who had declared themselves chiefs, against the opinion of the country; endeavouring in this way to annihilate all personal influences, it has succeeded, by its faults and false measures, to bring about the dissolution of the whole movement, and the ruin and death of many of our brothers in the neighbouring provinces.

"Many families from these provinces, in consequence of the ill-success of the insurrection, have taken refuge in Greece, deprived of all means of subsistence. The soldiers who went with us and their families are likewise in want. We request you, therefore, to give, as soon as possible, the necessary orders to make exact inquiries into the amount of money received from abroad, or from other sources—into the employment of this money, what sums have been expended, and what sums still remain—in order that from these latter these unfortunate suffering persons may get some relief; for it is horrible to think that these brave people, who have done nothing but obey the voice of their country, having been deceived by the Greek government, should be now verging on despair.

"We request you to make known to us the result of the orders which you will have given in this respect, in order that, on our side, we may tranquillise those who suffer, and moderate the impatience of their just demands.

"We remain, &c.,

"By delegation of those who have followed us in our quality as chiefs of the insurrection in Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia.

"THEODORE GRIVAS.

"D. TAZANI KARATASSOS.

"PAPAKOSTA TZAMALAS.

"Athens, June 19th (July 1st.*)"

On the same day that this petition was presented to the Greek government, Redschid Pasha, the minister of the sultan, addressed a note to the British and French ambassadors on the subject of the Turco-Greek question. It expressed a desire on the part of the Porte to forget the past, and to give fresh proofs of its moderation by again permitting, but temporarily and conditionally, Greek ships to navigate the waters of the Ottoman territory under their flag, and to enter its ports and carry on commerce. The conditions were, that Greece should indemnify Turkey for the losses suffered in consequence of the invasion, and that guarantees should be given that such aggression would not be repeated. If the Greek government refused, within two months, to admit these legitimate demands

of the Porte, the concession made to the Greek commercial ships was to be withdrawn. Redschid Pasha addressed the note containing these communications to the allies, in the hope that they would employ their influence with the Hellenic government, as protectors of that state, to induce it to accept them.

The losses suffered by the Turkish state, in consequence of the ravages of the Greek patriots or brigands, were estimated at 120,000,000 piastres, or about £1,000,000 sterling. The Porte did not demand the immediate payment of this sum, but it desired that the indemnity should be admitted in principle by the Greek government. The Greek court and sovereign appeared to submit; but they carried on innumerable petty intrigues to perplex the new ministry, frustrate the intentions of the allied powers, get rid of the troops in the Piræus, and bring back the state of hostilities with the Ottomans which had been just terminated. Still, though Greece was not tranquil, yet the insurrection was over, and there seemed but little chance of King Otho's dependents

again invading the Turkish provinces during the continuance of the war. Even that troublesome little potentate must at length have been convinced that further struggles to revive the long-past glories of Greece, or to emancipate the Greeks who lived in Turkish provinces from the rule of the sultan, was hopeless. In September, King Otho's government sent a messenger to Constantinople with an acknowledgment of the many offences of Greece against the Porte, and an appeal to its generosity. They also proposed to sign a treaty of commerce with the Porte, as an indemnity for the debt which Greece had contracted with Turkey in consequence of the late insurrection and invasion. This treaty of commerce defined the boundaries of the two states; and thus, by forcing King Otho to acknowledge the existing limits of Turkey, it removed one great cause of jealousy and ill-feeling. Altogether, this uncertain conclusion of the Greek insurrection reminds the reader of the last chapter of Dr. Johnson's little moral romance of *Rasselas*—that is, the end, in which nothing is finished!

CHAPTER XV.

THE WHITE SEA; EXPEDITION THERE OF THE *MIRANDA* AND THE *BRISK*; BLOCKADE OF THE EXTREME NORTHERN PORTS OF RUSSIA; DESTRUCTION OF THE MILITARY MONASTERY OF SOLOVETSKOI AND THE TOWN AND FORT OF KOLA.

Our history would be defective if we were to omit giving an account of the spirited cruise of the *Miranda* and the *Brisk* in the waters of the WHITE SEA; in which remote locality they insulted and attacked the most northern shores of the Russian empire.

It has been aptly observed that the war against the czar has brushed up and extended our knowledge of geography. We have had to look abroad from our busy little island, peopled, as Lord Byron observed, with—

“Those haughty shopkeepers, who roll

Their goods and edicts forth from pole to pole,”
and to gaze upon remote and romantic regions. The East is becoming rapidly familiar to us; and we are almost as well acquainted with Constantinople as we are with Calais, and with the Crimea as with

the Isle of Wight. Even the Black Sea, with its sudden storms, wild shores, and classical associations, can be realised by the club-room reader as readily, in his mind's eye, as can the familiar waters of the British Channel. But we must call attention, for a brief space, from the Black Sea to the White one. From the east to the far north. The White Sea!—the very words have a strange mysterious sound, as if they denoted some silent, dead, solitary, spectral sea, whose waters were tideless and misty, upon whose ripples sunbeams never played, and whose grim shores never received the impress of human footsteps.

But a truce to imagination: it is our task to keep to rigid formal facts. The White Sea is a real, tangible one, and not a phantom mass of unreal waters, or delu-

sive mists. It is, in fact, a vast gulf of the Arctic Ocean, or Northern Icy Sea, and extends south and south-west into European Russia, between Lapland and Archangel, covering an area estimated at 45,000 square miles. On the north-west it forms the Gulf of Kandalesk, and on the south the gulfs of Onega and Archangel. It is deep and navigable for large vessels, except at the mouth of the river Dwina, where there are large sand-banks. The greater part of the White Sea is frozen over from October until May. The naval audacity required to carry an expedition into this remote and bitter region, may be guessed at by those who will take a map of Europe and trace the long, dreary track (through the waters of the North Atlantic, past the Shetland Isles, and the straggling coasts of Norway and Lapland) that the vessels had to go! Few nations would have conceived the idea of sending its ships on a warlike mission to such a region, and still fewer mariners could have executed the bold design. Truly, our British naval officers have not forgotten that their Saxon ancestors held proudly to the bold title of "Sea-kings!"

The *Miranda*, a screw steam-ship of 250 horse-power, together with the *Brisk* steam-sloop, commanded by captains Lyons and Seymour, left the Downs on the 21st of May, and sailed for the White Sea. Their object was to blockade the ports of those waters, and thus close up all the naval outlets by which Russia could communicate with the rest of Europe. They were, however, not to enforce the blockade immediately, because a considerable amount of property, which had already been paid for by French and English merchants, was lying both at Onega and Archangel, and would have been lost to its owners if it could not be exported in neutral vessels. These vessels were found in great numbers in the northern ports; and no less than 350 ships (most of them Dutch) were boarded by the *Miranda* in the White Sea. The blockade, therefore, was not put into actual force until the 1st of August; but it was understood that it would be carried out with greater severity in future.* Three

Russian vessels, however, laden with flour, fish, and oil, were captured and forwarded to England. The expedition also destroyed a military battlemented monastery on the island of Solovetskoi, which was mounted with guns and defended by a battery and troops, under the command of the abbot. After doing other damage to Russian property, the English vessels attacked and destroyed the little town and fort of Kola, situated at the mouth of that river; and though possessing but about a thousand inhabitants, considered the capital of Russian Lapland. Notwithstanding the scantiness of its population (chiefly attributable to the severity of the climate), Kola possessed a fort, with well-armed batteries, a garrison, a governor, and a depôt of government stores. These were all destroyed; and the town, in consequence of the obstinacy of the governor, shared the same fate. In less than an hour after the English vessels opened their fire of shells and red-hot shot, the guns of the enemy were dismounted, their batteries demolished, and their city in flames. One tower alone of the fortified cathedral stands erect; the rest of Kola remains a heap of shattered walls and blackened ruins.

Before the attack on the town, Captain Lyons sent Lieutenant Buckley to the shore with a flag of truce, and a summons to the authorities immediately to surrender the forts, garrison, and town of Kola, with all arms, cannon, and ammunition, and every article of whatever description belonging to the Russian government. If these demands were not acceded to, it was recommended that all women and children should immediately leave the town. The lieutenant was met by a boat containing an officer, who represented himself as a magistrate of the town, and declined allowing him to land. The Russian officer, being unable to read the English summons, proceeded with Lieutenant Buckley on board the *Miranda*, in order to have it explained to him. Captain Lyons translated the summons into French, and having received the assurance of the Russian that he perfectly understood it, delivered it into his hands. The officer replied,

* A correspondent from one of our vessels in the White Sea, makes the following observations:—"Without a blockade of Archangel our presence in this sea is next to useless. The quantity of grain, meal, flour, &c., which will be imported thence this year (1854), will be positively enormous, and a stoppage of it would be felt in the heart of the empire. You can have no idea of the extent of this

traffic. From far and near, within a circuit of 400 miles of Archangel, the produce of the country is sent in; and as the craft which embark it bring remittances, either in bills or specie, to pay for it, just fancy what a blow would be struck at Russian commerce by a strict blockade, and what a quantity of money would be removed from circulation." Unhappily, half measures are the bane of England.

that the governor of the town was absent, yet that an answer should be returned to the summons in half-an-hour; but that he might at once assure Captain Lyons that the terms would not be accepted.

"I waited," said the last-mentioned officer in the despatch forwarded to the admiralty, "till daylight the following morning, when, no answer having been sent, and observing that the battery and other defences were manned, and everything prepared for action on shore, I hauled down the flag of truce, and opened fire on the battery, stockade, and loopholed houses, which was instantly returned by guns and musketry. The guns were shortly dismounted, and the battery reduced to ruins; but, although our shells burst well into the loopholed houses and stockades, an obstinate fire of musketry was kept up from various parts of the town; this allowed me no alternative, and I was obliged to destroy it. It was soon in flames from our shell and red-hot shot, and burned furiously, being fanned by a fresh breeze. The ship, at this time, became critically situated; the violence of the tide caused her to drag the bower and stream anchors, and the two kedges laid out to spring her broadside; and the passage being too narrow for her to swing, she grounded at less than three hundred yards from the burning town, fragments from which were blown on board: however, by keeping the sails, rigging, and decks well wetted until the ship was hove off, no bad consequences ensued."

We have not the materials for any very explicit narrative of these events, the official despatches being meagre and uninteresting; and therefore think we cannot do better than give the following account of the proceedings of the *Miranda*, written by one of her own officers:—

"*Miranda* left Sheerness on the 3rd of May, under sealed orders; anchored at Spithead on the 4th, at six, P.M.; left Spithead on the 6th, at one, P.M.; on that day chased several vessels, and proceeded again under sealed orders; returned to Spithead again on the 15th; on the 17th victualled the ship; on the 19th left Spithead; anchored in the Downs on the 21st; at two, A.M., weighed anchor and run through the Gullstream; proceeded north on the 24th; at eight, P.M., ran for Lerwick harbour; anchored at eleven, P.M., on the 26th; left Lerwick harbour on the 8th of June; anchored in Hammersfort Bay, having worked through the Sound, on the 10th of June; steamed through Rolfsø Sound for sea; on the 19th of June, chased and captured the Russian schooner, which was

afterwards released. On the 22nd of June, stood in for anchorage under Cross Island; left Cross Island on the 24th; on the 26th, anchored (with a strong current running towards Archangel) off the mouth of the river Dwina; at ten, P.M., in Archangel Bay, we were employed in boats boarding several vessels. On the 5th of July we weighed and proceeded for the Murman Channel off Dwina River, leading towards Archangel Bay; on the 9th, anchored near Tetriua, got under weigh, and proceeded for anchorage at Cress Island; on the 18th, rounded the island of Solovetskei; when about 1,000 yards distant from the shore, our first lieutenant observed a number of soldiers with several field-pieces in the woods. His glass and eye are first-rate. A gun was fired to dislodge them, which they quickly returned with shot, grape, and canister—a sharp shower. Lots of them struck the ship. We kept up a sharp fire from the starboard broadside guns. The enemy retired into the brushwood in their rear. We then anchored off Solovetskoï monastery at about midnight. On the next morning, the 19th, saw the soldiers employed throwing up temporary batteries. Our ship, with the *Brisk* in company, hoisted a flag of truce, and fired a blank gun. The *Brisk* sent a boat on shore with a flag of truce. The Russians sent a boat off to meet the flag of truce. The boat then returned on shore. At twenty minutes past eight weighed anchor, hauled down flag of truce, and opened fire on the enemy's battery with long gun, firing shot and shell, which was pretty smartly returned by the battery, and also from two towers of the monastery, and musketry from the shore. The *Brisk* also opened fire soon after. About twenty minutes past nine, a round shot from the battery killed King Marshall, an ordinary seaman and man of colour, formerly a Kroeman, from Sierra Leone. Another shot wounded Stephen Hart, fracturing his right arm close to the shoulder. We then opened fire from 12lb. howitzers, and also from the tops and gangways, to dislodge the enemy from their cover of trees and bushes. At twenty minutes past eleven the enemy were seen deserting their batteries. They shortly again returned to their guns, and were again driven away by the precision of our firing. We then commenced shelling the monastery from our pivot gun, at the same time keeping up a heavy fire from our broadside guns, also with small-armsmen on battery and cover. We then proceeded, easily steaming up the inner passage, to outflank the battery, and also to close on the monastery. We then commenced firing red-hot shot on the monastery; silenced the fire of the enemy at about six, P.M., on the evening of the 19th. On the 31st, landed at Shayley Island, destroyed all the public buildings by fire, together with nine guns found on shore. We coaled on the 29th of July near

Cross Island. On the 23rd of August, our master, Mr. George Williams, succeeded with the boats to buoy a passage up to Kola. At thirty minutes past six, A.M., we anchored off Kola in five fathoms water. We shortly after observed a flag of truce coming off from the fort; we hoisted flag of truce in return. Our third lieutenant, Mr. C. W. Buckle, went away in the gig to meet the flag of truce with a letter in which, we understood from the quarter-deck officers, an immediate surrender of the fort, garrison, and government property was demanded. We could see the different forts with the men at their guns. We were kept at quarters during that night. No answer being returned in the morning, we hauled down flag of truce, and opened fire with grape and canister, to dislodge musketry from the batteries and stockades. Our ship was got up within 250 yards of the battery. Our first lieutenant, Mr. John F. C. Mackenzie, and Charles W. Manthorp, mate, accompanied us in command of the shore party. On landing, our gallant first lieutenant headed our party of blue-jackets and marines, who trotted up sword in hand to dislodge the enemy from the ruins of the batteries and to seize their guns immediately. Upon our pulling in shore, the enemy opened a sharp fire upon us from the different parts of the towers and the monastery. Our ship continued fire to cover us. It was about thirty minutes past two when we landed, headed by Lieutenant Mackenzie, who was the first into the battery, which we found completely destroyed by the ships' fire. The enemy were going off beyond double quick time. We took on board one of the battery guns, which had been broken by a shot from our ship; all the other guns were completely buried in the ruins. All the government stores were destroyed. Our first lieutenant did honour to his little clan of the *Miranda*. During our fighting the enemy had been busily employed taking up all the buoys our master, Mr. Williams, had laid down for coming up the river, and he had all his work to go over again, to buoy the channel for our going down again. By half-past seven, A.M., on the 24th, we had destroyed the whole of the town. It was a tremendous scene of destruction; the buildings, stores, and monastery all in flames; and each bell, as their stupendous beams burnt through, fell to the bottom of the tower, tolling its last knell. There were seven bells. We made Flamborough Head light on the 22nd of September, and called at Yarmouth. We have a Russian boy, about ten years of age. He was taken out of a fishing lugger which had been deserted by her crew. The poor little fellow was found locked up in the hovel called a cabin, and if not taken must have been starved to death. It appears he had neither mother nor father. The crew of the *Miranda* have been remarkably healthy.

These particulars were communicated after the return of the White Sea squadron to Sheerness, where, on the 25th of September, she received orders to proceed to Portsmouth to make some slight repairs to her machinery preparatory to her sailing for the Black Sea. Our readers will, however, probably feel an interest in perusing the following letters from a juvenile officer serving in the squadron, and written before its return:—

"Her majesty's ship —, White Sea, July 6.

"The — is now anchored off the bar of the river Dwina. The Russians have been making a great display of their force for the last two or three days, such as firing guns and rowing their gun-boats about, and their steamers getting up their steam, but none of their fine vessels have yet showed their figure-heads on this side of the bar. For the last one or two days we have kept ourselves in readiness to weigh at an instant's notice; the two steamers always keep their fires banked, so that they may be able to get up their steam quickly and take us in tow, should it fall calm, and the gun-boats, taking advantage of the calm, come and attack us. The day before yesterday was quite calm, and oppressively hot. It was as hot as a summer's day in England, and every one was crying out for duck trowsers and white waistcoats, and some wanted to bathe. To-day the sun is hot, but there is a little breeze to oppose it, which makes it very comfortable, and nice and cool, but in no way cold. I forget now whether I told you of our little prize—a little schooner which we found on the coast in our way here. She is a beautiful looking little thing, but, unluckily, very leaky; we are trying to stop her leaking now by caulking her afresh. All the caulkers of the three ships have been at work on board of her for the last three days, and have almost finished her. We have got the skipper and mate on board us as prisoners; the rest of the crew are on board the *Miranda*. It does not look as if we should see much service if we continue in this way, standing still, and doing nothing. July 7.—Last night, about ten o'clock, without any one expecting it, the captain ordered the hands to be turned up, and the ship to be got under weigh, and the *Brisk* to take us in tow. Before long we were going through the water at the rate of five or six knots an hour, with fore and aft sails set. At ten o'clock this morning we cast off from the *Brisk* and made sail, and at about one, P.M., we arrived at a place called Cross Island. Our prize, the *Volga*, is anchored close alongside of us, and the *Brisk* a little way ahead. We have sent the boats away to get some water, but they have not returned yet, and it is coming on to blow. It is now six o'clock, and the boats have returned, except one (the pinnace) and

she is a long way off astern to leeward, on the opposite side of the ship from which the wind blows, and she is drifting further away. Saturday, July 8.—It is twelve o'clock, and the pinnace has not yet returned. She has been cruising about all night, and I should think the crew were very tired and cold, for it is blowing so hard that we have struck our topgallant-masts and yards. Six o'clock.—The pinnace has not yet returned, and we have sent the *Volga* to look for her. She is now running before the wind with only her jib set, and she has just loosed her foretop-sail. We have very good fare here. At Hammerfest, we laid up a good stock of reindeer meat, and it is not all gone. We get hot rolls for breakfast every morning, have pea soup for dinner every other day, and gooseberry tart every Thursday and Sunday, with plum pudding on Thursday and rice pudding on Sunday. We have also got lots of wine, but all our ale is gone, and we cannot get any more. Will you please ask them all to write a small note if they can hear of any ship leaving England for the White Sea?

"Cross Island, July 19th.

"We are still at anchor between Cross Island and the main-land of Russia, but we expect to sail hence to-morrow; where, I do not know, but we rather expect to a place called Randalax, where I believe there are some large forts. I hope we shall, as I want to have something to do, instead of having to come home and say that we have done nothing. On Monday, July 18th, we sent ten seamen and ten marines, with some officers, to the *Brisk*, and ten seamen and ten marines to the *Miranda*, and the captain went on board the *Brisk*. As soon as the captain got on board, the two steamers got under weigh, and went towards a place called Salretski, which is strongly fortified; this they bombarded; they commenced firing at eight, A.M., and finished at four, P.M.; but, as the walls were ten feet thick, they could not make very much impression on them, so they left it and went to some other places, and the last one they went to they burnt, and took ever so many cows, calves, sheep, &c., and brought them on board the ships. We are going to have our first veal dinner to-day since I left England. We have been living on fresh salmon for the last five or six days certainly, but we have not had any fresh mutton or anything of that sort. The *Brisk* came back the day before yesterday, and the *Miranda* anchored yesterday, but in the evening she left again, and went out cruising so as to burn some of her coal, and to be able to fill up again with some coal brought from England by a collier for the steamers. The collier is almost empty now, having filled up the *Brisk* and *Miranda* once before, and, having about 100 tons over, and wanting to get rid of it, the *Miranda* has gone out to spend some of her's, and then fill up with

what remains in the collier. Our pinnace and that of the *Brisk* are ballasting the coal brig with stones, &c., and they continue going to and from the brig all the day long, except when they are having dinner."

We subjoin the following Russian account of this expedition extracted from the *Gazette du Gouvernement d'Archangel*. If it does not supply much intelligence that can be relied upon, it will at least excite astonishment at the different views which may be taken of the same event. It must, however, we suspect, at least as far as all its high colouring is concerned, be regarded as a specimen of that kind of historic romance writing for which Russian journalists have lately acquired so extensive a celebrity.

"The recent naval proceedings of the English in the Baltic and Black Seas are sufficiently notorious, and in the opinion of all enlightened men, no matter what may be their country, are little calculated to reflect honour on the nation or its flag; but now, in the White Sea, they are found carrying out the same system of operations. Towards the early part of last June, English ships of war were encountered in that sea by the captains of foreign vessels and by our own sailors. On the 14th of that month, two English steam-frigates, and one sailing frigate arrived at the bar of the port of Archangel. Since then they have cruised about those waters in various directions, committing acts wholly unworthy of brave and honourable seamen.

"Thus we have found them stopping even the craft loaded with fish, in order to possess themselves of such poor spoils, after which they burnt or sunk the fishing-boats themselves. As to the masters and the crews of larger vessels (when their bravery exercised itself upon such), they have been left to gain the shore by traversing the swelling waves in frail boats and without provisions. They have also seized various vessels laden with corn, and bound for Norway from ports in the White Sea, in violation of the solemn pledge made by their government to that of Sweden—a pledge which guaranteed entire liberty of commercial intercourse between Russia and Norway, the latter, as is well known, receiving from us all her supplies of wheat.

"Whenever they have seen defenceless villages on the coasts where they were cruising, they have made a pastime of pouring in shot and shell. Witness, for example, the village of Luzma. Not only so, but, without any sense of shame or decency, they have directed their piratical cannon against the monastery of Solovetskoi, known throughout all Russia, and held in the highest veneration. On the 6th and 7th of July, two steam-frigates poured a shower of

shells on this abode of meditation and prayer, some of the bombs being of 40 lb. and 80 lb. weight. On the first occasion, it is true, the bombardment was not of long continuance. The assailants soon launched a boat, carrying a flag of truce, and bearing a written demand for the surrender of the convent, with its guns, arms, standards, and military stores, not forgetting the garrison—that is, the invalids—who were its inmates. But the Archimandrite Alexander, the superior of the convent, who had formerly filled the office of a military chaplain, and who, up to 1853, had been archpriest of the Marine Cathedral* of Solombal, sincerely loved and respected by all who knew him, was not wanting in his duty as a faithful son of Russia and a worthy chief of that illustrious monastery. He rejected the dishonourable requisition of the enemy, and defended himself bravely according to the extent of the means at his disposal. After the rejection of their summons, the English commanders, for nine consecutive hours, maintained a tremendous fire on the sacred edifice, which was so protected by Providence as to sustain only inconsiderable damage. A battery, hastily constructed on a headland in the vicinity of the channel, and mounted with three 3-pounders, compelled the steam frigates to quit their anchorage, and thus prevented them from making any further attempt to injure the convent, the walls of which were ancient and strongly built.

"It is evident that nothing but covetousness incited the English in this attack. Everybody has heard, through the description of travellers, of the great wealth of the convent of Solovetskoi, and the English crews hoped for a splendid prize if they could succeed in taking it. They would, nevertheless, have been egregiously mistaken in their calculations, for precautions had been previously used to place all the treasure of the convent in a place of safety.

"Nevertheless, the enemy did not go away entirely empty-handed. Four of the ship's crew landed in the little isle of Zaiatchy, one of the Solovetskoi group, and having forcibly effected an entrance into the wooden church, they broke open the sacred door of the altar, tore the consecrated cloth which covered it, plundered the poor-box, and also took away three small bells from the steeple, with which they regained their ships, which then left the channel, and steered towards the Gulf of Onega. On the 8th of July these same vessels were signalled in sight of the village of Liamitskaia, sixty-five versts from Onega. The only enemies they found here were five old men. All the other inhabitants had disappeared. Having killed two oxen, eight sheep, and several chickens, the English threw the old men three Russian gold pieces, of five roubles each, and, loaded with provisions thus derisively paid for, they returned to their ships, which, on the evening

of the same day, presented themselves before the Isle of Kiy, fifteen versts from Onega. In this island the English heroes covered themselves with new laurels. They burnt the custom-house, and also the buildings in which the *employés* and servants resided. By the light of this conflagration they directed their triumphant march to the convent of St. Croix, founded in that island by the venerable patriarch Nicon. In this ancient but poor convent they found nothing in the shape of booty, but, to recompense themselves for their ineffectual attempt against Solovetskoi, they wished by any means to carry away something from St. Croix. They took, therefore, from the treasury ten gold pieces of five roubles each, also several articles appertaining to the poor brotherhood, and joined to this glorious booty a bell weighing six pounds, half-a-dozen old brass cannon, completely useless, having been kept for 200 years as antique specimens, and fifteen rampart muskets of a similar kind. Such were the precious and glorious trophies taken by the English in their campaign against the monastery of St. Croix. Soon, however, they awoke to a perception of the merits of the cannon, and, as if indignant at their blunder, they broke one in pieces, threw three into the convent well, and the remainder into the sea.

"Nevertheless, it must not be believed that they can always thus act with impunity against the inhabitants of the coasts. Desiring one day, in the village of Pouschlakhta, to make up the complement of the fresh provisions which they had taken in that of Liamitsa, they were disembarking under cover of their guns, and commenced, as is their usual custom, by opening a discharge of musketry upon the peasants. These latter, however, to the number of twenty-three, directed by two old soldiers who had re-entered the military service, and commanded by the government secretary of Volkoff, in conjunction with the chief of the district of the domains of Kholmogory, were not intimidated, but, on the contrary, so well returned the enemy's fire, that five were killed on the spot, independently of the wounded, while our compatriots were uninjured. At length, the smallness of their number having been discovered, they were obliged to beat a retreat, which they effected with order, retiring step by step, but still maintaining a resolute defence. The English, too fatigued to pursue them further, to revenge themselves for this resistance, set fire to the village, consisting of forty houses and a church, and then regained their ships, carrying with them a great portion of the effects of the inhabitants. The next day they burnt, near the village of Luzma, three fishermen's vessels laden with wheat—a worthy finale to all their naval exploits of this description.

"Such are become the glorious actions of English sailors in these days!"

CHAPTER XVI.

STATE OF THE TURKISH ARMY IN ASIA; THE TURKS ADVANCE ON THE FORTRESS OF GUMRI; GREAT BATTLE AND RETREAT OF THE TURKS TO KARS; FURTHER REVERSES OF THE TURKS; CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES DURING THE WINTER; CRUISE OF ADMIRAL LYONS ALONG THE CIRCASSIAN SHORES, AND DESERTION OF THEIR FORTRESSES BY THE RUSSIANS; INFORMATION CONCERNING THE CIRCASSIANS; BATTLES OF OZURGHETTI, OF BAYAZID, AND KURAKDERE; DESCENT OF SCHAMYL FROM THE MOUNTAINS; DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS BY THE CIRCASSIANS.

If the reader will turn back to Chapter V. of this work, he will find an account of the commencement of hostilities between the Turks and the Russians in ASIA; of Schamyl, the hero and self-styled prophet of the Caucasus; of the capture of Fort St. Nicholas by the Turks; and of the defeat of the latter at the battles of Akhazik and Baschkady-Lar. This division of the narrative we now propose to resume.

After the battle of Akhazik, which occurred almost simultaneously with the massacre at Sinope, the Turkish army in Asia was in a frightfully demoralised and confused state. It consisted, in fact, merely of a great military rabble, and it was even reported that General Guyon, otherwise called Kurschid Bey (a talented English soldier of fortune, who had greatly distinguished himself in the Hungarian war) had been murdered by his own troops. The army was badly officered, and the greatest corruption prevailed in every branch of its service. "The pashas present with it," says a well-informed writer, "were numerous and needy; contract bakers and butchers formed connexions with them on terms of mutual advantage; and the unfortunate soldiers were not only left unpaid (to which they are accustomed), but they were left without food or clothing." The same writer, speaking of Europeans in the Ottoman service, adds: "The task of the most well-meaning officer is difficult enough. He is perhaps desirous to drill a squadron of cavalry into a condition to meet the enemy. But such an improvement would involve some exertion on the part of other officers, who are fond of their ease, and care little about anything else. The troublesome improver is therefore soon made to feel that he had best be quiet. If he lets things take their course, his superiors will obtain his pay for him; if, on the contrary, he bestirs himself, it is hinted that he will soon receive an order to retire altogether. 'Why should you trouble yourself and us?' he is asked. 'It is true the

horses are dying, but there are more to be had; and many of the men have no saddles, but perhaps they ride better so. Go and smoke.' All but a few persevering spirits have abandoned hopes of improvement, and the energies even of these are wasted in intrigues and quarrels amongst themselves. A bad system and bad examples corrupt all who are brought in contact with them. The profligacy of all ranks of officers is such, that even men of the world, who make no pretences to morality, are disgusted and repelled. The energy and intellect of those in command, both Turks and Europeans, are destroyed by a practice which has grown up to a fearful height. The eating of opium, which prevails to a great extent in the East, is universal at Kars, and many hours of every day are passed by the officers in a state of delirious torpor. When the best men of the army are so depraved, what can be expected of the rest!"

A detachment of the Turkish army had left its head-quarters at Kars, and marched towards Gumri (otherwise called Alexandropol), on the borders of Georgia, with the intention of besieging the powerful Russian fortress there. This fortress was newly built, and provided with everything; while the Turks had not a single piece of heavy artillery. Their army, however, consisted of 25,000 irregular infantry and cavalry. They remained for twenty-five days at Pahandir, about an hour-and-a-half's march from the fortress. During this period the Russians issued from the fortress, and a fierce engagement took place, in which the Russians were worsted, and compelled to retire within the walls of the fortress.

The severity of the rapidly-approaching winter induced the Turkish army to retire from Pahandir, with the intention of returning to Kars. On the second day of the retreat, the commander-in-chief and several other general officers rode on to Kars, leaving the troops under the command of Ahmet Pasha, at the village of Yedilclair,

half-way between Gumri and Kars. There the poor soldiers remained under tents, though almost destitute of food to sustain nature, and of wood for fires, although it snowed very hard. For five days the passive Turks bore this misery, when they were aroused by the approach of the Russian army from Gumri. About mid-day on the 1st of December (1853), it made its appearance near the Turkish camp. The Russians had with them forty pieces of cannon, and they took up their position in two lines, putting the greatest number of their guns into the second line.

Though surprised, Ahmet Pasha was self-possessed. His army was speedily formed into three divisions, and the centre placed in line along the bottom of a ravine. The engagement began with a cannonade; and the Russians gaining the heights, mowed down their adversaries terribly. The Turkish artillery behaved admirably under these trying circumstances; loading their pieces and taking aim with the greatest coolness. A shell having fallen in the middle of a battery, the officer in command ordered the men to stand on one side until it burst, but not one man would leave his place; and they all continued their movements of loading and pointing their guns with as much nerve and composure as if they were on a parade. After about an hour's cannonading, the Turkish soldiers, half-maddened at being swept down so remorselessly by the Russian artillery, rushed forward on the enemy with fixed bayonets. The Russians fell back on their second line, which received the Turks with a very hot fire of grape-shot, and drove them reeling back. For

an hour, however, a furious hand-to-hand fight was continued, and numbers fell on both sides, neither of which gained much advantage over the other. The Turkish general then gave orders for a retreat, which was conducted in a disorderly manner. Taking advantage of the confusion, the Russians fell on the retreating infantry in front and flank. By this means they were enabled to capture four-and-twenty guns, which they turned against the Turks, and thus converted a confused retreat into a flight. The Turks also lost all their baggage; a part of their ammunition; had upwards of 700 men killed and 1,300 wounded. The Russians, however, suffered very severely, and retreated to their fortress, leaving about half of the captured guns on the field, as well as a battery of their own. These guns were seen by the Turkish soldiers who went over the ghastly field in search of their wounded comrades; but, as detachments were not sent until the third day to bring them in, it was found that the Russians had made better use of the time, and had carried them into the fortress of Gumri during the night. The Russian general, Elia Bey, was mortally wounded during the battle, and died on being carried off the field.

When the Turkish army re-entered Kars, it was little better than a military rabble. The men gave themselves up to plundering, and the confusion was so great that it was two days before anything like order could be restored. The soldiers had lost all confidence in their officers; and it was felt that without the guidance of European officers, they had but little chance against their better disciplined opponents.* It was

* The following highly interesting remarks on the condition of the Turco-Asiatic army, and the causes of its demoralisation, are extracted from the letter of a correspondent from Constantinople, dated March 20:—"The condition of the Turkish army occupies the attention of all here who are to join its ranks or those of its allies. The widely different fortune which its two branches have met with,—that of Europe having successfully withstood renewed attacks and weakened the *prestige* of the most dreaded army in Europe, that of Asia having been reduced to a rabble at the first onset,—have led people to consider in what its strength lies, and opinions on the subject are pretty well made up. As to the common soldier, the stalwart but slouching Mussulman of twenty-two or twenty-three, it does not require a military eye to recognise in him the materials for an admirable soldier, nor, on the other hand, to be assured that there is something wanting, which a better discipline and a higher example would impart. The stout bold-looking youth, with keen and glancing eye, who yet cannot stand sentry for ten minutes without leaning his back against a door-post, and setting his

feet apart in a manner neither military nor picturesque, is just the man to defend a redoubt with heroism or run from it with poltroonery, according to the example set by his officers and his confidence in their skill and valour. In the want of men fit for command lies the real weakness of the Turkish army. According to the statements of all European judges, the chief difficulty which impedes active operations is the fact that neither in military nor moral qualities is the officer superior to the private. The social state of the empire is partly the cause of this military deficiency. There is not, as in other countries, a middle class from which to choose at least a majority of the officers. It has long been recognised by tacticians that something more is requisite for command in war than a mere knowledge of military details. In the perilous extremity or the sudden crisis, the moral superiority which education imparts exerts an influence which can never be attained by one who has no higher culture or aims than those whom he leads. Even democratic countries have shown little willingness to select their officers from the class which forms the staple of the army, and such promotion is,

to General Guyon that the Turks were indebted for the restoration of tranquillity. The command was surrendered to him, and he became the director of everything. He addressed himself to the thorough reorganisation of the army; and, amongst other necessary measures, distributed the contents of the military chest to pay the soldiers. The selfish pashas, caring more for their personal aggrandisement than for the freedom and honour of their country, were reserving it for themselves. They had left the pay of the troops twelve or eighteen months in arrear, though they had mostly taken pretty good care of themselves. The soldiers appeared to have great confidence in General Guyon, and promised to do their duty under him.

Soon after the retreat of the Turks from Gumri, they suffered another reverse near the fortress of Akiska. Ali Pasha, who commanded the Turkish forces on that occasion, had eight battalions. The force of the enemy was about equal; but Ali disposed his troops so badly, that two battalions stood the concentrated fire of eight of the enemy's battalions. During this time Ali Pasha's other troops were stationed at various places from one to two hours' march from the field of battle, and could not be brought up and concentrated before the two battalions actually engaged were almost annihilated. A calm and skilful commander might even then have retrieved the fortunes of the day; but the Turkish leader lost his presence of mind, and instead of vigorously attacking the enemy to revenge himself for the loss of his two battalions, he abandoned his command and fled to Ardahan, leaving twelve or fourteen cannon, all his ammunition, and a number of prisoners in the enemy's hands. The Turks seeing themselves deserted by their

perhaps, rarer in America than under the 'cold shade of our own purchase system. But here officers and men are alike. The subalterns receive the rations and share the quarters of the common soldier—all eat, smoke, and sing together, and a familiarity exists which has invariably bred contempt. It is undoubted that, bigoted as the soldiers are, they are eager to be led by European officers, and the confidence of the more able generals in the native captains and lieutenants is as small as that of the men. The complaints of Omar Pasha are well known, and similar accounts are brought from Erzeroum. The men though four months in arrear of pay, and woefully destitute of discipline, are healthy and full of spirits. The army, though smaller than could be wished, is recovering from the disasters of December, and may soon take the field with fair prospects; but the hopes of all are damped when they witness the inefficiency

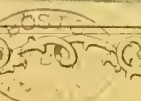
leader, fell into confusion and retreated with headlong speed. So apparent were the errors and cowardice of Ali Pasha, that he would have fallen a victim to the vengeance of his own soldiers, if he had not hid himself.

It was the misfortune of the Turkish army in Asia not only to be badly officered, but also when they had a leader of courage and ability to command them, to have him removed. The soldiers were becoming strongly attached to General Guyon, and hopes were entertained of a highly successful campaign in the spring. At this time Reis Ahmed Pasha, an incompetent officer, was appointed commander, and General Guyon's authority terminated. He was fortifying Kars as well as the means at hand permitted, and preparing for a more energetic and better-conducted renewal of the war in the new year. Even the Russians seemed more cautious while he commanded, and his removal from authority produced serious apprehensions of future failures and calamities.

The winter passed without hostilities; the Turkish troops remaining at Erzeroum and Kars. The Russians seem to have had their hands too full to molest them, or well-conducted attacks during that inelement period might have been attended with fatal results. With the return of spring, the Russians, unable any longer to defend the coasts of Abasia and Mingrelia, on account of the blockade of Sebastopol, abandoned all their sea-coast forts between Batoum and the Sea of Azoff, leaving them in flames.

The reader will remember that one of the results of the destruction of the Turkish ships at Sinope, by a Russian fleet of overwhelming power, was that the combined French and English squadrons (consisting of nine English and seven French ships-of-war) and indolence of those who should be an example to their inferiors. 'Except Guyon and some Hungarians there is no one to trust,' says one who has been an eye-witness of the proceedings; and if this be the case in the tranquillity of the camp and the routine of drill, what will be the event when the army is again opposed to an enemy rendered confident by former victory? The Turks are said to fight with bravery, every man for himself, until either forced or directed to retire, when the officers are found inadequate to a movement requiring judgment, coolness, and precision, and the retreat becomes a rout. It is important that at least a few men of superior *morale* should be introduced into the composition of the Ottoman force. Three or four European officers in each brigade, possessed of some knowledge of engineering, would be invaluable. Indeed, a more direct interference with their army is desirable."





the-line, besides steam-frigates) received the orders of their respective governments to enter the Black Sea, which they did on the 5th of January. While this noble force breasted the surging waters of the Euxine, the Russian fleet was shut up in the harbour of Sebastopol, and that dreaded fortress virtually blockaded. The Porte immediately took advantage of these circumstances, by sending to Batoum a convoy with 15,000 men to reinforce the Turkish army in Asia. The Turkish ships also carried a supply of gunpowder for those brave allies of the sultan, the mountaineers of the Caucasus, and followers of the warrior-priest Schamyl. The Russian forts along the Circassian shores of the Black Sea were not yet abandoned, that event being the result of the cruise of the British fleet, under Admiral Lyons, in that direction. The difficulty, therefore, was to convey the gunpowder to the hardy warriors of the mountain and forest. Courage and resolution, however, will accomplish anything short of miracles. An intimation having been conveyed to the Circassians that a supply of powder had been brought for them in the Turkish ships, a scheme was arranged for carrying it off to the mountains, notwithstanding the chain of Russian forts that lined the coast. On the firing of signal-guns along the shore, a thousand fierce horsemen, bristling with arms, suddenly made their appearance; dashed along like madmen, spurring, steaming, and foaming; swept between the Russian forts, and each man having strapped upon his back a bag of powder, turned his horse's head, and the whole troop sped back again, and disappeared among the mountains like a troop of spectres, no doubt leaving the Russian sentries very much astonished at this sudden and off-hand performance;—some of them, perhaps, more than half-disposed to doubt its reality, and in their wild credulity to exclaim—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them."

The French and English admirals (Hamelin and Dundas) sent a division of the fleet, under the command of Admiral Lyons and Captain de Chabannes, to the coast of Circassia. The cruise was crowned with signal success. One fort only—that of Redoubt Kalch—offered any shadow of resistance. That shadow (as the reader will soon see) passed away literally in smoke—the smoke arising from a burning town,

fired by those who could not defend it. An account of the operations of the fleet is contained in the following pictorial and playful letter, which the party receiving it forwarded for publication in a leading journal. It contains so much interest, on account of its brilliant descriptions of a locality highly favoured by nature; rich—gorgeously rich—in classical associations; and honourable for the heroism of his hardy children, the brave idolaters of Freedom, that we cannot resist the temptation to insert it here. It deserves a far better fate than to attract notice for a day in the columns of a newspaper, then to be buried in a pile of similar productions beneath a layer of venerable dust, and finally sold for waste paper, to meet a cruel dismemberment at the butterman's or trunk-maker's.

"Her Majesty's ship —, off the
Circassian coast, May 15th.

"We are on the way to Suchum-Kaleh, but Admiral Lyons has kindly permitted the officers to have a run on shore and explore the blown-up Russian fortress at Gagri.* We found its remains standing at the entrance of a tremendous gorge, in the centre of which a mountain-stream runs, rendering Gagri the most healthy of the Russian Circassian posts. The hills, which spring in a steep slope from the sea, are on their lower parts covered with magnificent foliage, occasionally broken into large grassy spaces of a park-like appearance, and these are now decked in all the beauty of spring. Towards the middle of the mountains the trees are more bare, and a little beyond have no foliage at all. Then the species change from elm and oak to pine and larch, which at first runs with and lights up the other trees beautifully, and afterwards in a thick black fringe have all the top to themselves. Mountains such as these occupy either side of the gorge, their tops a mixture of black pine and snow. Towering beyond, in the centre of the whole view, are huge peaks of unbroken and perpetual snow; the whole is a glorious combination of summer and winter—beauty and grandeur. The fort of Gagri had evidently been evacuated in a hurry, as the Russians had left their ordnance stores there. I counted thirteen 9-pounders quite new, and there are also several 10-inch mortars and howitzers, besides many piles of shot and shell in the best condition. Their principal missile seems to have been case-shot; the whole place was strewed over with old canisters and iron balls of this description; one storehouse was entirely filled with the latter, to be fired from the 10-inch mortar. The fort is a square, with bastions at

* See Map of the Black Sea, comprised in this work.

the angles, and there is a block-house at some distance from it up the valley to command the passage. We did not anchor, and our stay did not exceed half-an-hour. A number of Circassians were sitting on the remnants of *chevaux-de-frise*, and welcomed us gladly, but advised us not to go far up the valley, as their brethren on either side, not knowing what to make of us, would probably fire. They had collected in some numbers as we left, and as we shoved off all fired their rifles together, as a parting salute, which we acknowledged by tossing oars to them. As the Circassians do not understand any sort of warfare but their own, all the military stores should be taken and given to the Turks to make strong their towns upon the Black Sea. The evacuation had been so recent that fragments of books and other small wares were strewed around. After leaving Gagri, we passed the town of Paposi, and skirted the coast of Imeritia; its occupants are Christians of the Greek church, and favourable to Russia, their chief receiving 20,000 dollars a-year. Some people theorise that local scenery influences the minds of those who dwell amid it; if so, these people should be the noblest nation on earth. The mountains have retired from the water's edge, and between them and the sea is a plain some miles across, upon which the trees and verdure are luxuriantly beautiful; smoke arises here and there, as if agriculturists were at work, and distant houses of wood are bathed in the brightest sunlight. This is summer—winter approaches half-way up the mountains, its boundary again marked by firs, and pines, and stray snow-patches in the ravines; again, there is a splendid black forest of firs, many miles in length, along the mountains; above this fir-tops are seen struggling through the snow; above is winter indeed in all its dreariness and fierceness. The immense quantity of snow is perfectly dazzling; it lies in one thick unbroken mass extending high up into the heavens, except where abrupt precipices and rocks will not allow it to remain on their perpendicular surfaces; and peak upon peak, as fantastic as the most insane artist could desire, follow in rapid succession. In steaming along the coast we passed a Russian monastery embowered in trees; one monk alone had taken up his quarters there, as it had not been finished; it is now deserted; its circular green top, crowned by a gold cross, has a pretty effect.

"In passing Paposi five guns were fired thence as a salute, a gun to each ship (*Agamemnon*, *Charlemagne*, *Highflyer*, *Sampson*, and *Mogador*), which was duly returned by the *Agamemnon*, which ship bears the flag of Rear-admiral Sir E. Lyons. We have had some curious effects of mirage; the *Agamemnon* increased greatly in height, now becoming all white, then all black, and then surrounded by a thin white stripe, which continually changed its position; the

Charlemagne appeared to sink lower and lower in the water, until nothing remained but her hammock nettings; after which proceeding she suddenly grew to twice her height, and then diminished once more. We are rapidly approaching Suchum-Kaleh; there is a glorious view of snow and rock; the former on the more distant mountains appears to descend almost to their bases; but, notwithstanding snow and ice, we have below here tremendously hot weather. The masses of snow are partially lit up by the sun; in other places they are partly concealed by cloud; it is difficult sometimes to draw the boundaries of heaven and earth, for as the evening draws on, both are fast melting into one. One giant peak of porphyry, which shows the perpendicular rock, presides over the glaciers beneath right regally.

"May 18.—On nearing Suchum-Kaleh, we perceived the walls were covered with men in the Circassian dress, eight of them bearing flags of all devices and colours, but nearly all having upon them the star and crescent. A beautiful bay, thickly wooded around, forms the entrance to Suchum; in the centre of this we found seventy fathoms of water. The wind blew from the shore, and brought with it a delicious perfume of flowers, and from the appearance of handsome detached houses scattered around, one sees that Russians and Georgians have lived together on friendly terms. About two miles from the town rises a small hill, covered with buildings; and farms, well constructed in every respect, nestle at its foot. I began exploring Suchum yesterday at ten o'clock. On the one flank is a battery of gabions and fascines, having eight guns towards the sea (six of them remaining there, though jammed up with shot.) In the centre is a furnace of brick, built with the amiable intention of heating shot for our reception, for our prisoners tell us that the whole of the sea defences have been recently constructed. At the other flank is the old Genoese castle, surrounded by a thick wall of great strength and extent. Here are all the government stores; twelve or fourteen guns, ranging from 18 to 30-pounders (the latter are handsome and serviceable pieces of ordnance), repose upon the walls unspiked. Large stores of flour and wheat were still burning with a horrible smell; and shot and shell of all descriptions are strewed over the ground. Between these two ports is a long street, containing shops and houses of wood and stone; from the centre of this street a spacious road leads to the country. It is well planted with trees upon the walks on either side, behind which are cottages built in excellent taste, and covered with roses and jessamine. We visited the general's house; his coach-houses, stables, and kitchens excited our admiration. A little beyond are botanical gardens. I never saw roses in such profusion as here; the hedges are

formed entirely of them, and they are in full flower; their scent fills the whole place. After nearly all the ships had foraged enormous bouquets, we climbed up to the houses on the hill I spoke of; these proved to be an enormous hospital, beds still remaining there. We sat underneath large trees in front of the building and emptied our pocket-flasks with much gusto, for the heat was tropical. Here I sketched a Circassian, and gave him the performance, which caused roars of laughter and 'Mashallahs!' We soon got to know how it happened that the town had not been destroyed like the neighbouring places. It seems the Russians marched from the town overland to join the army in Asia; but, being too weak in themselves to make the journey, obtained a large escort of Georgians, the price of their service being the town of Suchum, the Georgians having stipulated that nothing should be destroyed except military stores. Their terms were accepted, and a Georgian detachment remained behind to take care of the place until their brethren should return; but our friend Schamyl had also kept his eyes open, and immediately upon the evacuation of the town by the Russians and Georgians, sent a lieutenant with a body of Circassians (some say 500, others 2,000) to take possession. In consequence, disputes ran high between Georgians and Circassians (the former Christians) at Suchum-Kaleh; the one party say they shall occupy the place and keep it, and the other that they have earned it; the returning Georgians, however, are but one day's march from the scene of dissension, and most likely Suchum-Kaleh will be a prize well fought for. Schamyl's lieutenant had left for Batoum to communicate with the Turks. On leaving Suchum-Kaleh, we made acquaintance with the highest peaks of the Caucasus, which run inland, and were left behind before approaching Redout-Kaleh. We have been fortunate in the clear atmosphere, hot as it has been. This morning the view of the wildest part of the Caucasus was grand in the extreme. The highest peak (8,000 feet) was in sight, its surrounding neighbours forming with it a magnificent snow landscape, which I shall never forget.

"We had been told that Redout-Kaleh was deserted by the Russians. On arriving at the place the admiral hoisted a large Turkish ensign, but no notice was taken from the shore, not even a red pocket handkerchief was shown in our honour, and people were seen riding about on shore, carrying lances of a most suspicious Cossack appearance. The fleet proceeded to Nikolai (Shefkatil, or Fort St. Nicholas), where we anchored, and the admiral went on shore, and after a conference there we got under weigh again, and are now anchored at Zuluk Zee, where there is a large Turkish camp, whence we are to take a body of Turkish soldiers to occupy

and take Redout-Kaleh, which, as we suspected, is still in the hands of the Russians; the marines and marine artillery of the fleet are prepared to land with the Turks to attack the fort by land. The ships have been busy in bringing off the Turks, to the number of 1,000. These soldiers are excellently armed with French muskets; their clothing is not good, being both patched and in holes, and they are heavily laden with large knapsacks, but, notwithstanding their having been encamped for some months in a most unhealthy place, they are generally hearty and strong, thickset fellows, and of capital fighting materials. Their officers are very so-so, and treat their men harshly. Zuluk Zee boasts a bazaar, a long narrow street filled with dirty little shops. There are great numbers of sick in the hospital, for here, as at Suchum, fever, ague, and consumption do their worst.

"May 22nd.—And now to give you an account of our adventures at Redout-Kaleh. We reached that place at about four o'clock, and, before doing so, saw hosts of Georgians mounted, intermingled with Cossacks, and riding hard along the beach into the town; and, standing about the parapet of the fort, could distinguish eight or nine Russian officers by their uniform. The admiral immediately sent a flag of truce, requiring the immediate evacuation of the place. The officer in command replied that the prince was two miles distant, and it was necessary to communicate with him on the subject. Upon this the boat waited for a quarter-of-an-hour (five minutes longer than agreed upon), then shoved off, and, making signal to the admiral 'Have received no answer,' pulled out. They were ordered back, however, by signal, to remain another quarter-of-an-hour; but, on again reaching the shore, no one was to be seen—officers, Georgians, and Cossacks all having disappeared as if by magic. On this being made known the *Agamemnon* immediately opened fire, the Turks were got into the boats, and assembled near the *Sampson*, with a few gun-boats to cover them, and waited until ordered to approach; but, as the first shot was fired, a thick mass of smoke began to rise from the town, and soon afterwards I counted ten such ascending straight into the clouds—in short, the Russians had fired the town, and right well had they commenced their work. The old Caucasus, who shone against the sky with all his snow peaks without a cloud, echoed loudly the cannonade of the *Agamemnon* and *Charlemagne*, and the gun-boats and Turks advanced and disembarked, having had but one gun fired at them from the fort. The Turks formed upon the beach, the Bashi-Bazouks penetrated the wood on their right, and examining the houses and forts in front, as skirmishers. The Turks proceeded by the banks of the fine broad river towards the burning town, and found that pursuit

of the Russians was cut off by the destruction of bridges of boats. Two rivers, one from the south and one from the east, have their confluence here. A Turk swam across one with a line in his mouth to form a communication, but the measures of the enemy had been taken too well, and but a few shots were fired at the last of them. Meanwhile the ships' boats were recalled, and the Turks left in quiet possession of this side of the rivers; the rest was a tremendous conflagration; houses and trees burnt together furiously during the whole of the night, and fierce flames and illuminated smoke rendered our decks almost light. As I was looking through a glass, down came the steeple of a church, most beautifully covered with flame. Fortunately, the wind did not permit of its spreading more to the west, or the Turks would have been burnt out. All the men in the ships were ready at their guns during the firing, and the artillery and marines were ready to land if necessary. Redout-Kaleh was the most important point of the Russians, connecting Teflis and the interior of Georgia with the Black Sea; and it was from that place communications were made between the other posts and the army in Asia. Flame and smoke were also seen in the direction of Poti, which most probably has shared a similar fate; so that now the Russians are completely shut out in Georgia from the Black Sea. They had evidently retained Redout as long as possible, owing to its importance, but were prepared to destroy it upon an emergency, and I have no doubt but everything was made ready to fire it on our first appearance off the place when we hoisted the Turkish ensign. Redout is now the most important position in the hands of the Turks, and they require more men and guns there as soon as possible, as now they have but 7,000 men to hold five positions. We are now off to Sinope, and afterwards to join Admiral Dundas, leaving the *Sampson* to help to take care of Redout-Kaleh."

Anapa and Sujack Bay were the only fortified places on the Circassian coast which the Russians had been able to retain. In them, however, the garrisons had been augmented, and consisted of an effective force of 20,000 men. "Your excellency," wrote Vice-admiral Hamelin, "sees that affairs have taken a good turn on the coasts of Georgia and Circassia, where the Ottoman flag will soon float triumphantly, wherever it floated formerly."

It is a slight event, yet indicative, we think, of the growing power of English (and we should also say of French) commerce and civilisation, that the birthday of Queen Victoria was this year celebrated on the waters of the Black Sea—a region where

the jealousies of Turkey and Russia had hitherto excluded the vessels of all other European nations. The deep-mouthed guns boomed over the waters, and English, French, and Turkish ships were all gaily decorated with flags to do honour to the amiable lady who wears with such grace, clemency, and moderation, the constitutional crown of England. The occasion was "improved" (as a very amiable, serious friend of ours would say) by Admiral Dundas giving a grand dinner to all the principal officers of the allied fleets.

We subjoin another highly interesting letter, written by the same author as the preceding. It contains some pleasing accounts of the Circassians and of their women, so long reputed as the most beautiful in the world. It has also an allusion to Sinope, in its desolation still standing as a melancholy memorial of Russian craft and cruelty:—

"Her Majesty's steamer —, May 22nd.

"The last two days have been occupied in putting Redout-Kaleh in a state of defence against internal enemies, in intrenching and securing otherwise the position of the Turks. On the 20th a party of sappers from the *Agamemnon* were landed, with working parties from the other ships, both French and English; also the whole of the Turkish soldiers we had embarked at Zuluk Zee, and two officers of marine artillery (first lieutenants H. Cox and H. B. Roberts), who directed the operations. In a few hours a blockhouse was finished and loop-holed (it had been a Russian barrack), and a parapet established, flanked by a long, deep marsh. Another blockhouse was formed out of an old store, with strong thick planks as an outwork on the only other point accessible to the Mingrelians (Georgians) by the south; this had at its right the sea, and on its left another marsh, beyond which is a thick wood. The Turks worked away with pickaxe and shovel most manfully; they had no artillery officer with them, and were as ignorant as children on the subject; the bey, nevertheless, carried out the orders of the marine artillery officers; houses were destroyed and others strengthened, though at first he was somewhat aghast at the amount of demolition required. They established a continuation of the old fort on the land side. No officers were allowed on shore that day but those on duty. Towards sunset the Turks gradually became lazy, and had to be encouraged with 'Moskov,' to show them the necessity of going on. At five o'clock the next morning I caught the little old bey just getting up, smoked a chibouque with him, and then pantomimed a furious digging, upon which he sent to awaken the men, most of whom were asleep about their piled arms, and

the rest smoking, and at half-past five they were all digging away capitally. It was explained to the bey what he must do when the ships had left, and what number of men should be in the different posts. The Turks worked admirably, and, as one party of the diggers vied with the other, the parapet got on wonderfully, and the whole of the defences assumed a most respectable appearance. A party of officers crossed the river by the flying bridge, and walked over the smouldering remnants of the town, and somewhat beyond, notwithstanding the warnings of Bashli-Bazouks, who are posted on this side, concerning lurking Moskovs and Georgians. The place is entirely destroyed. Nothing remains of the main part of the town but black beams strewed around. In the centre stand isolated the stone steps which formed the approach to the church. The chimneys and ovens of the houses alone mark their site, all the rest having been of wood. Apparently, a handsome street had run parallel with the river, but its houses must have been very unhealthy, as both on the north and south sides stretches a marshy country, covered with brushwood and large lilies. The glass of the houses was seen in fused lumps; pottery strewed the ground, and occasionally were found rats and cats, from their position burnt to death in the act of running away. In the evening Admiral Lyons inspected the works, with which he expressed himself 'perfectly delighted.' The admiral then, with the captain of the *Charlemagne* and several others, pulled up the river, having the precaution of a skirmishing party of Turks on each bank for their protection. One of these took a Georgian prisoner, and conveyed him to the fort. He was beset on all sides by the Turks, who crowded around him, unheeding their officers' orders, which were enforced by those gentlemen possessing themselves of large sticks and laying them on the heads of the Turkish soldiers, right and left. The prisoner (suspected, with reason, of being a spy) was brought before the bey, and sent as a prisoner to his quarters. The poor Georgiau was in an awful fright, as well he might be, and before going to his prison knelt down and kissed the hem of the bey's coat with the greatest reverence. A Turk touched his musket significantly, with an expression which meant 'that fellow will be shot to-night.' However, he was preserved by an order from the admiral to send him on board the *Sampson*. We retain in the fleet the officers and soldiers of the Russian troops which we captured; also the Greek crew. Our prize is said to have 300 lb. weight of quinine on board, part of the medical stores collected from the whole of the Circassian stations. But I must now tell you of our proceedings prior to the events I have narrated. After leaving Gelendjik we saw the deserted station of Wilhelmsky, which occupies a beau-

tiful position on a fertile slope, and protected by well-studied defences; beyond this the cliffs come abruptly into the sea, and between them there are long valleys filled with luxuriant foliage. After Gelendjik comes the little station of Lazaroff, the centre of a perfect gem of scenery. It stands (or rather stood, as the whole is burnt or destroyed, except the outer loopholed-walls, and a couple of blockhouses, studded with poplars, the lower halves of which are now blackened by fire) in the middle of a small plain, at the entrance of a tremendous gorge; on either side, and far up in the distance, which is beautifully broken into hill and dale, are masses of trees in full foliage, and the gorge is closed in the extreme distance by the usual accompaniment to such scenes in this part of the world—a lofty snow and pine-covered mountain. A collection of mountain streams flows by Lazaroff with all the importance of a river, and upon its banks we saw many Circassians and two Turkish trading boats.

"After Lazaroff came Golovinsky. As we passed it the Circassians and a Turkish vessel or two fired a salute, which was duly returned by the *Agamemnon*. A few miles beyond Golovinsky the admiral stood close to the shore and anchored; the rest of the fleet did the same. Two Turkish trading boats from Trebizonde were high and dry on the beach, and hundreds of Circassians formed a picturesque crowd (nearly all being mounted) by the sea-shore. This point is named Bardan, and here the Russians have perseveringly tried to get a footing, and as often been foiled by Circassian rifles, the owners of which are not a little proud of the frequent repulsions of Moskov. Bardan has therefore been the only Circassian post, and from this place the young ladies have for years been eligibly settled in the harems of the great men of Stamboul. From this place Captain Brook and the engineer officer started over the mountains with a few sappers and an escort of Circassians, commanded by Ismail Bey, to cross the Russian road by hook or by crook, and to communicate with Schanyl if possible. Ismail Bey is a great man among the people, and a lord of the soil of Bardan; he was brought from Constantinople the other day by the *Terrible*, and has since lived in the *Agamemnon*. On the landing of the party all good wishes were expressed by a salute of seven guns, and they started on their expedition that same evening. As soon as we landed we were surrounded by a crowd of Circassians, who immediately led us by a path from the shore, through woods, brambles, and ditches, to a long field, surrounded by woods, among which several wooden dwellings showed their roofs. This was a beautiful spot, and the grass beneath us a mass of daisies and buttercups. A renewal of acquaintance with these was not the least

pleasant part of our trip. A Circassian made me mount his horse. Crossing a stream, I gave it up again, and prepared, with a guide, to scale one of the mountain heights. We had a heavy pull up this hill, on a narrow pathway covered with briar and brambles. On our way we met two Circassian young ladies, rather moon-faced, but with beautiful complexions and pleasant expression. Our Circassian friend called to them to cover their faces (we had a dragoman with us)—an order which the young ladies showed their good sense by neglecting. At the top we had a most noble view, a complete panorama of rich wood, overtopped with snow; several villages were dotted among the woods and upon the mountain sides, the dwellings being all of wood. We descended by another mountain path to the sea; here we took another stroll, and entered a wood. We had been advised not to stray too far, as the Circassians of the mountains were ignorant of our arrival, and might take us for Russians. In the wood we met a fine-looking old gentleman, mounted, and proceeding slowly; with him were two Circassian girls, his daughters as it appeared. Not knowing what to make of us, he drew his sword, or rather long knife, and looked fierce; but on nearing us, and seeing we were unarmed, returned it again, and was quite happy when he knew us to be 'Inghealeez.' Then his daughters came forward and shook hands with all. One was about twelve years old, the other fourteen; the latter exceedingly pretty, with a fair skin, blue eyes, and light hair, and we were told by the old gentleman, ready and happy to become a portion of the personal effects of any of us for 10,000 piastres (£80.) These Circassian girls look forward to this, as being settled in life and going to Stamboul is a fulfilment of their best wishes and desires, just as a young lady in London makes an 'eligible' match. Our little friend with the blue eyes looked at us earnestly, in confirmation of papa's words, and made some of our party a present of shells she had just picked up, which she pantomimed would bear a fine polish; but a Circassian girl here and at Stamboul are two very different beings. At home she wanders about in plain and rough dress, only dreaming of the gold and decoration that may some day fall to her lot at Stamboul. They are generally educated in Turkish young lady-like accomplishments, music, &c., and imbibe by degrees the artificial life they must lead henceforth. No Turk can marry, unless he provide his wife or wives with all manner of ornaments and luxury, and hence a decrease in the population which would greatly gratify Mr. Malthus. As the Turks of the lower orders die at Stamboul, their place is mostly filled by fresh arrivals from Asia. The two Turkish trading-vessels fired an eccentric salute as the ships arrived and anchored. A French officer told me that these boats had arrived to export

a freight of the same nature as the little blue-eyed girl I have told you of; each ship would hold 200 of them. On descending from the mountain we saw a number of Circassian women looking from among the brushwood at the ships; directly we appeared they dipped among the brushwood like so many specimens of 'Jack-in-the-box.' I cannot account for such excessive delicacy on their part, except, perhaps, by their being the wives of some of the warriors on the beach, who perhaps were very jealous fellows. We took three of these people off in our boat, and numerous were their expressions of astonishment and 'Mashallahs!' on seeing the ship and its contents. A book with views of Stamboul particularly elicited their admiration; but at the sight of a revolver and its six successive explosions of caps came a 'Mashallah! Mashallah!' and a shout of laughter. On seeing an engraving of the Greek Slave, the old gentleman laughed and put his hands before his eyes like the most sensitive of American ladies. They ate bread and salt (the latter is most valuable among them), and took back with them some charges of powder. Before coming off I noticed a mark of delicate feeling on the part of one of them. Seeing we were unarmed, he took off his pistols, knives, and sabre, and, unslinging his rifle, insisted on leaving them on shore behind him. When the admiral went on shore, he was at once recognised, and received as a prince; and, on leaving, the whole of the hundreds of rifles were discharged at once by their owners.

"We left Bardan during the night, and in early morning were off Navaginsk. Here the admiral sent a boat ashore to look at the destroyed fortress, where were still found, left behind, twenty-four brass guns. What a gift these would be to our friends the Turks at Redout-Kaleh! By-the-bye, I forgot to tell that those Turks are of the militia. After leaving Navaginsk, we passed the blown-up Russian post of the 'Holy Ghost,' and then came Gagri.

"The Circassians are a remarkably good-looking race—tall and well made, and generally fair, some even of the older warriors having quite pink cheeks; and, odd enough, when one considers their roaming life, their feet and hands are remarkably small. They cut their skin shoes to fit the foot exactly. In dress they carry a huge affair on the head, of the calpac species; a high cone of yellow cloth rises from a forest of fur which encircles the head; their coats are principally made of a coarse woollen fabric, and reach far below the knee. The higher orders have this of brilliant yellow cloth; round the throat a linen undergarment buttons exactly, and over this is frequently worn a smart silk affair, showing between the folds of the coat. In their breast they carry about a score of bone or ivory cases,

filled with loose powder, having the ball at the top. Some of the better sort wear smart scarlet leggings and yellow or red slippers; round the waist of all are fastened multitudinous knives and pistols, upon a leather belt, and slung over the shoulder, in a cloth case, the rifle. They look altogether like a set of aristocratic savages. We were all greatly disappointed that the birds had flown from Gelendjik; the plan of proposed attack was perfect; the plan for attacking Soudjee was also made out.

"At Sinope we found the place as mournful looking as ever—exactly in the same state as when we first saw it, except that two small forts have been erected. Not a single house is rebuilt, and the Russian shot are still scattered about; even the Austrian consul has not repaired the shot-holes through his domoile. Our Russian captives were mightily afraid of being left at Sinope; in that case, they said, they were sure the inhabitants would hang them. We looked through one of the Turkish forts to-day. Its officer showed lively satisfaction at our pantomime of the occupation of Redout-Kaleh by his brethren. All the muskets, swords, stores, &c., took are gone to be sold with the prize at Malta, the Circassians being possessed of far better weapons of their own. We gave them, however, lots of shirts, and distributed 20,000 rounds of Russian ball cartridge. We captured a Russian gun-boat with the brig, fully equipped, and have kept it in tow and used it constantly."

Notwithstanding the exertions of General Guyon, the Turkish army in Asia remained inactive until the summer. Some trifling encounters then took place, with variable success. One occurred at Dugourghiet or Ozurghetti.* Selim Pasha, the officer in command of the Batoum division of the Turkish army, received notice during the month of June, that the Russians and Georgians, to the number of 50,000, under the command of General Andronikoff, were about to make an attack upon him. On the 16th the Turks commenced a retreat to avoid an enemy of such superior force, when the Russians made their appearance, and a furious engagement took place. Selim Pasha had his horse shot under him, and though unwounded, yet received ten bullet-holes through his dress. The Turks are said to have lost 1,400 men and eleven guns, thirty-five flags, and all their baggage; but the loss of the Russians was reported to have been much heavier. They, however,

claimed a thorough victory, and concluded their own report of the battle with the stereotyped phrase, "God be praised! Glory to the ezar! May his enemies be confounded!" The Turkish soldiers behaved, as they usually do, with heroism, and for some time stubbornly maintained the combat man to man; but their want of efficient officers, and the general mismanagement of the army, put them in a position rendering successful fighting almost a miracle.

The general incapability and knavery which emasculated the Turkish army in Asia, may be partially understood from the following incident:—A contract was entered into by the Porte for medicines and surgical instruments, to be sent to Erzeroum for the use of the troops. In accordance with a shameful practice, which it seems is almost as common in Turkey as it is in Russia, the contract was let and sublet till its actual execution fell into the hands of a Jew. Even under such circumstances the result can scarcely be credited. When the cases were opened, the medicines were found to consist of stale and worthless drugs; and among the implements of surgery were several hundred instruments for extracting milk from women's breasts, probably part of the stock of some bankrupt speculator.

The Turks suffered another reverse in Asia on the 29th of July. Lieutenant-general Von Wrangel, advanced from Erivan with a detachment of Russian troops, and attacked and totally defeated a Turkish corps under the command of Selim Pasha, posted near Bayazid, the capital of Turkish Armenia. Three thousand Turks were said to have fallen; but this statement is from a Russian source, and savours of exaggeration. Four guns and seventeen flags also fell into the hands of the victors.

The defeat of the Turks at Bayazid was followed by another of a far more ruinous character near Kars, beyond the hills of Hadji Veleky. This engagement is generally called the battle of Kurakderé, the name of a village near the scene of action. While General Bebutoff, at the head of a great body of Russian troops, lay in front of the main army of the Turks, some of General Andronikoff's division had defeated the outposts, and were reported to be stealing round by the rear of that flank towards Erzeroum. Zarif Pasha, the Turkish commander, in alarm summoned a council of war, and General Guyon advised an instantaneous advance upon Bebutoff's troops, and then a rapid

* It is a difficult matter to ascertain the correct names of places on and near the Circassian coast of the Black Sea, as each place has two names, one Russian and the other Turkish.

return against the columns behind, near Erzeroum. By adopting this plan the pasha would have been able to employ all his force successively against each body of his divided enemies. An insane superstition induced the Turks to delay this movement for two days; and when, on the 6th of August, they attempted it, they found their enemies prepared.

Thirty-five thousand Turks advanced at midnight, and by torchlight, upon the Russian position. General Bebutoff, who had been informed by his spies of this movement, abandoned his camp and made arrangements to attack the Turkish forces on their march. Hostilities did not commence until half-past five in the morning, when the Turks opened a strong fire. "The arrangement of the enemy's batteries," said General Bebutoff, in his despatch, "enabled me to perceive that, profiting by his position, his army was drawn up so that his front did not present a right line, and the direction of one of his wings made an angle with that of the centre. Although such a disposition doubles the difficulties of the attacking column, our brave soldiers of the Caucasus, whom the troops arrived from the interior of Russia would not allow to exceed them in zeal, advanced courageously. The first attack was made by the cavalry which was at our left wing, and eight pieces of cannon which they captured formed a guarantee of the happy issue of the battle. At the same time the infantry advanced with rapidity. Continually pressed at a distance of three versts, the enemy at last occupied rather an elevated point, upon which he could make a decisive resistance. Upon this height our infantry, having before them twenty-eight battalions, and subjected to the fire of carbines and twenty pieces of cannon, rushed to battle with the Turks hand to hand. This decisive attack was crowned with complete success; the centre of the enemy was forced, and the whole of his right wing was overthrown. At the same instant the enemy, in considerable force, attacked our right flank. I placed in line two battalions of Toula, with a battery and the militia, and dispatched upon the extreme right two battalions of Riajsk (all the cavalry remaining in reserve), twelve pieces of foot artillery, and four of horse-artillery; leaving in reserve, opposite the height occupied by the enemy, and to cover the movable hospitals, only two battalions of Toula and a foot battery. The direction of the enemy's columns compelled me to extend to nearly

five versts my line of battle; and the troops had hardly occupied the positions assigned to them, when a sharp cannonade commenced from both sides. In replying from the centre to the fire of the Turks, I ordered the right wing to attack at the same time. The operations upon this point were also equally successful; the decisive charges of the cavalry, supported by the infantry, completely frustrated any attempt of the enemy to turn our flank, and compelled him to seek safety in flight, leaving us seven pieces of cannon in our hands."

This report of the Russian general was substantially correct; but the reader will perceive by it that no easy victory had been gained. The Russian troops were too exhausted by the severe struggle, which had been extended over four hours, to be able to follow up their advantage. They were, however, satisfied with leaving 2,000 Turks dead upon the hard-contested field, and carrying off a still larger number as prisoners.* Their own loss in men was scarcely inferior to that of their vanquished foes—beaten, we should rather say, yet not vanquished;—no, nor to be vanquished in the end. Still the action reflected discredit on the Turks, as 35,000 of them were defeated by 18,000 Russians, whom they had vainly hoped to take by surprise. On this occasion, as on most others, the poor Ottoman soldiers fought with a resolute bravery that would have done honour to European troops; but the inefficiency, and in some cases disgraceful conduct, of their officers, brought about their defeat. One of them fled at the first shot, pale with terror, and spread disorder through his men; and many other officers deserted the soldiers that should have led forward to the attack. After the battle, the Turks fell back precipitately upon Kars.

The retreat is thus spoken of by an eyewitness:—"On regaining the camp, after the battle, I found the tents already stripped, and nearly everybody's baggage either starting or already gone to Kars. With some the instinct of personal safety had been stronger than a regard for their chattels, and they accordingly had already fled thither, leaving chibouques, carpets, and other personalities to take care of themselves. The cannonade had drawn the Kurds in crowds down from the neigh-

* The Turkish returns represent the loss as consisting of 1,200 killed, 1,800 wounded, and 8,000 missing; of which last, 2,000 were prisoners, and the rest deserters.

bouring mountains, like vultures to carrion, and they were making rapid appropriations on all hands. Having my own horses, however, I succeeded in bundling together as many of my movables as my servant had been able to protect, and fell into the rapid stream of the retreat, which, with Bashi-Bazouks, infantry, cavalry, artillery, baggage-mules, camels, and bullock-carts (packed with the wounded), formed as motley and scattered a host as ever figured on panoramic canvas. From Hadji Veleki to Kars (some eighteen miles), it was one unbroken stream, hurrying in quick disorder from the dreaded pursuit of the victorious ghouls; soldiers without weapons, stragglers with plunder, and horses without riders—on they hastened, in noisy and jostling confusion, which could find no parallel but in some similar scene. But all this was nothing when compared with the state of things at Kars itself. Even before the battle had terminated, swarms of the flying Bashi-Bazouks had already arrived, and spread the news that the whole Turkish army was destroyed, and the Russians in full march upon the devoted town. When I reached the place, therefore, I found the walls lined—not with soldiers, but women in the wildest alarm and despair, without *yaschnacs*, or face-coverings of any kind: they thronged the half-ruinous embrasures, and, with outspread arms and dishevelled hair, uttered their apprehensive lamentations in every key the female voice can compass. Inside the town matters were equally bad; there again, women hurried in wild and wailing disorder through the narrow streets, asking everyone who seemed to be coming from the war, ‘*Moscow bon-lunour*?’ (Where are the Russians?) And if the answer were discouraging, wringing their hands, and crying ‘*Allah! Allah!*’ Men were passing and repassing with most un-Turkish energy, hastening on sluggish bullocks or buffaloes, with their ‘flitting;’ while the closely-veiled wife or wives, and the children, followed on a separate araba behind. These were taking time by the forelock, and setting out for Erzeroum. In the bazaars all shops were closed and business suspended: the whole scene, indeed, was such as could only be witnessed under similar circumstances.” When the Turks at Kars found that the Russians did not advance, the panic subsided, and after a time something like order was restored. Mustapha Zarif Pasha (the Turkish com-

mander-in-chief, who had exhibited cowardice as well as incompetence) endeavoured, through a miserable jealousy, to throw the blame of the defeat on General Guyon. We presume this baseness was not without effect; for the brave soldier was recalled from Kars. Zarif Pasha was, however, soon afterwards also displaced from the chief command, and his authority given to Ismail Pasha, the ex-commander of Kalafat and the hero of Citate.

The triumph of the Russians, near the hills of Hadji Veleki, was soon marred by an exploit of the Caucasian hero Schamyl. That extraordinary man, when least expected, descends from the mountains like an avalanche, and sweeps all before him. It was feared that the Russians would march upon Erzeroum; but a feat of Schamyl’s put an end to that apprehension. On the 20th of August he descended from the mountains, followed by 15,000 Circassian horsemen, armed to the teeth. This time the Russians were taken by surprise; the Circassians fell upon Georgia, and destroyed 200 villages by fire and the sword. Schamyl even penetrated to within a few leagues of Teflis, and carried away, as hostages, forty unfortunate ladies belonging to the Russian nobility, who were residing on their country estates near that place. The startled Russians, who had previously blown up the forts of Bayazid, withdrew entirely from the Ottoman territory. General Bebutoff was compelled to march to Teflis to protect it against the anticipated attack of the Circassians, and thus the inhabitants of Kars were relieved of their fears that he would march upon their city. Schamyl was threatening Teflis with his army of mountaineers; and it was rumoured that, influenced by a spirit of fanaticism and a bitter hatred of every one connected with the oppressors of his country, he had put the forty Russian ladies to death. If so, the act is a blood-red stain upon his ‘scutcheon that all the waters of the ocean will not wash out, and a taint upon his name that all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten. Noble spirits never smite the helpless, or pour out their vengeance upon women. However, by the fortunate interposition of Schamyl, the victories of the Russians were neither beneficial to themselves or fatal to the Turks.

Before Schamyl retired, he inflicted a severe blow upon the Russian troops. Between the 26th of August and the 1st of September, he led his mountaineers into

the northern part of Georgia, and advanced to the Kour. The centre of his army, which he commanded in person, was at Achalgori on the 28th of August; the right wing, under the Emir Hassan Enim, was at Gori, on the Kour, at the same date; and the left wing, under Emir Chupli Enim, was at Mycht, a little to the north of Teflis. A battle ensued; but the Russians, who were completely taken by surprise, fled after a very feeble resistance. The reverse of the Russians did not end there, for while they were in retreat, the Turks plucked up their courage, resumed the offensive, fell upon the rear-guard of their enemy, and revenged themselves for their recent defeat. Thus ended the Asiatic campaign of 1854; and the fears which had been entertained that the cause of the Ottoman would, in that quarter of the world, be trampled into the dust by the power of Russia, melted away

like autumn mists. "Never," said a Trebizond correspondent of a French journal, "never has there been a better opportunity of judging of Russian weakness, and of the facility with which the allies of Turkey may, when they wish, put an end to Russian domination in the trans-Caucasian provinces. Not only is the army of Georgia incapable of undertaking anything against the Ottoman territory, but no sooner does it leave Teflis than it is obliged to return, in order to protect that capital of the Russian possessions against the incursions of the Teherkesses (Circassians.) A division of European troops, commanded by an able chief, and concerting his operations with the Turks on one side, and with Schamyl on the other, would very soon reduce the Russian fortresses in the trans-Caucasian provinces to the last extremity." The grasp of Russia on Asia was yet a question of the future.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ALLIES PROCEED FROM VARNA TO THE CRIMEA; THEY LAND AT THE OLD FORT; SIR GEORGE BROWN NEARLY CAPTURED BY COSSACKS; HORRORS OF THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE CRIMEA; OCCUPATION OF EUPATORIA; ADDRESS OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD TO THE FRENCH TROOPS; SKIRMISH ON THE EVENING OF THE 19TH; GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE ALMA; THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE; DESPATCHES OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH GENERALS AND ADMIRALS; DEATH OF MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD; REPORTED FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE long-talked-of expedition of the English and French forces to the Crimea was at length decidedly resolved upon. Councils of war, attended by the chief generals of rank, both French and English, were frequently held at Varna, and the mode of conducting the invasion of Russian territory carefully arranged. Still many delays occurred in carrying so extensive a design into execution. The 15th of August was the date first fixed for the sailing of the allied armies from Varna to the Crimea: it was postponed until the 20th; then till the 22nd; then the 26th. Then successively to the 1st, 2nd, and 7th of September—that is, the French fleet left Varna on the 5th, and the English sailed from the neighbouring port of Baltschik on the 7th.

These delays hazarded not only the success, but even the practicability of the design; as between the 15th and 25th of September, the great equinoctial gales sweep

the Black Sea, and lash it into tempests of the most furious and destructive nature. To have deferred the expedition until the following year, would have been a triumph to Russia and a disgrace to the allies. On the other hand, to attack Sebastopol, was for the allies to pledge themselves to enter it as conquerors, otherwise the military reputation of France and England would be overshadowed by a barbarian force, and the Emperor Nicholas would feel that the power of Russia was sufficient to carry forward the designs of its ambition. Failure on the part of the allies, would be to abandon the empire of the East to Russia, and also to encourage it to extend its stealthy encroachments in Europe. The combined fleets amounted to nearly 400 vessels of various kinds, and presented a grand and imposing sight. At night, when all the ships had lights hung out, the fleets looked like some enormous city upon the waters.

Fidonisi, or the island of Serpents, was appointed as a rendezvous for the allied fleets, who fortunately had very favourable weather for their voyage across the Black Sea to the Crimea. The water was perfectly smooth during the passage, and the weather is described as being like the fine days we sometimes have in England towards the end of November—sunny, but cold and winterly. It has been said, that hitherto the cholera had been the firmest ally of the Emperor Nicholas; but if a hurricane had scattered the fleets, and tempests assailed the vessels encumbered with soldiers, then he might have regarded the winds and the waves as even firmer friends to him than the cholera. The voyage, however, was accomplished in safety, and at daybreak on the 14th of September, the allies arrived at the Crimea, off a place called the Old Port, or Staroe Ukriplenie, situated about twenty miles to the south of Eupatoria, and thirty to the north of Sebastopol. It was at first intended to land at Eupatoria, but the former position was resolved upon by Lord Raglan and the admirals, after a minute *reconnaissance* of the coast from Cape Chersonese to Eupatoria; from which it appeared that the enemy had taken up strong positions upon the rivers Alma and Katcha, but not beyond them.

No Russian troops were there to oppose the landing, which, although it was immediately commenced with great vigour, occupied three days before it was completed. This was owing to a swell of the sea, which considerably impeded the operations of the troops, and even caused them to be attended with some danger. The allied army which had landed on the Crimea was composed of 60,000 men, consisting of 27,000 English, 25,000 French, and 8,000 Turks. The fact of their being unopposed by the Russian army, made a great impression on the Tartar population, who seemed disposed to view the invaders of their ancient soil in a very favourable light. The allies were regarded by them, not as enemies, but as a power probably destined to break the Russian yoke from off their necks and set them free.

Previously to the landing of the allies, much valuable time was lost in consequence of no decided plan of campaign having been resolved upon by the generals in command. Two days were passed in settling at what point they should land. Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, General Canrobert, and Sir

J. Burgoyne, were assembled on board the *Caradoc*, which being a swift vessel, could approach the Russian shore without much danger of being captured. At one time it ran close under the encampment which was stationed to defend or watch the mouth of the river Belbek. So close did the vessel approach to the cliffs, that Russian officers were seen in front of their men engaged in getting their glasses to a focus to observe the new comers. On perceiving this, the English officers took off their hats and bowed, a politeness which was immediately returned.

The French were the first to land on the soil of the Crimea. "Their small war-steamers," says a writer from the scene of action, "went much nearer to the shore than ours were allowed to go; and a little after seven o'clock, the first French boat put off from one of the men-of-war with not more than fifteen or sixteen men on board of her. She was beached quietly on shore, and the crew leaping out, formed into a knot on the strand, and seemed busily engaged for a few moments over one spot of ground, as though they were digging a grave. Presently a flagstaff was visible above their heads, and in a moment more the tricolour was run up to the top, and fluttered out gaily in the wind, while the men took off their hats and did their *Vive l'Empereur* in good style. The French were thus the first to take possession and seisin of the Crimea. There was no enemy in sight; the most scrutinising gaze at this moment could not have detected a hostile uniform along the coast. The French admiral fired a gun shortly after eight o'clock, and the disembarkation of their troops commenced. In twenty minutes, they say, they got 6,000 men on shore."

Sir George Brown was the first Englishman who landed, and he was followed by the royal fusileers. Sir George immediately pushed forward without sending videttes or men in front. This rashness nearly cost him his life or liberty, for he was in great danger of being captured by a party of Cossacks, who, with an officer at their head, were discerned watching the fleets and invading troops. The Cossacks, who had been stealthily approaching Sir George, made a dash at him when within about a hundred yards. The English general ran for his life, and was saved from capture by the fire of a company of the fusileers, who, fortunately, were not far distant. On receiving so

warm a reception, the Cossacks turned and fled.

The correspondent before quoted gives further particulars of the disembarkation, from which we extract the following life-like descriptive touches:—"By twelve o'clock in the day, that barren and desolate beach, inhabited but a short time before only by the sea-gull and wild-fowl, was swarming with life. From one extremity to the other bayonets glistened, and red coats and brass-mounted shakos gleamed in solid masses. The air was filled with our English speech, and the hum of voices mingled with loud notes of command, cries of comrades to each other, the familiar address of 'Bill' to 'Tom,' or of 'Pat' to 'Sandy,' and an occasional shout of laughter. Very amusing was it to watch the loading and unloading of the boats. A gig or cutter, pulled by eight or twelve sailors, with a paddle-box boat, flat, or Turkish pinnace in tow (the latter purchased for the service), would come up alongside a steamer or transport in which troops were ready for disembarkation. The officers of each company first descended, each man in full dress. Over his shoulder was slung his haversack, containing what had been, ere it underwent the process of cooking—four pounds and a-half of salt meat, and a bulky mass of biscuit of the same weight. This was his ration for three days. Besides this each officer carried his great-coat, rolled up and fastened in a hoop round his body, a wooden canteen to hold water, a small ration of spirits, whatever change of underclothing he could manage to stow away, his forage cap, and, in most instances, a revolver. Each private carried his blanket and great-coat strapped up into a kind of knapsack, inside which was a pair of boots, a pair of socks, a shirt, and, at the request of the men themselves, a forage cap; he also carried his water canteen and the same rations as the officer, a portion of the mess cooking apparatus, firelock and bayonet of course, cartouch box and fifty rounds of ball cartridge for Minié, sixty rounds for smooth-bore arms. As each man came creeping down the ladder, Jack helped him along tenderly from rung to rung till he was safe in the boat, took his firelock and stowed it away, removed his knapsack and packed it snugly under the seat, patted him on the back, and told him 'not to be afeerd on the water;' treated 'the sojer,' in fact, in a very kind and tender way, as though he were a large but not very sagacious 'pet,' who was

not to be frightened or lost sight of on any account, and did it all so quickly that the large paddle-box boats, containing 100 men, were filled in five minutes. Then the latter took the paddle-box in tow, leaving her, however, in charge of a careful coxwain, and the same attention was paid to *getting* the 'sojer' on shore that was evinced in getting him into the boat, the sailors (half or wholly naked in the surf) standing by at the bows, and handing each man and his accoutrement down the plank to the shingle, for fear 'he'd fall off and hurt himself.' Never did men work better than our blue-jackets; especially valuable were they with horses and artillery; and their delight at having a horse to hold and to pat all to themselves was excessive. When the gun-carriages stuck fast in the shingle, half-a-dozen herculean seamen rushed at the wheels, and, with a 'Give way, my lads—all together,' soon spoked it out with a run, and landed it on the hard sand. No praise can do justice to the willing labour of these fine fellows. They never relaxed their efforts as long as man or horse of the expedition remained to be landed, and many of them, officers as well as men, were twenty-four hours in their boats. At one o'clock most of the regiments of the light division had moved off the beach over the hill, and across the country towards a village, near which the advance of the French left had already approached. The 2nd battalion of the rifle brigade led the way, covering the advance with a cloud of skirmishers, and the other regiments followed in order of their seniority, the artillery, under Captain Anderson, bringing up the rear. By this time the rain began to fall pretty heavily, and the wind rose so as to send a little surf on the beach. The Duke of Cambridge, followed by Major Macdonald, led off his division next in order, and many of the staff officers, who ought to have been mounted, marched on foot, as their horses were not yet landed. Generals might be seen sitting on powder barrels on the beach, awaiting the arrival of 'divisional staff horses,' or retiring gloomily within the folds of their macintosh. Disconsolate doctors, too, were there, groaning after hospital panniers—but too sorely needed, for more than one man died on the beach; and nearly every one you met asked you after a particular horse, of a colour and description you were certain not to have seen. The beach was partitioned off by flagstuffs, with colours corresponding to that

of each division, in compartments for the landing of each class of man and beast; but it was, of course, almost beyond the limits of possibility to observe the difference in conducting an operation which must have extended over many square miles of water. Shortly before two o'clock, Brigadier-general Rose, the commissioner for the British army, with Marshal St. Arnaud, rode over from the French quarters to inform Lord Raglan that 'the whole of the French troops had landed.' This was by no means the fact. Our disembarkation of infantry had very nearly ended at the same time, but our cavalry and artillery had not come on shore, and the French, even without cavalry and with smaller numbers, were not more advanced than ourselves."

The first night passed upon the Crimea was a severe trial to the allied troops. The wind blew in cold gusts, and the rain fell incessantly, increasing in violence as the night proceeded. No tents had been landed, no fires could be lit, and the soldiers had to wrap themselves in their blankets and sleep on the soddened earth as best they might. The place where they had halted for the night was about three miles from the sea, on a bit of ploughed land, without a vestige of wood or water. "We attempted," said an officer in the guards, "to make fires of the long grass and weeds which grew near in abundance, but they made only a momentary blaze, insufficient for any cooking purposes." To an army that had recently been suffering severely, and was then suffering from disease and debility, this was an event which taxed all their powers of endurance and their feelings of fortitude. If fellowship in misery is a comfort, the soldiers could try and console themselves with the reflection that their generals and officers were mostly no better off. Sir George Brown slept under a cart tilted over, and the Duke of Cambridge had some similarly luxurious accommodation. The result of this night of suffering was a great increase of illness among our poor English troops

* The severity of the trial will not be fully understood without taking into consideration the dangerous nature of the climate of the Crimea. Upon this subject we extract the following passage from Dr. E. D. Clarke's *Travels in the Crimea*:—"Fever is so general during summer, throughout the peninsula, that it is hardly possible to avoid them. If you drink water after eating fruit, a fever follows. If you drink milk, eat eggs, or butter—a fever; if during the scorching heat of the day you indulge in the most trivial neglect of clothing—a fever; if you venture out to enjoy the delightful breezes of the

the next day.* There were several cases of cholera, and one officer of the 23rd died after a few hours' illness. We cannot but think the generals might have arranged in such a manner as to have prevented this gratuitous misery to the poor fellows under their command. The French contrived to land their tents on the first day of disembarkation, and even the sluggish Turks did the same; but the tents of the English were not put on shore until the second day, and the result was a night of misery, the intensity of which, to an army smitten by sickness, it would be difficult to describe. We know that in war everything cannot always be exactly rose-pink and lavender; but a wise general should take every precaution to guard his troops from unnecessary misery. In making these remarks we are not actuated by any sickly sentimentality: when lives are to be lost for the attainment of a great object, a general should have a heart of adamant and nerves of steel. No emotion of pity should restrain him, and he should purchase victory at any reasonable cost of blood; but before the hour of action, it is his imperative duty to guard the lives of his troops with the tender solicitude of a father.

On the second day of landing (the 15th), a capture was made of thirty carts of flour, containing, in the whole, 710 bags. They were the property of the Russian government, and on their way to Sebastopol. They were taken by the riflemen, but owing to a want of cavalry, more than the number captured escaped. Two or three Russian ladies, who were travelling, and some soldiers were also taken prisoners. The former were sent to a neighbouring village for security.

Eupatoria, where it was first intended to land, and where, in the first instance, the fleet anchored, was taken and garrisoned by 500 marines, under Captain Brock, who received the title of governor of the place. Eupatoria is a little town of about 8,000 inhabitants, though it once contained about 1,500, and was the seat of a considerable evening—a fever: in short, such is the dangerous nature of the climate to strangers, that Russia must consider the country as a cemetery for the troops which are sent to maintain its possession.

"This is not the case with regard to its native inhabitants, the Tartars; the precautions they use, added to long experience, insure their safety. Upon the slightest change of weather they are to be seen wrapped up in sheep-skins and covered by thick felts; while their heads are swathed in numerous bandages of linen, or guarded by warm stuffed caps, lined with wool."

trade. When the allied generals sent a flag of truce on shore, and a demand that the garrison should lay down its arms, the governor of the place civilly replied that there was no garrison, and, consequently, no arms to lay down, but that the allies would be allowed to occupy the place without molestation from the inhabitants, who trusted in turn to receive good treatment. The townsfolks of Eupatoria appeared to regard the struggle with a calm philosophical indifference. They assured the allies that they did not care whether the Russians or the invaders occupied the country. They only desired peace, and promised, if well treated, to supply whatever they possessed which the army might want.

Soon after landing, the following spirit-stirring address was read to the French troops, the brave soldier who penned it suffering at the time from severe and depressing illness:—"Soldiers!—For the last five months you have been anxious to meet the enemy; at last he is before you; we are about to show him our eagles. Prepare yourselves to undertake the privations and fatigues of a difficult but short campaign, which will raise, in the eyes of all Europe, the reputation of the army of the East to a level with that of the highest military glories of history. You will not allow the soldiers of the allied army, your companions in arms, to surpass you in vigour and steadiness before the enemy, nor in constancy during the trials which await you. You will bear in mind that we are not come to wage war on the peaceable inhabitants of the Crimea, who are so well inclined towards us, and who, confiding in our excellent discipline, our respect for their religion, their manners, and their persons, will not fail

soon to join us. Soldiers! at the moment that you plant your colours on the soil of the Crimea, France looks to you with hope; a few days more, and she will look on you with pride. *Vive l'Empereur!*

"A. DE ST. ARNAUD, Marshal,

"Commanding-in-chief."

Notwithstanding the above command to respect the poor Tartar inhabitants of the Crimea, the French Zouaves were guilty of many excesses. They drove in from the surrounding country immense flocks of sheep and cattle, the proceeds of plundering expeditions, for the use of their camp. A village was also sacked by some French marauders with every accompaniment of brutal ferocity. Unhappily, our own soldiers have not been quite so well conducted in this matter as they should have been. They plundered the Tartar villagers so much, that on the 17th the regiments were formed in square, and lectured by their commanding officers on the subject. A feeling prevailed among the men, that now they were on Russian ground, any great forbearance towards the inhabitants was not requisite. Cruelty, however, to the poor Tartars was inexcusable, as they evinced the most friendly conduct towards the allies, and readily brought their produce to market to dispose of at a moderate price. A writer from the camp says: "As prices are at present, eggs are twenty-five for sixpence; a good fowl costs fivepence or sixpence; a turkey can be had for eightpence; a sheep is readily exchanged for a Turkish piece of six piastres, or one shilling. The inhabitants part with supplies readily. What will their feelings towards us be, if we emulate the conduct of the French, and rob and plunder them of their property?"*

* The Tartars of the Crimea are an oppressed but interesting race. Their faces are said to be expressive of honesty and good humour. The following picturesque and humorous description of the abode and family of a Crim Tartar, from Mr. C. H. Scott's delightful book, *The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea*, will be read with interest:—"We put up for the night in the house of a fine old Tartar; a very happy father of seven promising sons, all grown to manhood, and all having taken unto themselves wives. They were the most thriving family in the village, and we met with a ready welcome from them. Ushered into the best room, we threw ourselves on the cushions; and taking off our boots, endeavoured to twist our unyielding legs into the eccentric position necessary to the act of sitting 'à la Tartar.' Not that we wished either the bearded old man or the juniors to labour under the delusion that this was our accustomed method of disposing of our lower extremities, but that we found it rather diffi-

cult to feed in an apartment where there was neither table nor chair by resorting to any other contrivance. These preliminaries being arranged, we had time to look round the apartment, which was about fourteen feet long by twelve wide. Cushions were placed along the sides and ends, leaving only the doors free; the centre being covered with rugs of divers manufacture, material, and colour. The walls were nicely whitewashed, and hung around with embroidery, and other needlework, done by those daughters-in-law now living in the house. These proofs of industry and taste were accomplished before marriage; and were evidently regarded with becoming satisfaction by the loving husbands, as they watched us admiring them. The Tartar maiden who can make a great display of such emblems of skill and perseverance is an object of respect, and held up as worthy of emulation. On some shelves were the holiday dresses of the women, neatly folded, and each having its own compartment. On examina-

Though the allied army had been allowed by the Russians to land without opposition, it was certain that the invaders would be met in their march by an adverse army. Why the Russians did not attack the allies during the confusion of landing, is unaccountable; nor is it known whether it proceeded from a timid negligence or an unexplained policy. To the north of Sebastopol, four rivers or streams flow towards the sea. The one nearest to the fortress is the Tchernia; the next is the Belbek; then comes the Katcha; and the most northerly is the Alma. Each of these streams would have to be forded by the allies in advancing upon the fortress, and it was reasonably imagined that the passage of each of them would be contested by the Russian troops. These streams, flowing slowly along over an almost level bed, stagnate in marshes for eight or nine hundred yards beyond their banks. Besides this, the south banks of all of them are commanded by heights which afford

strong natural positions for the enemy. It was consequently suggested that, unless the Russians had much degenerated since the memorable year 1812, it was probable the allies would have to fight *three* battles, all on unequal terms, and all attended with great loss, even though the victory might be gained, and the advance secured.

The Russian army, under the command of Prince Mentschikoff, destined to oppose the advance of the allies, was intrenched on the Alma, about two miles and a-half from the sea, and consisted of from 45,000 to 50,000 men. Prince Mentschikoff appears to have considered this position as being the strongest afforded by the country on the line of march. He was, doubtless, correct in this supposition, as, after the battle which shortly afterwards took place there, many officers expressed their opinion that, in the hands of the English and French, the position would have been impregnable. As the Alma will ever retain a place, not only in English but

tion, we found they were of silk, some of them being embroidered. We would have fain passed our evening smoking the tchibouc, breathing in a humid atmosphere of fragrant Latakia, or in drawing deep inspirations to the huddling sound of the soothing narguilé. But, alas! the refined tobacco of Turkey existed not. Cherry-sticks there were, but they seemed never to have been cleaned, while amber mouthpieces appeared to be known only by reputation. The vulgar weed grown on the neighbouring estate, having nothing refined about it, we took to cigarettes in despair, and shutting our eyes, tried to dream that they were the true eastern luxuries. But it was of no avail, so we roused ourselves and looked to other sources for amusement. Calling André into the room, we held a flying conversation through him with the old Tartar, and two of his sons, who were seated on the divan. The Tartar mother came in and out, considering herself, and considered by the rest of the family, in no danger of being run away with by the 'Giaours.' She was probably about fifty, was much wrinkled, but had been good-looking; and if the bloom of youth sat no longer on her cheeks, the fire of her piercing black eyes remained undimmed. Withal she was a good-tempered-looking old soul. We, however, were very anxious to see the young women of the family, but they were in a part of the house devoted to the females, and across the boundary of which, the foot of no stranger man dared intrude. To our insinuations that a visit from them would gratify us, a deaf ear was turned. Nevertheless, we had some evidence that curiosity, that reputed failing of the sex, was at work; for, on casting our eyes towards the open door, on several occasions, we observed a half-concealed face suddenly disappearing, or a mysterious form gliding noiselessly away. These were, however, but nibblings at the bait. As time passed on, they became a little bolder, and were not so quick in moving out of sight. A happy thought now struck us, and we produced a large coloured map of Europe, which solemnly unfolding, we spread upon

the rug, and bade André explain its meaning: such a thing had never been seen or dreamed of before, and the heads of the men were thrust forward at the same moment with considerable danger of concussion. All this was observed by the females outside. The bait was taken. The fish were caught. Curiosity had triumphed, and three young wives came coyly towards us, in all the splendour of their unveiled charms. One was very beautiful, and the other two could well bear inspection. They all had eyes, such as a pious Moslem might desire the bright hours who hereafter served him to possess. At first they were shy—very shy; but doubtless, after comparing us with their Tartar husbands, they came to the conclusion that we were not very dangerous fellows; for soon they permitted us to point out the few places of which they knew the names, and hung over the map with faces full of intelligence. Their dress consisted of a short robe, beneath a tunic of a different colour, confined at the waist by a girdle, and full trowsers drawn in at the ankles, with slippers of morocco. One of the girdles was ornamented with plates of metal as large as small saucers; the other ornaments consisted principally of small gold Turkish coins, pierced with holes, and suspended as necklaces, &c.

"Having said '*Bon soir*' to our family party, we prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night; which consisted in taking off our coats, and placing them under the pillows to form bolsters. The candles were extinguished; but the shutter being too short for the window, and having besides a wide crack in it, allowed the pale moon's rays to enter, and give an uncertain light to the room. Presently a tall figure came gliding in, noiselessly as a shadow—for no slippers are worn upon the rugs, and the boots are soleless—and then disappeared; when the daylight came, we found the old Tartar, fast asleep, near to us; for he would not be turned out of his own bed, or rather cushion. Why should he have been? There was plenty of room for us all."

in European history, we will here briefly describe it. It is one of the few streams that water the south of the Crimea near Sebastopol. The reader must not imagine it to be a broad, bold river like our Thames. By no means; the Alma is but about thirty or forty feet wide, and very shallow. It takes its rise among the high range of mountains to the east, runs directly to the west of the Crimea, and reaches the sea about twelve miles above Sebastopol. For three miles from the sea the river runs in the bed of the mountain torrents, which have worn away about fifteen feet of the soil, and left on the northern side a rugged, upright bank—of course presenting extreme difficulties to the passage of troops in the face of an enemy.

We have mentioned that the landing of the allied armies on the Russian shores was extended over a period of three days, the 14th, 15th, and 16th. On the 18th, Lord Raglan issued orders that the troops should be ready to march at daybreak, and that all tents should be sent on board the ships.

Three hours past midnight, while cold and darkness hung over the camp of sleepers, the clear sharp notes of the *reveille* sounded through the camp, and all woke to active life. For some hours a scene of bustle and apparent confusion prevailed; but, during that period, regiment after regiment fell into order, and paraded previous to marching. The same scene was going on in the French and Turkish camps; and the red fitful glare of the camp fires, extending over a space of some miles, gave to the scene a wild and romantic character.

The sun rose, the day proved warm and clear; at nine o'clock the troops were ready, and, after some delay, the march began. The English army advanced in the following order:—

<div>Cavalry, 8th, 11th, 17th.</div>		
<div>Light Division.</div>	<div>Artillery.</div>	<div>Second Division.</div>
<div>First Division.</div>	<div>Artillery.</div>	<div>Third Division.</div>
<div>Cavalry.</div>	<div>Commissariat Train.</div>	
<div>Fourth Division.</div>	<div>Fourth Division.</div>	
<div>Rear Guard.</div>		

The Turkish infantry, to the number of 7,000, under Suleiman Pasha, moved along by the sea-shore. Next to them came the divisions of generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon. The right of the allied armies was protected by the fleet which moved along with them, ready to hurl shot and shell amongst the ranks of the enemy, should he venture an attack in that direction.

The allies did not march forward for more than an hour before they were commanded to halt for fifty minutes! During that period Lord Raglan, accompanied by a large staff—Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Bosquet, Forey, and a number of French officers—rode along the front of the columns. As they passed by the English ranks the men rose from the ground, and saluted them with three tremendous cheers. "English!" exclaimed Marshal St. Arnaud, as he cantered past the 55th regiment, "English! I hope you will fight well to-day!" "Hope!" shouted a voice from the ranks, "Sure you know we will!"

The march was resumed; the grand and terrible torrent of war swept on; and at last columns of smoke, arising from burning villages and farmhouses, announced that the Russians were preparing to receive us. Brave and willing as our men were, sickness had smitten the army so severely, that many poor fellows dropped from illness and fatigue, and had to be carried to the rear. It was a painful, a frightful truth uttered by Lord Raglan in his despatch, that our troops were pursued by cholera to the very battle-field. Still the grand army swept on; and at length from the summit of a hill the soldiers beheld a wide plain, on which could be discerned a number of dark ridges. By the civilian they might have been taken for fencibles or bushes; but the practised eye recognised in them regiments of Russian cavalry.

On the approach of night, the allied armies bivouacked on the left bank of a small stream called the Bulganae. Before the men settled to obtain what repose they could get under the circumstances, a skirmish took place between a part of the Earl of Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry and a considerable body of Cossacks and Russian dragoons. Lord Cardigan threw out skirmishers in line, and the Cossacks advanced to meet them. They were rough-looking fellows enough; but the precision and regularity of their movement showed them to be regular troops. An exchange of fire took

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA

After the heavy fighting which began at 10 AM, the defeat of the Russian army was complete. The Russian army was defeated and the British and French forces were victorious.

Unlabeled Apollon

Unlabeled Apollon



POSITION

place, but at too great a distance to be of any effect. As dark columns of Russian cavalry showed themselves in the recesses of the hills, and the nature of the ground did not permit an effective charge, our skirmishers were ordered to retire. As they did so, the Russians opened a fire from two guns, which was replied to by our artillery; and in about fifteen minutes the enemy thought it prudent to retire. In the meantime the French crept up to the right, and astonished a body of Russian cavalry with a round from a battery of 9-pounders, which scattered them in all directions. The result of this affair was but trifling on either side. We lost six horses and had four men wounded. One of the latter rode coolly to the rear with his foot dangling by a piece of skin, and told the surgeon he had just come to have his leg dressed.

The Russians retired beyond the heights, and orders were given to halt and bivouac for the night. The order was a welcome one, for the day had been oppressively hot, and the troops, who had suffered from want of water and a fast of ten hours, were extremely fatigued. The country in this place was destitute of trees or shrubs, and the men had to gather weeds and long grass for fuel. To these wretched materials were added the casks which had contained the rations of rum and meat, as soon as the latter were served out. Though the sun had been powerful during the day, the night was cold and damp; and the watchfires were but mere feeble flickerings, which gave but little light, and still less heat. Again the soldiers had to wrap themselves up in great-coats and blankets, and sleep on the bare dewy earth; for the tents and all other baggage that could by any possibility be spared, had been sent on board the fleet. Sir George Brown and other officers went about amongst their men before the latter sought their repose, and gave them directions for the eventful and expected morrow.

So closed the evening of the 19th. What thoughts crowded through the minds of that vast host—what recollections of mothers, sisters, wives, and children—what visions of infancy, boyhood, and early love—what fluttering hopes that they might reach their native land again, and rejoin the darling ones whose phantom presence clung around their hearts like the vine tendrils to its sturdy neighbour—what moments of deep gloom as some felt this would perhaps never

be, deepened into dread as a prescient sense of coming death stole icily across them; this again broken by anticipations of a brilliant victory, and thoughts of glory and triumph! Thoughts like these, and many more such, doubtless chased each other through the mind of many a brave hardy fellow as the watchfires went out, his comrades fell off to uneasy slumber, and darkness and silence began its reign throughout the camp.

Before day dawned on the memorable 20th of September, the whole of the British force was under arms. No sound of drum or bugle broke the stillness; and the men were marshalled in silence, with the exception of the busy hum of voices that rose into the air. The day broke magnificently; the sun rose in its majesty, and its heat was tempered by a soft breeze from the sea. At half-past six the troops were in motion. Later in the day, generals St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Forey, attended by their staffs, rode along in front of their lines, with Lord Raglan and his generals at second halt, and were received with great cheering.

Both armies approached the river Alma; the French occupied the high-road nearest the beach, together with the Turks; and the English marched to the left. At about one o'clock in the afternoon, the French army came in sight of the village of Almatamak, and the British light division descried that of Boulouk; both situated on the right bank of the river. The banks of the stream are steep, and completely commanded by a mass of surrounding heights. These, in their turn, are commanded by a single mount, on which the Russians had constructed a redoubt and breastwork, with platforms for seventeen guns. This redoubt, in which were mounted guns of 32 lb. calibre, completely dominated the village of Boulouk. Upon all the hills batteries were established; all concentrated on this village. For a further, and, in a military sense, more technical description of the Russian position, we refer our readers to the despatch of Lord Raglan.

At twenty minutes past one, the French steamers inshore commenced hostilities by throwing shells up a height in front. The Russians replied with a heavy fire, but the distance was too great for any effectual result. The fleets of both nations were anchored near the shore, but they were too far off to afford any important assistance to the land forces. Shortly after half-past one

the battle began in earnest. The plan of operations decided on was, that the French should commence the assault on the right of the Russians and turn their flank, capturing the battery and a strong stone breast-work, which defended the enemy on that side. They were then to push forward, and, if possible, cut off the retreat from Sebastopol. The English were to force the position on the hills in front, at the point of the bayonet.

The French, led forward by General Bosquet, crossed the river and carried the heights on the right with a wonderful rapidity, to the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* The brilliant conduct of the Zouaves in this movement excited general admiration. Two pieces of artillery, on the top of the hill, could have swept them all to destruction; but the place had not been protected in that manner, from a belief on the part of the Russians, that its strong natural defences secured it from attack. As the French gained the crest of the height, they threw themselves out as skirmishers until more rushed up and joined them. They then formed into a body as a regiment of the enemy's cavalry rode towards them. The Russian artillery, also, soon made their appearance, and then began the wild shock of war. Steadily did the French advance, and savagely the wild roar of conflict went on, until at about three o'clock the Russian left flank was turned, and the Zouaves had erected their flag on the most conspicuous position in the field.

Before this movement was effected, the English troops were engaged in a far more arduous struggle. At about half-past two they advanced towards the valley of the Alma, rising above which were the lines and redoubts of the enemy. On the approach of the British, the Russians set fire to the village of Boulouk, and to heaps of dried dung, which they had collected to add to the conflagration. Almost instantly there was a continuous blaze for 300 yards, and the valley was enveloped in smoke, which blew right into the faces of our men. Under cover of this, the Russians opened a tremendous fire of 9 and 12-pounder guns from their earthwork batteries, which committed a terrible havoc upon the ranks of our brave fellows. The English artillery, however, replied with a fierce fire of shot, shell, and rockets; and Sir George Brown gave the command—"Forward!" Instantly the men rushed across the stream amidst a

deadly storm of bullets, and then dashed through the smoking village. The light division were the foremost in this brilliant charge; they were followed by the first division and part of the second. These were the only portions of the British army that were engaged in the battle; for, notwithstanding a forced march, the remainder did not arrive until the fight was over, and the victory won!

The Russian cannon are described as actually vomiting out fire and death in torrents upon the English, as they crossed the blood-dyed waters of the Alma. But there was no wavering—no pause; the living tide of assailants rushed forward, seemingly scorning death and resolved on victory. When the fatal stream was crossed, the men dashed into some vineyards which flanked the high-road; but the vines having been cut down, the place afforded no shelter. The fire here was terrible; yet such was the cool self-possession and contempt of danger evinced by our men, that they began plucking and eating the half-ripe grapes that were hanging on the hewn vines, amidst a perfect hail of bullets, and while many of their comrades were falling dead, or torn and mangled at their feet.

On they went through the vineyards; and, forming in line, advanced resolutely up the hills, and stormed the heaviest battery. The havoc amongst our men was frightful; but the skill of our riflemen told murderously on the ranks of the enemy. One rifleman alone is said to have struck down successively as many as thirty-two Russians. Once the dreadful fire of grape and musketry to which the British were exposed, drove them back, but they were rallied by the Duke of Cambridge, who by this time had crossed the river and came forward to their support. Sir George Brown, who was conspicuous from riding at the head of his men on a grey horse, had his charger shot beneath him, and was thrown to the earth, amidst a cloud of dust, in front of the battery. For a moment his soldiers were disheartened, thinking they had lost their leader; but that brave old warrior was soon on his feet again, and encouraging his men by shouting to them—"23rd, I'm all right. Be sure I'll remember this day." About this time Lord Raglan gave an instance of his coolness and sound judgment during the roar and clash of battle. An enormous mass of Russian infantry were seen moving towards the battery. They halted. Sharp, angular,



THE HIGHLANDERS

ATTACKING THE RUSSIAN BATTERY

BATTLE OF ALMA

THE HIGHLANDERS
ATTACKING THE RUSSIAN BATTERY
BATTLE OF ALMA
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and solid, they looked as adamant and impenetrable as solid rock. It was plain that our infantry were threatened with a formidable fire, which in their thinned and harassed condition they were but ill calculated to bear. In this position, Lord Raglan asked an artillery officer if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear upon the Russian squares. The reply was in the affirmative, and the guns were placed in position. The first shot missed, but succeeding ones tore through the Russian masses with such deadly precision, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. For a few rounds the Russians stood up against these terrible messengers of death; then the square wavered—broke—and the men fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead. The final possession of the redoubt was secured by a brilliant advance of the brigade of foot-guards. The troops having rushed into the work, an officer of the 33rd inscribed his name on a 32-pounder, which had been pouring out destruction on his men.

At four o'clock, the English charged in three divisions up the heights. The highland brigade, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, together with the guards, advanced with fixed bayonets against the charging Russians. The latter—the famed imperial guard—hesitated before they proceeded to cross bayonets with such a resolute foe. Not so the guards and highlanders; uttering a loud English cheer and a fierce yell, they dashed forward. The startled Russians dared not meet the shock, but turned and fled. Successive deadly volleys pursued them, and our artillery literally mowed them down as they dashed madly up the hill. The French, having defeated the Russian left wing, were turning them on their right; the 2nd British division were advancing to our left; when the Russian artillery, utterly routed, abandoned their position and galloped off. An honourable rivalry existed between the guards and highlanders who first should enter the redoubt, and the brave old Sir Colin Campbell, far ahead of his men, shouted to them, with heroic emulation, "We'll hae none but highland bonnets here." Sir Colin had his horse shot under him; but his men rushed into the battery like lions. Those of the Russians who resisted were killed, but the great part fled in disorder. At five o'clock the allied armies

were in possession of the strong position which the Russians had occupied in the morning, and the latter were fleeing in every direction.

The French turned the guns on the heights against the fleeing masses, which the Russian cavalry, to some extent, protected. If the allies had possessed a sufficient amount of cavalry, it is probable that the army of Prince Mentschikoff would have been annihilated. Thus was won the brilliant victory of the Alma; and in three hours and a-half a position was wrested from the Russian troops which their general boasted he could hold for at least three weeks. The Russians left three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them. The loss of the Russians was estimated at between five and six thousand. That of the English amounted to 2,196 killed and wounded; that of our gallant allies, the French, to about 1,400. The Turks, though eager to join in the battle, were not engaged. The loss on the side of the English fell principally on the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments, which formed the brigade of the light division; and on the 30th, 55th, and 95th regiments, which formed the right brigade of the second division. The rifles were singularly fortunate, notwithstanding the fierce storm of bullets that was directed against them. This is chiefly attributable to the loose order in which they dashed across the river. The English army at the battle of the Alma was composed as follows:—Light division, 5,454; 1st division, 4,711; 2nd division, 4,222; 3rd division, 3,794; 4th division, 4,419; 22,600. Cavalry, 1,100; artillery, 2,700; sappers and miners, 400: total, 26,800. It is said that at the commencement of the battle many Russian ladies were upon the heights, where a scaffolding had been erected for their accommodation. Some trifling excuse for these unwomanly creatures may perhaps be found in the fact, that Prince Mentschikoff stated, that at least on the part of the Russians, the affair would be a mere review; that the allies would never be able to meet his artillery, and would soon beat a retreat. The Russian ladies, however, took to flight with great rapidity when the enemy got too close.

It has been observed, that in this battle of the Alma it fell to the lot of both French and English to execute those movements for which they were each peculiarly fitted. The English had steadily to face the fire of tremendous batteries, and to advance with

a rush, sure, steady, and resistless, against a tempest of fire and solid masses of infantry bristling with bayonets. This they did in such a manner that several French officers declared, after they had viewed the ground, that they did not think their men would have been able to carry the position as ours did. General Canrobert, indeed, gave a generous tribute of admiration to the steadiness and valour of his British allies, by exclaiming enthusiastically, "All I would ask of fortune now is, that I might command a corps of English troops for three short weeks; I could then die happy!" The French, on the other hand, had to scale the sides of steep ravines covered with dense masses of cavalry, supported by clouds of skirmishers. They were placed in a position in which their quickness, alacrity, and energy were required; and these they displayed in a manner which astonished and appalled the enemy.

In the hour of battle, and the moment of victory, none but martial emotions animate the warrior; it is otherwise when the enemy has disappeared: the scene of carnage is almost deserted, and a comparative silence that seems almost supernatural, reigns on the spot which so lately echoed with the hoarse roar of war. Feelings of pity then enter into the hearts of most of the victors, while others feel shuddering sensations of horror and disgust. The following details, written immediately after a visit from the battle-field, are from the pen of the *Times*' correspondent:—

"It was a terrible and sickening sight to go over the battle-field. Till deprived of my horse by a chance shot I rode about to ascertain, as far as possible, the loss of our friends, and in doing so I was often brought to a standstill by the difficulty of getting through the piles of wounded Russians, mingled too often with our own poor soldiers. The hills of Greenwich-park in fair time are not more densely covered with human beings than were the heights of the Alma with dead and dying. On these bloody mounds fell 2,196 English officers and men, and upwards of 3,000 Russians, while their western extremity was covered with the bodies of 1,400 gallant Frenchmen, and of more than 3,000 of their foes.

"When Lord Raglan and his staff and the Duke of Cambridge rode round to the top of the hill, the troops cheered them with a thrilling effect—a shout of victory—which never can be forgotten. The enemy, who

were fleeing in the distance, might almost have heard its echoes as it rolled among the hills. Our men had indeed done their work well, for the action, which commenced at twenty-five minutes past one on our part, was over about four, P.M. In fact, the actual close continuous fighting did not last two hours!

"The Russian regiments engaged against us (judging from the numbers on the caps and buttons of the dead and wounded) were the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, and some of the imperial guard. The Russian regiment consists of four battalions, and each battalion may be said to be 650 strong. The soldiers were mostly stout, strong men. Several of the regiments (32nd and 16th, for example) wore a black leather helmet, handsomely mounted with brass, and having a brass cone on the top, with a hole for the reception of a tuft, feather, or plume; others wore simply a white linen foraging cap. They were all dressed in long drab coats with brass buttons, bearing the number of the regiment. These coats fitted loosely, were gathered in at the back by a small strap and button, descended to the ankles, and seem stout comfortable garments, though the cloth was coarse in texture; the trowsers, of coarse blue stuff, were thrust inside a pair of Wellington boots, open at the top, to admit of their being comfortably tucked down; the boots were stout, well made, and serviceable. Their knapsacks astonished our soldiers. On opening them, each was found to contain the dress uniform coat of the man; blue or green, with white facings, and slashes like our own, a pair of clean drawers, a clean shirt, a pair of clean socks, a pair of stout mits, a case containing a good pair of scissors, marked 'Sarun,' an excellent pen-knife with one large blade, of Russian manufacture, a ball of twine, a roll of leather, wax, thread, needles and pins, a hairbrush and comb, a small looking-glass, razor, strop, and soap, shoe-brushes, and blacking. The general remark of our men was that the Russians were very 'clean soldiers;' and certainly the men on the field had white fair skins to justify the expression. Each man had a loaf of dark brown bread, of a sour taste and disagreeable odour, in his knapsack, and a linen roll, containing a quantity of brown coarse stuff broken up into lumps and large grains, which is crushed biscuit or hard granulated bread prepared with oil. This, we were told by the pri-

soners, was the sole food of the men. They eat the bread with onions and oil; the powder is 'reserve' ration; and if they march they may be for days without food, and remain hungry till they can get fresh loaves and more 'bread stuff.' It is perfectly astounding to think they can keep together on such diet—and yet they are strong muscular men enough. The surgeons remarked that their tenacity of life was very remarkable. Many of them lived with wounds calculated to destroy two or three ordinary men. I saw one of the 32nd regiment on the field just after the fight. He was shot right through the head, and the brain protruded in large masses at the back of the head and from the front of the skull. I saw with my own eyes the wounded man raise his hand, wipe the horrible mass from his brow, and proceed to struggle down the hills towards the water! Many of the Russians were shot in three or four places; few of them had only one wound. They seemed to have a general idea that they would be murdered: possibly, they had been told no quarter would be given, and several deplorable events took place in consequence. As our men were passing by, two or three of them were shot or stabbed by men lying on the ground, and the cry was raised that 'the wounded Russians' were firing on our men. There is a story, indeed, that one officer was severely injured by a man to whom he was in the very act of administering succour as he lay in agony on the field; be this as it may, there was at one time a near chance of a massacre taking place, but the men were soon controlled, and confined themselves to the pillage which always takes place on a battle-field. One villain, with a red coat on his back, I regret to say, I saw go up to a wounded Russian who was rolling on the earth in the rear of the 7th regiment, and before we could say a word he discharged his rifle right through the wretched creature's brains. Colonel Yea rode at him to cut him down, but the fellow excused himself by declaring the Russian was going to shoot him. This was the single act of inhumanity I saw perpetrated by this army, flushed with victory and animated by angry passions, although the wounded enemy had unquestionably endangered their lives by acts of ferocious folly.

"Many of the Russians had small crosses and chains fastened round their necks. Several were found with Korans in their knapsacks—most probably recruits from

the Kasan Tartars. Many of the officers had portraits of wives or mistresses, of mothers or sisters, inside their coats. The privates wore the little money they possessed in purses fastened below their left knees, and the men, in their eager search after the money, often caused the wounded painful apprehensions that they were about to destroy them. Last night all these poor wretches lay in their agony; nothing could be done to help them. The groans, the yells, the cries of despair and suffering, were a mournful commentary on the exultation of the victors and on the joy which reigned along the bivouac fires of our men. As many of our wounded as could be possibly picked up ere darkness set in were conveyed on stretchers to the hospital tents. Many of the others were provided with blankets and covered as they lay in their blood. The bandsmen of the regiments worked in the most cheerful and indefatigable manner, hour after hour, searching out and carrying off our wounded. Long after night had closed faint lights might be seen moving over the frightful field, marking the spots where friendship directed the steps of some officer in search of a wounded comrade, or where the pillager yet stalked about on his horrid errand. The attitudes of some of the dead were awful. One man might be seen resting on one knee, with the arms extended in the form of taking aim, the brow compressed, the lips clinched—the very expression of firing at an enemy stamped on the face and fixed there by death; a ball had struck this man in the neck. Physiologists or anatomists must settle the rest. Another was lying on his back with the same expression, and his arms raised in a similar attitude, the Minié musket still grasped in his hands undischarged. Another lay in a perfect arch, his head resting on one part of the ground and his feet on the other, but the back raised high above it. Many men without legs or arms were trying to crawl down to the waterside. Some of the dead lay with a calm, placid smile on the face, as though they were in some delicious dream.

"Of the Russians, one thing was remarkable. The prisoners are generally coarse, sullen, and unintelligent-looking men. Death had ennobled those who fell, for the expression of their faces was altogether different. The wounded might have envied those who seemed to have passed away so peacefully.

"The soldiers are all shaven cleanly on the chin and cheek; only the moustache is left, and the hair is cropped as close to the head as possible. The latter is a very convenient mode of wearing the hair in these parts of the world. The officers (those of superior rank excepted) are barely distinguishable from the men, so far as uniform is concerned; but the generals wore sashes and gold epaulettes. The subalterns wore merely a lace shoulderstrap, instead of the cloth one of the privates. Most of them spoke French, and the entreaties of the wounded to be taken along with us, as the officers moved up the hill, were touching in the extreme. The poor fellows had a notion that our men would murder them if the eye of the officer was removed from them. An old general, who sat smiling and bowing on a bank, with his leg broken by a round shot, seemed principally concerned for the loss of his gold snuff-box. This, I believe, has since been restored to him. The men say they were badly handled, and had no general to direct them. Mentschikoff lost his head, in a figurative sense. The officers displayed great gallantry, and the men fought with a dogged courage characteristic of the Russian infantry, but they were utterly deficient in *elan* and dash."

During the 21st the army was occupied in collecting the wounded, burying the dead, and bringing wounded Russians as prisoners from off the field. We will here subjoin the despatches of the generals who commanded during this memorable battle, as they are requisite to complete the details of so illustrious an event:—

"Head-quarters, Katcha River,

"Sept. 23rd, 1854.

"My lord Duke,—I have the honour to inform your grace, that the allied troops attacked the position occupied by the Russian army, behind the Alma, on the 20th inst., and I have great satisfaction in adding that they succeeded, in less than three hours, in driving the enemy from every part of the ground which they had held in the morning, and in establishing themselves upon it.

"The English and French armies moved out of their first encampment in the Crimea on the 19th, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulganac, the former having previously supported the advance of a part of the Earl of Cardigan's brigade of light cavalry, which had the effect of inducing the enemy to move up a large body of dragoons and Cossacks, with artillery.

"On this, the first occasion of the English encountering the Russian force, it was impossible for any troops to exhibit more steadiness than did this portion of her majesty's cavalry.

"It fell back upon its supports with the most perfect regularity under the fire of the artillery, which was quickly silenced by that of the batteries I caused to be brought into action.

"Our loss amounted to only four men wounded.

"The day's march had been most wearisome, and under a burning sun; the absence of water, until we reached the insignificant but welcome stream of the Bulganac, made it to be severely felt.

"Both armies moved towards the Alma the following morning, and it was arranged that Marshal St. Arnaud should assail the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea and immediately above it, and that the remainder of the French divisions should move up the heights in their front, while the English army should attack the right and centre of the enemy's position.

"In order that the gallantry exhibited by her majesty's troops, and the difficulties they had to meet may be fairly estimated, I deem it right, even at the risk of being considered tedious, to endeavour to make your grace acquainted with the position the Russians had taken up. It crossed the great road about two-and-a-half miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature.

"The bold and almost precipitous range of heights—of from 350 to 400 feet—that from the sea closely border the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left; and, turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminates at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent.

"Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards.

"The river itself is generally fordable for troops; but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party, and, in fact, everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter.

"In front of the position on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Boulouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy.

"The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and, consequently, there the greatest preparations had been made for defence.

"Half-way down the height and across its front was a trench of the extent of some hun-

dred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position.

"Artillery, at the same time, was posted at the points that best commanded the passage of the river and its approaches generally.

"On the slopes of these hills (forming a sort of table-land) were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 45,000 and 50,000 men.

"The combined armies advanced on the same alignment; her majesty's troops in contiguous double columns, with the front of two divisions covered by light infantry and a troop of horse artillery, the 2nd division, under Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, forming the right, and touching the left of the 3rd division of the French army, under his imperial highness Prince Napoleon, and the light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, the left; the first being supported by the 3rd division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, and the last by the 1st division, commanded by Lieutenant-general his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge.

"The 4th division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry, under Major-general the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry which had been seen in those directions.

"On approaching to near the fire of the guns, which soon became extremely formidable, the two leading divisions deployed into line and advanced to attack the front, and the supporting divisions followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place when the village of Boulouk, immediately opposite the centre, was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position and rendering a passage through it impracticable. Two regiments of Brigadier-general Adams' brigade, part of Sir De Lacy Evans' division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right under a sharp fire, while his first brigade, under Major-general Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-general Adams crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on towards the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

"In the meanwhile, the light division, under Sir George Brown, effected the passage of the Alma in his immediate front. The banks of the river itself were, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards, through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled,

created additional impediments, rendering every species of formation, under a galling fire, nearly an impossibility. Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages.

"In this difficult operation he nevertheless persevered; and the 1st brigade, under Major-general Codrington, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-general Buller moved on the left flank, and by the advance of four companies of the rifle brigade, under Major Noreott, who promises to be a distinguished officer of light troops.

"The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses consequently sustained by the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments, obliged this brigade partially to relinquish its hold.

"By this time, however, the Duke of Cambridge had succeeded in crossing the river, and had moved up in support, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of foot-guards, under Major-general Bentinek, drove the enemy back and secured the final possession of the work.

"The highland brigade, under Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, advanced in admirable order and steadiness up the high ground to the left and in co-operation with the guards; and Major-general Pennefather's brigade, which had been connected with the right of the light division, forced the enemy completely to abandon the position they had taken such pains to defend and secure.

"The 95th regiment, immediately on the right of the royal fusiliers in the advance, suffered equally with that corps an immense loss.

"The aid of the royal artillery in all these operations was most effectual. The exertions of the field-officers and the captains of troops and batteries to get the guns into action were unceasing, and the precision of their fire materially contributed to the great results of the day.

"Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England brought his division to the immediate support of the troops in advance, and Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart was actively engaged in watching the left flank.

"The nature of the ground did not admit of the employment of the cavalry under the Earl of Lucan; but they succeeded in taking some prisoners at the close of the battle.

"In the detail of these operations, which I have gone into as far as the space of a despatch would allow, your grace will perceive that the services in which the general and other officers of the army were engaged were of no ordinary character; and I have great pleasure in submitting them for your grace's most favourable consideration.

"The mode in which Lieutenant-general Sir

George Brown conducted his division, under the most trying circumstances, demands the expression of my warmest approbation. The fire to which his division was subjected, and the difficulties he had to contend against, afford no small proof that his best energies were applied to the successful discharge of his duty.

"I must speak in corresponding terms of Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, who likewise conducted his division to my perfect satisfaction, and exhibited equal coolness and judgment in carrying out a most difficult operation.

"His royal highness the Duke of Cambridge brought his division into action in support of the light division with great ability, and had, for the first time, an opportunity of showing the enemy his devotion to her majesty, and to the profession of which he is so distinguished a member.

"My best thanks are due to Lieutenant-general Sir R. England, Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, for their cordial assistance wherever it could be afforded; and I feel it my duty especially to recommend to your grace's notice the distinguished conduct of Major-general Bentinck, Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, Major-general Pennefather, Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Buller.

"In the affair of the previous day, Major-general the Earl of Cardigan exhibited the utmost spirit and coolness, and kept his brigade under perfect command.

"The manner in which Brigadier-general Strangeways directed the artillery and exerted himself to bring it forward met my entire satisfaction.

"Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne was constantly by my side, and rendered me, by his counsel and advice, the most valuable assistance, and the commanding royal engineer Brigadier-general Tylden, was always at hand to carry out any service I might direct him to undertake.

"I deeply regret to say that he has since fallen a victim to cholera, as has Major Wellesley, who was present in the affair of the previous day, notwithstanding that he was then suffering from serious illness. He had, during the illness of Major-general Lord de Ros, acted for him in the most efficient manner. I cannot speak too highly of Brigadier-general Estcourt, Adjutant-general, or of Brigadier-general Airey, who, in the short time he has conducted the duties of the quartermaster-general, has displayed the greatest ability as well as aptitude for the office.

"I am much indebted to my military secretary, Lieutenant-colonel Steele, Major Lord Burghersh, and the officers of my personal staff, for the zeal, intelligence, and gallantry they all, without exception, displayed.

"Lieutenant Derriman, R.N., the commander of the *Caradoc*, accompanied me during the whole of the operation, and rendered me an essential service, by a close observation of the enemy's movements, which his practised eye enabled him accurately to watch.

"I lament to say that Lieutenant-colonel Lagondie, who was attached to my head-quarters by the Emperor of the French, fell into the enemy's hands on the 19th, on his return from Prince Napoleon's division, where he had obligingly gone, at my request, with a communication to his imperial highness.

"This misfortune is deeply regretted, both by myself and the officers of my personal staff.

"The other officer placed with me under similar circumstances, Major Vico, afforded me all the assistance in his power, sparing no exertion to be of use.

"I cannot omit to make known to your grace, the cheerfulness with which the regimental officers of the army have submitted to most unusual privations.

"My anxiety to bring into the country every cavalry and infantry soldier who was available, prevented me from embarking their baggage animals, and these officers have with them at this moment nothing but what they can carry, and they, equally with the men, are without tents or covering of any kind.

"I have not heard a single murmur. All seem impressed with the necessity of the arrangement; and they feel, I trust, satisfied that I shall bring up their bat-horses at the earliest moment.

"The conduct of the troops has been admirable. When it is considered that they have suffered severely from sickness during the last two months; that, since they landed in the Crimea, they have been exposed to the extremes of wet, cold, and heat; that the daily toil to provide themselves with water has been excessive, and that they have been pursued by cholera to the very battle-field, I do not go beyond the truth in declaring that they merit the highest commendation.

"In the ardour of attack they forgot all they had endured, and displayed that high courage, that gallant spirit, for which the British soldier is ever distinguished, and under the heaviest fire, they maintained the same determination to conquer as they had exhibited before they went into action. I should be wanting in my duty, my lord duke, if I did not express to your grace, in the most earnest manner, my deep feeling of gratitude to the officers and men of the royal navy for the invaluable assistance they afforded the army upon this as on every occasion where it could be brought to bear upon our operations.

"They watched the progress of the day with the most intense anxiety, and as the best way of evincing their participation in our success, and



their sympathy in the sufferings of the wounded, they never ceased, from the close of the battle till we left the ground this morning, to provide for the sick and wounded, and to carry them down to the beach—a labour in which some of the officers even volunteered to participate; an act which I shall never cease to recollect with the warmest thankfulness.

"I mention no names, fearing I might omit some who ought to be spoken of; but none who were associated with us spared any exertion they could apply to so sacred a duty.

"Sir Edmund Lyons, who had charge of the whole, was, as always, most prominent in rendering assistance and providing for emergencies."

"I enclose the return of killed and wounded.* It is, I lament to say, very large; but I hope, all circumstances considered, that it will be felt that no life was unnecessarily exposed, and that such an advantage could not be achieved without a considerable sacrifice.

"I cannot venture to estimate the amount of the Russian loss. I believe it to have been great, and such is the report in the country.

"The number of prisoners who are not hurt is small; but the wounded amount to eight or nine hundred. Two general officers—Major-generals Karganoff and Shekanoff—fell into our hands. The former is very badly wounded.

"I will not attempt to describe the movements of the French army—that will be done by an abler hand; but it is due to them to say that their operations were eminently successful, and that under the guidance of their distinguished commander, Marshal St. Arnaud, they manifested the utmost gallantry, the greatest ardour for the attack, and the high military qualities for which they are so famed.

"This despatch will be delivered to your grace by Major Lord Burghersh, who is capable of affording you the fullest information, and whom I beg to recommend to your especial notice.

"I have, &c. RAGLAN.

"His grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c."

This despatch was addressed to the English minister of war, and through him, therefore, to the country; but the following general order was addressed to the brave British troops, by whose exertions the victory had, to a great extent, been gained:—

"Head-quarters, Alma River,
Sept. 22nd, 1854.

"The commander of the forces congratulates the troops on the brilliant success that attended their unrivalled efforts in the battle of the 20th

* Lists of killed and wounded, though important in a general's despatch, are here omitted as possessing but an evanescent interest, and therefore not admissible in an historical work.

inst., on which occasion they carried a most formidable position, defended by large masses of Russian infantry and a most powerful and numerous artillery.

"Their conduct was in unison with that of our gallant allies, whose spirited and successful attack of the left of the heights occupied by the enemy cannot fail to have attracted their notice and admiration.

"The commander of the forces thanks the army most warmly for its gallant exertions. He witnessed them with pride and satisfaction, and it will be his pleasing duty to report, for the queen's information, how well they have earned her majesty's approbation and how gloriously maintained the honour of the British name.

"Lord Raglan condoles most sincerely with the troops on the loss of so many gallant officers and brave men, whose memory it will be a consolation to their friends to feel will ever be cherished in the annals of our army.

"J. B. B. ESTCOURT,

"Adjutant-general."

The following despatches were received by the lords commissioners of the Admiralty from Vice-admiral Dundas. They contain intelligence as to the proceedings of her majesty's fleet in the Black Sea during the action:—

Attack of the Russian intrenchments on the Alma by the allied armies.

"*Britannia*—off the Alma, Sept. 21st.

"Sir,—In my letter of the 18th inst. I reported to you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that the allied armies were ready to move, and I now beg you will acquaint their lordships that, on the morning of the 19th, they marched to a position about two miles north of the Alma river, where they halted for the night; the French and Turks on the right, close to the sea, and the English to the left, about four miles inland.

"The Russians, with some 5,000 or 6,000 cavalry and artillery, and 15,000 infantry, made a demonstration north of the river, but returned on the approach of the armies, and recrossed the river at sunset.

"About noon on the 20th the allies advanced in the same order to force the Russian position and intrenchments south of the Alma. This was effected by four o'clock, the Russians retreating apparently to the eastward of the main road to Sebastopol.

"The Russian left fell back before the French very rapidly, and their batteries on the right were carried by the bayonet by the English.

"Our loss has necessarily been severe, and is estimated at about 1,200 killed and wounded; that of the French at about 900.

"The Russian loss has also been great. Two

general-officers and three guns were captured by our men; but we have few prisoners beyond the wounded, in consequence, it is believed, of our deficiency of cavalry.

"Lieutenant Derriman, of the *Caradoc*, accompanied the staff of General Lord Raglan during the action, and I also sent Lieutenant Glynn, of this ship, to convey any message to me from his lordship.

"All the medical officers of the fleet (excepting one in each ship), 600 seamen and marines, and all the boats, have been assisting the wounded, and conveying them to the transports that will sail for the Bosphorus as soon as possible.

"I believe it is the intention of the allied forces to move to-morrow; and the *Sampson*, which I detached last night with the *Terrible*, off Sebastopol, has signalled that the Russians were retreating on Sebastopol, and that they have burnt the villages on the Katcha.

"I have, &c.,

"J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral,

"The Secretary of the Admiralty."

Movements of the Fleets and Armies.

"*Britannia*—off the Katcha, Sept. 23rd.

"Sir,—I beg you will inform the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter to you of the 21st instant, the men and boats of the fleet have been employed in bringing from the field (about four miles distant), and carrying on board the transports, the English and Russian officers and men wounded in the battle of the Alma, as well as the sick of the army.

"All the medical officers of the different ships have been zealously and usefully occupied in attending them, and I have been obliged to send several assistant-surgeons in the vessels with the wounded to Constantinople.

"The *Fulcan* and *Andes*, with 800 wounded and sick, sailed for Constantinople yesterday, and to-day the *Orinoco* and *Colombo*, with 900, including some sixty or seventy Russians, will follow.

"Another vessel (by the request of Lord Raglan) with about 500 wounded Russians, will also proceed, under charge of the *Fury*, to land them at Odessa.

"On the night of the 21st inst. the Russians made a very great alteration in the position of their fleet in Sebastopol. I enclose a report made by Captain Jones, of the *Sampson*; and I propose attacking the outer line the first favourable opportunity.

"Captain Jones also reports that great exertions appear to be making to strengthen the land defences, as well as those by sea.

"New batteries on both sides of the port have been erected, defending the entrances and line of coast. One to the north has heavy guns of a range of 4,000 yards, two shots having

passed over the *Sampson* when nearly at that distance.

"Provisions for the army have been landed, and the forces move on to-day towards Sebastopol, accompanied by the fleets, which have anchored off the Katcha.

"I have, &c., J. W. D. DUNDAS,

"Vice-admiral.

"The Secretary of the Admiralty."

Observations on the Fleet in Sebastopol, made on September 22nd, 1854, by Captain L. T. Jones, C. B., of her Majesty's ship Sampson.

"Moored across the entrance of the harbour, from north to south, are the following vessels:—

"1, a frigate, at northern extreme.

2, a two-decker.

3, a three-decker, with round stern.

4, a two-decker.

5, a two-decker.

6, a two-decker without masts, quite light, and appears to be newly coppered.

7, a large frigate."

Artillery Creek.

"The topgallant-masts of these are on deck, and sails unbent.

"The ship without masts is lying across Artillery Creek; inside is a two-decker ready for sea, and bearing an admiral's flag at the mizen."

Head of Harbour.

"The ships at the head of the harbour, which had hitherto been lying with their broadsides to the entrance, are now lying with their heads out.

"1, on the north a two-decker.

2, a two-decker.

3, a two-decker.

4, a two-decker.

5, a two-decker.

6, a three-decker at the entrance of the Dockyard Creek.

7, a three-decker bearing an admiral's flag at the fore.

"Above these are two ships; one appears to be a line-of-battle ship and the other a frigate."

Steamers.

"Five steamers under the northern shore. Three small steamers at the head of the harbour, and four in Careening Bay."

General Observations.

"Dockyard Creek shuts in with Northern Fort bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Observed about 500 infantry marching towards the town from the direction of Balaklava.

"Noticed about sixty men employed on brow of signal hill, and carrying mould from brink of cliff to Square Fort.

"3.45 p.m.—Cape Constantine and ships in one bearing, S. $\frac{3}{4}$ W."

Sinking of the Russian ships at the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol.

"*Britannia*—off the Katcha, Sept. 24th.

"Sir,—In my letter of yesterday, I reported

the extraordinary change that had taken place in the position hitherto maintained by the enemy's fleet in the harbour of Sebastopol, and I now beg you will acquaint the lord's commissioners of the Admiralty that the same afternoon, on the appearance of the allied fleets in sight of Sebastopol, the whole of the vessels moored across the harbour were sunk by the Russians, leaving their masts more or less above water, and I went last evening to the mouth of the harbour to assure myself of this singular event.

"Captain Drummond has examined the harbour this morning, and reports that the lower mast-heads of the ships are generally above water; that the passage is closed, except perhaps a small space near the shoal off the north battery, and the double booms inside are thus rendered more secure.

"Eight sail-of-the-line are moored east and west, inside of the booms, and three of the ships are heeled over to give their guns more elevation to sweep over the land to the northward.

"An intelligent seaman, a deserter, who escaped from Sebastopol on the 22nd, had partly prepared me for some extraordinary movement. He had informed me that the crews of the ships moored across the harbour (to one of which he had been attached) had been landed, with the exception of a very few in each ship; that the vessels were plugged ready for sinking; that the guns and stores were all on board; and that the other ships were moored under the south side to defend the harbour from attack from the northward. He reported that the battle of Alma had greatly dispirited the Russians; that the troops had retreated on Sebastopol without a halt; and that he believes the whole Russian force not to exceed 40,000. The man's statements were clear, and on points that came under his own observation were mostly corroborated, and I consider reliance may be placed on his information generally, considering the means his station in life afforded of enabling him to obtain it. At the request of Lord Raglan, I have sent him on shore to act as a guide to the army on their approach to the environs of Sebastopol.

"The allied armies moved this afternoon to take up a position to the south of the port of Sebastopol, and the fleet will move so as to meet their arrival there.

"I have, &c.,

"J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral."

The following eloquent and dramatic despatch, which is peculiarly French in its style, was addressed after the battle of which it is a description, to the Emperor of France. "No one," said the *Moniteur*, "can read without emotion this simple recital of a great victory, where the general-in-chief speaks of every one except himself."

Field of Battle of Alma, Sept. 21st.

Sire,—The cannon of your majesty has spoken; we have gained a complete victory. It is a glorious day, sire, to add to the military annals of France, and your majesty will have one name more to add to the victories which adorn the flags of the French army.

The Russians had yesterday assembled all their forces, and collected all their means, in order to oppose the passage of the Alma. Prince Mentschikoff commanded in person. All the heights were crowned with redoubts and formidable batteries. The Russian army reckoned 40,000 bayonets, from all points of the Crimea; in the morning there arrived from Theodosia 6,000 cavalry and 180 pieces of heavy and field artillery. From the heights which they occupied, the Russians could count our men man by man from the 19th to the moment when we arrived on the Bubbanach. On the 20th, from six o'clock in the morning, I carried into operation with the division of General Bosquet, reinforced by eight Turkish battalions, a movement which turned the left of the Russians and some of their batteries. General Bosquet manœuvred with as much intelligence as bravery. This movement decided the success of the day. I had arranged that the English should extend their left, in order at the same time to threaten the right of the Russians while I should occupy them in the centre, but their troops did not arrive in line until half-past ten. They bravely made up for this delay. At half-past twelve the line of the allied army, occupying an extent of more than a league, arrived on the Alma, and was received by a terrible fire from the tirailleurs.

In this movement the head of the column of General Bosquet appeared on the heights, and I gave the signal for a general attack. The Alma was crossed at double-quick time. Prince Napoleon, at the head of his division, took possession of the large village of Alma, under the fire of the Russian batteries. The prince showed himself worthy of the great name he bears. We then arrived at the foot of the heights, under the fire of the Russian batteries. There, sire, commenced a real battle along all the line—a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your majesty may be proud of your soldiers: they have not degenerated: they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jéna. At half-past four the French army was everywhere victorious. All the positions had been carried at the point of the bayonet to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" which resounded throughout the day. Never was such enthusiasm seen; even the wounded rose from the ground to join in it. On our left the English met with large masses of the enemy and with great difficulties, but everything was surmounted. The English attacked the Russian positions in admirable order under the fire of their cannon, carried

them, and drove off the Russians. The bravery of Lord Raglan rivals that of antiquity. In the midst of cannon and musket shot he displayed a calmness which never left him. The French lines formed on the heights and the artillery opened its fire. Then it was no longer a retreat, but a rout; the Russians threw away their muskets and knapsacks in order to run the faster. If, sire, I had had cavalry I should have obtained immense results, and Mentschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the ammunition of the artillery was exhausted. At six o'clock in the evening we encamped on the very bivouac of the Russians. My tent is on the very spot where that of Prince Mentschikoff stood in the morning, and who thought himself so sure of beating us that he left his carriage there. I have taken possession of it, with his pocketbook and correspondence, and shall take advantage of the valuable information it contains. The Russian army will probably be able to rally two leagues from this, and I shall find it to-morrow on the Katcha, but beaten and demoralized, while the allied army is full of ardour and enthusiasm. I have been compelled to remain here in order to send our wounded and those of the Russians to Constantinople, and to procure ammunition and provisions from the fleet. The English have had 1,500 men put *hors de combat*. The Duke of Cambridge is well; his division and that of Sir G. Brown were superb. I have to regret about 1,200 men *hors de combat*, three officers killed, fifty-four wounded, 253 sub-officers and soldiers killed, and 1,033 wounded. General Canrobert, to whom is due in part the honour of the day, was slightly wounded by the splinter of a shell which struck him in the breast and hand, but he is doing very well. General Thomas, of the division of the prince, is seriously wounded by a ball in the abdomen. The Russians have lost about 5,000 men. The field of battle is covered with their dead, and our field hospitals are full of their wounded. We have counted a proportion of seven Russian dead bodies for one French. The Russian artillery caused us loss, but ours is very superior to theirs. I shall all my life regret not having had with me my two regiments of African chasseurs. The Zouaves were the admiration of both armies; they are the first soldiers in the world.

Accept, sire, the homage of my profound respect and of my entire devotedness.

MARSHAL A. DE ST. ARNAUD.

The following order of the day was also addressed by the marshal to his troops:—

Soldiers!—France and the emperor will be satisfied with you. At Alma you have proved to the Russians that you are the worthy descendants of the conquerors of Eylau and of the

Moskova. You have rivalled in courage your allies the English, and your bayonets have carried formidable and well-defended positions. Soldiers! you will again meet the Russians on your road, and you will conquer them as you have done to-day, to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and you will only stop at Sebastopol: it is there you will enjoy the repose which you will have well deserved.

Field of battle of Alma, Sept. 20th.

Fuller particulars of the battle were contained in the following additional despatches from Marshal St. Arnaud to the French minister at war:—

Head-quarters, Bivouac of the Alma, Sept. 21.

M. le Maréchal,—My telegraphic despatch of yesterday gave you a brief summary of the results of the battle of the Alma. The accompanying sketch, hastily done as it is, will give you a more complete idea of it. From it you will be enabled to judge of the difficulties which we have had to overcome in the capture of those formidable positions. The course of the river Alma is winding, with steep banks, and with fords few and difficult of passage. The Russians had posted in the bottom of the valley, covered with trees, gardens, and houses, and in the village of Boulouk, a mass of sharpshooters, who were well covered, armed with rifles, and who received the heads of our columns with a galling and continuous fire. The flank movement of General Bosquet, commanding the 2nd division, and which that officer executed on the right with much intelligence and vigour, had fortunately prepared the forward and direct march of the two other divisions, and of the English army. Nevertheless, the position of that general officer, who for a long time found himself alone on the heights with a single brigade, might be endangered, and General Canrobert had, in order to support him, to make a vigorous turn in the direction indicated in the sketch. I had him supported by a brigade of the 4th division, which was in reserve, while the other brigade of the same division, following General Bosquet, proceeded to support him.

The 3rd division marched right to the centre of the position, having the English army on its left. It had been arranged with Lord Raglan, that his troops should make on their left a flank movement, analogous to that which General Bosquet effected on his right, but, incessantly menaced by the cavalry, and with great numbers of the enemy's troops posted on the heights, the left of the English army had to give up the execution of that part of the plan.

The general movement began at the moment when General Bosquet, protected by the fleet, appeared on the heights. The gardens, from which an incessant fire of Russian sharpshooters poured, were before long occupied by our

troops. Our artillery moved in turn up to the gardens, and began to cannonade the Russian battalions which were *echelonné* along the declivities in support of their retreating sharpshooters. Our troops, pressing on with incredible boldness, followed them along the slopes, and I lost no time in moving my first line across the gardens. Each man passed where he could, and our columns ascended the heights under a fire of musketry and of cannon which was powerless to arrest their march. The crest of the heights was crowned, and I sent out my second line to the support of the first, which dashed onward to the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The reserve artillery was in turn carried along with a rapidity which the obstacles presented by the river and the steepness of the ascent rendered extremely difficult. The battalions of the enemy, driven back upon the plateau, soon opened their guns and musketry on our lines, but which terminated in their definitive retreat, effected in very bad order. A few thousand cavalry would have enabled me to convert that retreat into a regular rout. The night came on, and I prepared to establish my bivouac with water in our neighbourhood. I encamped on the field of battle, while the enemy was disappearing from the horizon, and leaving the ground strewn with his dead and wounded, besides the large number he had already taken off. While those events were passing on the right and centre, the lines of the English army crossed the river in front of the village of Boulhouk, and advanced to the positions which the Russians had fortified, and where they concentrated considerable masses, for they had not judged that the steep declivities comprised between that point and the sea, and covered by a natural ditch, could be occupied by force by our troops. The English army encountered therefore a strong and well organised resistance. The combat which it opened was of the warmest, and does the highest honour to our brave allies. In short, M. le Maréchal, the battle of the Alma, in which more than 120,000 men, with 180 pieces of cannon, have been engaged, is a brilliant victory, and the Russian army would not have recovered from it if, as I have already observed, I had cavalry to pursue the disorganised masses of infantry who were retiring from before us loose and scattered. This battle proves, in the most striking manner, the superiority of our arms at the very commencement of this war. It has in a great degree weakened the confidence of the Russian army in itself, and especially in the positions long previously prepared, and on which they awaited us. That army was composed of the 16th and 17th divisions of Russian infantry, of a brigade of the 13th, of a brigade of the 14th division of reserve of the foot chasseurs of the 6th corps, armed with rifles throwing oblong balls, of four brigades of artillery, two of which were mounted,

and of a battery drawn from the reserve park of siege artillery, comprising twelve pieces of large calibre. The cavalry was about 5,000, and the whole force might be estimated at about 50,000 men, commanded by Prince Mentschikoff in person. It is difficult for us to estimate the loss of the Russian army, but it must be considerable, if we may judge by the killed and wounded that they could not take off, and who remained in our hands. In the ravines of the Alma, on the plateaux in front, on the ground forming the position taken from the enemy by the English troops, the earth is strewn with more than 10,000 muskets, haversacks, and other articles of equipment. We devoted the whole day to burying their dead in all directions where they were found and in attending to their wounded, whom I have ordered to be transported with our own men on board the ships of the fleets, to be conveyed to Constantinople. All the Russian officers, generals included, were clothed in the coarse great-coat of the soldiers; it is therefore difficult to distinguish them in the midst of the dead or of the few prisoners we have been able to make. Yet it appears certain that there are two general officers among the prisoners made by the English.

The battle of the Alma, in which the allied armies have reciprocally given pledges which they cannot forget, will render closer and more solid the bonds which unite them. The Ottoman division, which marched to the support of General Bosquet's in its turning movement, performed prodigies of rapidity to reach the line along the road on the sea-shore, which I had traced out for them. It was not able to take an active part in the battle which was going on in front of it, but these troops exhibited an ardour at least equal to our own; and I am happy to be able to tell you the hopes I found on the co-operation of those excellent auxiliaries.

Every one has gallantly done his duty, and it would be difficult for me to make a selection between bodies of troops, officers, and soldiers who have shown most vigour in action, and who deserve to have particular mention made of them. I have already noticed the important part taken by the division of General Bosquet in its turning movement, during which his first brigade, established alone on the heights, remained for a long time exposed to the fire of five batteries of artillery. The 1st division mounted the heights by the steepest ascents with an ardour of which its chief, General Canrobert, gave it the example. This honourable general officer was struck in the chest by the bursting of a shell; but he remained on horseback till the close of the action, and his wound will have no disagreeable consequences. The 3rd division, led on with the greatest vigour by his imperial highness Prince Napoleon, took

the most brilliant part in the combat fought on the plateau, and I have had the pleasure of addressing to the prince my congratulations in presence of his division. General Thomas, commanding the 2nd brigade of this division, was severely wounded when leading on his men to the attack of the plateau. The 2nd brigade of the division of General Forey, when advancing to the support of the 1st division under the orders of General d'Aurelle, nobly figured in the combat. Lieutenant Poitevin, of the 39th regiment of the line, held on the telegraph building which formed the central point of the enemy's defence the colours of his regiment. He met a glorious death at his post. He was struck by a cannon-ball. During the whole of the battle the artillery performed a principal part, and I cannot sufficiently praise the energy and intelligence with which that select corps conducted it. In a future report, the materials of which I am now collecting, I shall lay before you the names of the officers, the sub-officers, and soldiers who have merited the honour of being mentioned in general orders. I shall append to it a prayer for the rewards which you will certainly find to be merited.

Accept, M. le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful sentiments.

A. DE ST. ARNAUD, Marshal,
Commanding-in-chief.

Head-quarters at Alma, Field of Battle of the Alma, 22nd of Sept., 1854.

M. le Ministre,—My official report gives your excellency the details of the glorious day of the 20th, but I cannot allow the courier to leave without saying a few words about our brave soldiers. The soldiers of Friedland and of Austerlitz are still under our flag, M. le Maréchal. The battle of the Alma has proved that fact. We witness the same impetuosity, the same brilliant bravery. One can do anything with such men whenever you inspire them with confidence. The allied armies have taken positions that were truly formidable. When examining them yesterday I saw how favourable they were to resistance, and, in truth, if the French and English had occupied them, the Russians never could have taken them. Now that we are more calm, and that the information which reaches us by means of deserters and prisoners becomes more precise, we are enabled to ascertain the loss inflicted on the enemy. The loss of the Russians is considerable. The deserters speak of more than 6,000 men. Their army is demoralised. On the evening of the 20th it was cut in two. Prince Mentschikoff, with the left wing, marched on Bakshiserai; the right wing moved on Belbek. But they were without food, their wounded enumbered them, and the road is strewn with their wounded. It is a glorious success, which does honour to our troops, adds a fine page to

our military history, and gives to the army a feeling worth 20,000 more men. The Russians have left on the field of battle near 10,000 haversacks and more than 5,000 muskets. It was a regular rout. Prince Mentschikoff and his generals were loudly boasting on the morning of the 20th, in their camp, which I now occupy. I believe that they are rather crest-fallen by this (*qu'ils ont un peu l'oreille basse.*) The Russian general had demanded at Alma rations for three weeks. I suspect that he will have stopped the convoy on its way. Your excellency will be able to judge how much display there is in all Russian affairs. In three days I shall be before Sebastopol, and I shall be able to tell your excellency its just value. The feeling and spirit of the army are admirable. The ships which are gone to Varna for reinforcements of troops of all arms have left since the 18th. They will reach me at Belbek before the end of the month. My health is still the same. It keeps up, between suffering, crises, and duty. All this does not prevent my remaining twelve hours on horseback on the day of battle; but will not my strength betray me? Farewell, M. le Maréchal. I shall write to your excellency from before Sebastopol.

Adieu, M. le Ministre, &c.,

A. DE ST. ARNAUD, Marshal,
Commanding-in-chief the army of the East.

Admiral Hamelin also forwarded to the French government the following report, which is necessary to add to the completeness of the great war picture:—

Ville de Paris, Sept. 23rd.

On the 21st of September I hastened to send you a telegraphic despatch of the brilliant victory which our troops have gained over the Russians on the river Alma. I have it in my power to-day to add some further details, and, in order that you may understand them, I enclose you two sketches. The first explains the intended plan of attack of the combined armies decided on the 19th for the following day; the other shows the positions on the Alma where our troops attacked the left and centre of the Russian army in sight of the fleet, which movement was supported by shells from the steamers. Your excellency has only to glance at the first drawing in order to appreciate the value of this plan in a military point of view. Accordingly, it was agreed on that the second division should march along the sea-shore, cross the Alma at the ford, which had been sounded by the boats in the morning, and carry the heights of the extreme left of the enemy, protected at the same time by eight steamers that I had placed in a position to bear on this point; whilst the 1st and 3rd divisions, under the marshal's orders, were to attack in front the enemy's centre, and the entire English army was to turn the extreme right. This operation was



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executed almost as it had been planned, although our troops, after crossing the Alma, had to climb cliffs almost perpendicular, where our African soldiers gave extraordinary proofs of agility and daring. It was chiefly owing to these wonderful acts of intrepidity and speed, and, I must also add, to the terror caused by the shells from the steamers among the enemy's cavalry on the extreme right, that General Bosquet's division operated with such brilliant success, and was able to attack the centre an hour after the commencement of the action. On the other hand, the marshal's two divisions after a very sharp action with the enemy's rifles on the banks of the Alma, were ascending with the same boldness those natural ramparts where the enemy's centre was posted in the greatest security. In the meantime the English army, instead of turning, as at first intended, the extreme right, made a vigorous attack on the strong intrenchments of the right. The Russians, besides numerous field-pieces placed in battery along their lines, had also on this spot twelve 32-pounders, which our brave allies succeeded in capturing after a terrible loss. In short, the attack commenced at half-past twelve, and all the positions were carried at half-past three; the Russian army was in full retreat, and the several corps of which it was composed were in the utmost confusion, covering the positions which had just been taken with their dead and wounded. The want of cavalry prevented our taking thousands of prisoners and a great number of cannon. The casualties in the allied armies were, I regret to say, very serious, in consequence of the strong positions which they had to carry; our loss, in killed and wounded, amounts to about 1,500, and that of the English from 1,500 to 2,000. The road between the Katcha and the Alma was nearly covered with the enemy's dead, not to mention the thousands which remained on the field of battle. Three of our steam-frigates have been dispatched to Constantinople with our wounded, having also on board some of the enemy, who are treated like our own soldiers. To-day we accompany the army, who are marching on the Katcha.

I am, with profound respect,
Your Excellency's obedient servant,
HAMELIN.

The concluding words of the last despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud proved prophetic:—"Will not my strength betray me?" He had long been suffering severely from an affection of the heart, and he accepted the command of the French army in the East with the conviction that he could not live long; but yet he thought long enough for glory—long enough to place the colours of his nation on the walls of Sebastopol! Though disappointed in the latter expecta-

tion, he died almost in the arms of victory, and sank to repose in glory! On the 25th of September, feeling the approach of death, he resigned the command of the army to General Canrobert. In the farewell which he addressed to the army, dated from his bivouac on the 26th of September, he says, that overcome by the cruel disease against which he had so long struggled, he was obliged to resign the command. He paid a high compliment to his successor, General Canrobert, who, he said, "will pursue the victory of the Alma, and will have the good fortune which I had imagined for myself—that of leading you to Sebastopol." After much suffering, he breathed his last on the 29th, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Though he did not die on the field of battle, he met a soldier's death; for he perished at his post, in the resolute performance of his duty. The particulars of his life have an air of romance about them. His youth had been adventurous and stormy. Having entered the army very young, he afterwards retired from it, and sought a livelihood upon the stage. Not meeting with the success he anticipated, he returned to a military life. In the time of honour and prosperity he seems to have remembered the humble companions of his early career. Not long before the emperor conferred upon him the appointment to the command of the army of the East, he is reported to have obtained a place in one of the public offices for an old theatrical comrade of the *Porte St. Martin*. A French journal (the *Débats*) says of him:—"During several years he was in the severe campaigns of Africa, and always made himself remarked by his bravery and talents. His name is cited in almost all the combats of the long and arduous war in that country. Commander-in-chief of the army in the East, he there displayed very remarkable talents and activity, notwithstanding the bad state of his health, which had long been extremely delicate. At Varna he was attacked with malignant fever, and on two subsequent occasions with cholera. In the Crimea he heroically dominated his malady, in order to fulfil his high office of general-in-chief. The sentiment of military honour and the love of glory seem alone to have been able to maintain his moral energy under the physical sufferings he endured; and he commanded in the battle of Alma, saying that a marshal of France ought to know how to die on horseback.

The remains of Marshal St. Arnaud were taken to Constantinople on board the *Berthollet*, and conveyed from thence to France. The departed soldier was buried with great military pomp at Paris on the 16th of October, in the chapel of the Invalides. The emperor addressed the following letter of consolation to Madame St. Arnaud :—

St. Cloud, October, 26th.

Madame la Maréchale,—No one more than myself shares, you know, the grief which oppresses you. The marshal had associated himself to my cause from the day when, leaving Africa to take the portfolio of war, he concurred in re-establishing order and authority in the country. He associated his name to the military glories of France on the day when, deciding to land in the Crimea, despite timid advice, he gained with

Lord Raglan the battle of Alma, and cleared the way for our army to Sebastopol. I have, therefore, lost in him a friend, devoted under difficult trials; and France has lost in him a soldier always ready to serve her in the hour of danger. Doubtless, so many claims to public gratitude and to my own, are powerless to soften a grief like yours; and I simply assure you that I transfer to you and to the family of the marshal the sentiments with which he inspired me.

Accept, Madame la Maréchale, my sincere expressions thereof. NAPOLEON.

Not satisfied with barren expressions of condolence, the emperor ordered his ministers to lay before the council of state a bill for granting to the widow of Marshal St. Arnaud a pension of 20,000 francs, as a mark of national gratitude.*

* We take from the *Moniteur de l'Armée* the following sketch of the career of General Canrobert, the successor of the deceased marshal in the command :—If anything could diminish the regret of the country at a moment when it deplores the loss of the illustrious marshal whom death has carried off in the midst of his triumphs, it would be the choice of the young general whom the emperor has intrusted with the task of finishing the work so gloriously commenced on the banks of the Alma. Although the military career of the new commander-in-chief of the French troops in the East is generally known, we think it will be of use to recall to mind his services, which justify in a striking manner the confidence of the head of the state and of the whole army. François Certain Canrobert was born in 1809, in the department of Lot, a few leagues from the village which gave birth to Murat. He entered the school of St. Cyr in the month of November, 1826, and left in one of the first ranks after two years of laborious study. Appointed sub-lieutenant of the 17th of the line on the 1st of October, 1828, he was made lieutenant on the 20th of June, 1832, embarked for Africa in 1835, and arrived in the province of Oran, where the Emir, Abd-el-Kader, after the unfortunate affair of the Macta, kept our army in check. A short time afterwards he took part in the expedition of Mascara, in which he began to make himself known. He followed with his regiment the operations which generals Clauzel and Letang directed in the province of Oran; the capture of Tlemcen, the expedition of the Chetiff Aarchgoun, and the Mina; the victualling of Tlemcen, the combats of Sidi-Zacoub, Tafna, and Sikkah. These affairs displayed his brilliant military qualities, and raised him to the rank of captain on the 26th of April, 1837. He went in the same year to the province of Constantine, where the Duke de Nemours and General Damrémont made preparations to revenge a deep insult. He received a wound in the leg at the assault of that place by the side of Colonel Combes, an old soldier of the island of Elba, to whom he was orderly officer, and who was mortally wounded at the breach. Before he died, Colonel Combes recommended the young captain to Marshal Valée as an officer full of promise. General Canrobert returned to France in 1839, decorated with

the legion of honour, and was charged with organising for the foreign legion a battalion chosen from the bands of Spaniards who had taken refuge with Cabrera upon the French territory. Thanks to the persevering activity of the organiser, these remnants of the civil war were very soon ready to take part in the labours of our troops in Algeria. Called to the camp of St. Omer in 1840, he drew up with success, by order of the Duke of Orleans, several chapters of a manual destined for the use of the officers of the light troops. In the north, Captain Canrobert was incorporated with the 6th battalion of foot chasseurs, and returned to Africa in 1841. In that new campaign he signalled himself in the combats of the mountains of Mouzaia and Du Couts, as well as in the obstinate struggle which the Beni-Menasser made against our troops. After having attained the rank of chief of battalion of the 15th light, on the 22nd of May, 1842, he was placed at the head of the 5th battalion of chasseurs, which was incessantly in the field on the banks of the Chetiff, and took part under the orders of General Gentil in the affair of the grottoes and that of Sbeah, and also in several combats on the Rion. Part of the year 1842 and the whole of the year 1843 were employed in fresh operations in Africa, and in all of them General Canrobert worthily maintained the honour of his battalion. He accompanied Colonel Cavaignac in the expedition of Ouaren Senis, and formed part of the column under the direction of General Bourjolly, who, after attacking the Flitbas, made some bold excursions in the country of the Kabyles of Garboussa. Everywhere the 3rd and 5th battalion of chasseurs were led by the commander, Canrobert, with singular success. He had been an officer of the legion of honour for two years when Colonel de St. Arnaud, who, in 1845, succeeded Colonel Cavaignac in the command of Orleansville, employed him against Bou-Maza. The chief of the 5th battalion gave glorious co-operation in the affairs of Bahl, Oued-Metmour, Oued-Gri, and Oued-Senzig. In the former he succeeded with 250 bayonets in keeping at bay more than 3,000 men, who could not break his ranks. For this exploit he was appointed lieutenant-colonel on the 26th of October. He was soon afterwards closely blocked up in the town of Tenez, where he had succeeded Colonel Claparède. Eight months of continual

The following circumstances in connection with the battle should not be omitted. A French correspondent relates the annexed account of desperate bravery displayed on both sides:—An Englishman had just planted a camp flag under the fire of the enemy, in order to mark out the position to be taken by a division which was advancing. A Russian left his ranks, ran up to the Englishman, killed him, and took the flag. Another English non-commissioned officer, observing the movement of the Russian, ran in pursuit of him, shot him with his revolver, recovered the flag, and ran as fast as he could back to his ranks; on reaching which he dropped down dead, having received no less than seven balls in his body before he fell.

After the battle our soldiers behaved with great humanity to the Russian wounded, and supplied them with water from their own canteens. In a few instances this noble conduct met with the most ungrateful return. One Russian deliberately fired at and wounded an artilleryman who had just given him some water to quench his burning thirst. An indignant guardsman, who witnessed the act, instantly avenged it. In another instance, a Russian officer was being

assisted from the field (where he had lain for two days severely wounded) by two marines: having begged for some water, he was lifted down; and when he had slaked his thirst, as one of the marines was in the act of turning round to pick him up again, the ungrateful villain shot him dead. His companion resented the cowardly and cruel act; for, seizing a small spar, he beat out the Russian's brains. It seems almost incredible, but it is unhappily true, that several of the Russian wounded fired at our wounded who were lying disabled near them. In consequence of this ferocious display of hatred, the English broke the muskets of the Russian wounded and prisoners off at the stock, and took their cartridges away from them. One Russian officer was found lying dead on the field with a little dog sitting between his legs, a position from which nothing could move him. Another Russian officer—a mere youth—lay with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer.

In the despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud, it is related that Prince Mentschikoff's carriage and coachman were taken. In the carriage were found the full particulars of the English army; a circumstance which

struggles brought about the pacification of the country, and the superior officer to whom this result was due obtained the rank of colonel, upon the scene of his conquests. After having commanded the 2nd regiment of the line, he entered the 2nd of the foreign legion on the 31st of March, 1848, and occupied Bathna. General Herbillon intrusted him at this period with the command of a strong column, with orders to attack and intimidate the mountaineers of the Aures. This order was promptly executed. Colonel Canrobert surprised the enemy at the fort of Djebel-Chelia, defeated him, drove him, sword in hand, as far as Kebech, in the Amer-Kragdon, and made prisoner of the bey, Ahmed. On his return to Bathna he went to Aumale, and took the command of the regiment of Zouaves. In this new post he had again occasion to act vigorously against the Kabyles and the tribes of the Jurjura, whom he succeeded in reducing to submission. But it was particularly in 1849 that Colonel Canrobert displayed an energy above all eulogium. The cholera attacked the garrison of Aumale, whom the events taking place at Zaatcha had led under the walls of that place. What courage, what presence of mind were requisite in the commander of the Zouaves, who thus conducted his soldiers in the midst of the dangers of a daring march, and compelled unceasingly to be the painful witness of their pain! He was everywhere exhorting the sick, attending to their wants, and in passing he sent a reinforcement to the town of Bou Sada, the garrison of which was blockaded, and deceived the enemy, who blocked the passage, by announcing that he brought the plague with him, and that he should infect his assailants. At length he arrived at Zaatcha,

on the 8th of November. On the 26th he commanded with most daring courage one of the attacking columns. Out of four officers and sixteen soldiers who followed him to the breach, sixteen were killed or wounded by his side. As a reward for his conduct he was appointed commander of the legion of honour on the 11th of December, 1849. After having again distinguished himself at the battle of Narah, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade on the 13th of January, 1850, came to Paris, commanded a brigade of infantry there, and was attached in the quality of aide-de-camp to the prince president of the republic, and appointed general of division on the 14th of January, 1853, at the same time retaining his functions as aide-de-camp of the emperor. Three months afterwards he was appointed to command a division of infantry at the camp of Helfaut, and almost at the same time he was selected as inspector of the 5th arrondissement of that force. Placed latterly at the head of the 1st division of infantry of the army of the East, he took a most active part after the commencement of that war, by preparing the difficult operation of landing, and by powerfully co-operating in the victory of the Alma, where he received another wound. It is known that Marshal de St. Arnaud, who could duly appreciate him, had the most entire confidence in his talents and bravery. It is true that the young general had neglected nothing in order to merit that confidence. Before his departure he devoted himself to deep study respecting the scene of the present expedition, as if he had had the presentiment of his future destiny. Such is the general officer for whom is reserved the honour of planting the French flag on the walls of Sebastopol."

indicated how well the spies in the English camp must have done their treacherous work. A letter from an officer serving in the Crimea, thus amusingly alludes to the loss of the Russian general:—Poor Mentschikoff left behind him his carriage and horses; the former being full of boxes, containing most magnificent hussar uniforms, and also portmanteaus of valuable articles. These were quickly ransacked. Watches and jewellery, arms, and fine clothing of every kind were found, which soon exchanged possessors in the persons of our men. The officers came in but for a small portion; though I deemed myself lucky in appropriating to my especial keeping a very compact and useful portmanteau, manufactured from the most esteemed Russian leather. Among the various articles found, was a *pair of white satin slippers*, which made us suspect that the gallant chief was most agreeably attended in his campaign sojourning.

In an intercepted despatch of Prince Mentschikoff to the czar, he promised to hold his position on the heights above the Alma against even 100,000 men, until the cold weather set in, when he stated that he would assume the offensive, and drive the allies into the sea. One account says the despatch was something to this effect:—"Although the English are invincible at sea, they are not to be feared on land; but the French will cause a heavy struggle. The allied armies are not however to be feared, as the fortified camp can withstand any attacking force

three weeks; and certainly half as long as Sebastopol itself." How far Mentschikoff kept his word, the result of the battle proves; but all accounts agree in stating, that the position in the hands of the French or the English would have been almost impregnable. Sir George Brown declared that in the Peninsula struggle, the English had not encountered a position so strong.

Many stragglers who visited the battle-field, bent on picking up what they could, or plundering the dead, made an abundant harvest. One fellow found nine revolvers and fifty sovereigns; and another (a Maltese) was reported to have realised upwards of £150 in gold. A great many rifles of superior workmanship were carried off, together with coats, boots, &c.; and in many cases the gold lace was ripped off the uniforms of the dead.

A very slender pun is attributed to Lord Raglan at Alma. When the armies were drawn up, the French officer who was in attendance on his lordship for the purpose of communicating with the marshal, made some observation upon the appearance of the French wing to the right of the English. "Yes," remarked Lord Raglan, glancing at his empty sleeve, "France owed me an arm, and she has paid me." It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that his lordship lost an arm at Waterloo.*

The news of the victory at Alma was received in England with enthusiastic joy! Well it might be; for it was accompanied by a report, seemingly well corroborated, that

* A few words concerning the career of Lord Raglan may be acceptable to our readers. He was born in 1788, and is the eighth son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, who died in 1803. Lord Raglan, then Lord Fitzroy Somerset, entered the army at the age of sixteen, as cornet in the 4th dragoons. As may be supposed, from the rank of his family, he was rapidly promoted, and became attached to the staff of the late Duke of Wellington, whom in 1807, he accompanied to Denmark. After the defeat of the Danes and the capture of their fleet, the expedition returned triumphantly to England. Lord Fitzroy Somerset afterwards accompanied the illustrious duke to the Peninsula, in the capacity of military secretary and aide-de-camp; and is said to have been honoured with much of the confidence of that great commander. He obtained distinction in the engagements at Fuentes d'Onor on the 3rd and 5th of May, 1811, and in the storming of Badajoz on the night of the 6th of April, 1812, when so many gallant British soldiers fell in front of the walls and in the breach before the victory was accomplished. In the memorable battle of Vittoria, Lord Fitzroy Somerset again distinguished himself by his activity and daring. He won additional honours at the victories of Nevelles, Orthes, and Toulouse, and on his re-

turn to England, with the Duke of Wellington in 1814, he was rewarded for his services with a cross and five clasps. The same year he was united to Emily Harriet, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Mornington. He afterwards served with the famous duke in the memorable campaign of 1815, and was present both at Quatre-Bras and at Waterloo. On the latter field he was, as we have already mentioned, deprived of an arm. Lord Fitzroy Somerset has, during nearly forty years of peace, been known to the public only as an exemplary professional disciplinarian. He has held aloof from political notoriety or distinction, but his principles are, in accordance with those of his family, of a decided conservative character. After the termination of the war he was made secretary to the embassy to the court of France, and was secretary to the master-general of the ordnance from 1819 to 1827. He was made colonel of the 53rd foot in 1830, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in 1838. In 1847, he was made a knight grand-cross of the order of the Bath, and on the death of the Duke of Wellington he was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Raglan, made a privy councillor, and appointed master-general of the ordnance.

Sebastopol had fallen into the hands of the allies. Reflection was lost in joyous excitement; or the actual impossibility of the circumstance might have forced itself on the conviction of those who readily believed what they so ardently hoped. Some were incredulous; and we, amongst others, ventured to express our unbelief of so flattering a report. It was useless: people only listened to sceptics with pity, and suspected them of being devoid of a proper sense of patriotism. What, said they, could be clearer than such telegraphic communications as these:—"A French steamer coming out of the Bosphorus, met another coming from the Crimea, which announced that she was carrying to Constantinople the intelligence of the capture of Sebastopol. The steamer from the Bosphorus touched at Varna to announce this event, of which we expect hourly an official confirmation."—"Another and fuller despatch from Bucharest of the 28th, announces that Sebastopol was taken on the 25th, with all its munitions of war, together with the Russian fleet. The garrison, to which a free retreat, after laying down their arms, was offered, preferred to remain as prisoners of war. This intelligence is confirmed by a despatch from Vienna, which announces as authentic the defeat of the Russians on the Alma, the capture of Sebastopol, and the surrender of the garrison." The next telegraphic communication from Vienna was singularly explicit:—"The French embassy and the Austrian government have received from Bucharest, under date six, P.M., September 30th, the following telegraphic despatch:—"To-day at noon a Tatar arrived from Constantinople, with despatches for Omar Pasha; his highness

being at Silistria, the despatches had to be forwarded to him at that place. The Tatar announces the capture of Sebastopol: 18,000 Russians were killed and wounded; 22,000 made prisoners; Fort Constantine was destroyed, and other forts, mounting 200 guns, taken. Of the Russian fleet, six sail-of-the-line were sunk, and Prince Mentschikoff had retired to the bottom of the bay with the remaining vessels, declaring that he would burn them if the attack continued. The allied commanders had given him six hours to consider, inviting him at the same time to surrender, for the sake of humanity. A French general and three Russian generals, all wounded, have arrived at Constantinople, which city was to be illuminated for ten days!"

The circumstantiality of these and similar communications at length won for them an almost universal belief, not only in London, but in most of the cities of Europe. The enthusiasm they created was overthrown by the arrival, on the 5th of October, of correct intelligence, from which it was seen that, so far from Sebastopol having been taken, it had not even been attacked, and that the fleet, reported to have been destroyed, was riding at anchor within its harbour. The telegraph had spread over Europe the inventions of dishonesty, or the delusions of exaggeration. Unhappily, British blood was destined to flow in torrents, and thousands of English and French to lay beneath the soil of the Crimea before the obstinacy of the czar could be broken, and before it could be said of the adamantine fortress of Sebastopol—"Behold her glory is in the dust, her pride is overthrown, and her towers are ruins."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM PERSONS ENGAGED IN, OR SPECTATORS OF, THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE ALMA; CRUEL NEGLECT OF OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS; STATE OF THE COLOMBO; HORROR EXCITED IN ENGLAND, AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PATRIOTIC FUND; MISS NIGHTINGALE AND HER STAFF OF NURSES.

IN the foregoing chapter we have recorded the events of the memorable and illustrious battle of the Alma, in which British troops showed that they had not lost aught of their courage, endurance, and other high military

qualities, during forty years of peace. Our account necessarily omits much that is interesting, together with many of those individual cases of heroism which, on such a day, must have occurred. In presenting at

one view the whole, much that is highly interesting naturally falls into perspective. Many officers and men engaged in the battle have sketched, in letters to their friends, accounts of what fell under their immediate notice. Such accounts, penned under the excitement of the moment, and in some cases on the field of battle, are of course more dashing, lifelike, and truthful than second-hand relations, or editorial compressions. We propose, therefore, to devote a chapter entirely to these communications; and we feel convinced that the information they contain will be accepted readily, if not greedily, by our readers. Not this age alone, but posterity, for many generations, will feel mingled emotions of pride and pain on reading the particulars of the heroism and suffering displayed by their countrymen on the blood-stained heights of Alma! The first letter we present is the production of an officer in the naval service of France; but we anticipate that it will be none the less welcome on account of its being penned by one connected with the navy of our brave ally:—

Alma Roads—off the Crimea, Sept. 22.

The battle, which began at noon on the 20th, was a complete victory. At six o'clock in the evening, night alone rescued the Russians from a most terrible destruction. They retreated to their entrenched camp at Katcha, ten miles to the south of this. But to take things in their order:—On the 19th the allied army, encamped on the shore at Old Fort, where it had landed, struck its tents. All the French divisions moved first, with the brave 1st division of the gallant Canrobert at their head. Our order of march was *en losange*, and the English, forming the two north flanks, marched after us. We were aware that the Russians were encamped on the left bank of the Alma. The right bank is very low, but the left bank, on the contrary, rises abruptly in peaks, lifting its crests to the height of a hundred feet. On the north, by which we were to debouch, is an immense plain, stretching with a gentle rise to the watercourse of Zembruck, parallel to and two miles north of the Alma. At the foot of the steeps on the left bank of the Alma there is a village, the greater part of which occupies the right bank. This village is full of trees, and is intersected by numerous enclosures planted with vines.

The Alma is only passable at three points in the course of its last mile, close to its mouth. Even at its mouth it is barred by a

narrow bank which only affords a passage for one man at a time in front. Following its course, about a mile and a-quarter higher up is a bridge which passes through the upper end of the village; it leads to a valley shut in between the mountains which stretch on-wards towards the east and the plateaux of which I have spoken, which reach to the sea and command the river. Higher up the Alma towards the east the stream diminishes, and its bed is fordable in many places.

Mentschikoff, solidly established on the heights of the left bank, and occupying the village at his feet, with 45,000 men, of whom 12,000 were of the guard, and 3,000 dragoons, and having crowned the steep ground and the opening of the village on the valley by which the steep ground is terminated towards the east with a numerous artillery, and thinking his position was impregnable, had written to his master (as we learnt from his correspondence of the 21st, which we have seized),—"I am awaiting the French in an impassable position; even if there are 200,000 of them I shall throw them into the sea."

All this description is indispensable thoroughly to catch the *ensemble* of the action which follows. While the formidable lozenge, the point in front, marched over the ten marine miles which separate Alma from Old Fort, the fleet followed. The weather was fine, and there was a slight breeze from the south-west. The sailing-vessels were towed by the steamers and the frigates. The light steamers sailed close in-shore, sounding, and signalling the depth as they went. A little off from the shore were the four steam-frigates *Vauban*, *Descartes*, *Canada*, and *Caffarelli*, and then, further out still, in a parallel line, the men-of-war. The night before all our other frigates and nearly all our transports had left for Varna to embark the cavalry, of which we are completely deficient, and 10,000 men of the reserve. Of course, we on board the fleet sailed faster than the army marched, so that by noon on the 19th we were all anchored off the mouth of the Alma; the men-of-war found themselves in eight or nine fathoms water about two miles off the shore. The old *Vauban*, anchored in four fathoms, was in front of the river at a distance of three or four cables off. Her bow guns carried to sixteen cables, so that she could sweep about a mile and a-quarter of the shore; unfortunately, the steep of the right bank which commanded her was 100 feet high, and was four cables from the



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shore. The Russian pieces perched up above could have riddled us with impunity, but, happily, they were terrified by the sight of so many vessels, the position of which they mistook, and they retired into the interior out of the reach of our guns. Only their Finland riflemen, who, we are told, are sharp active fellows, began firing on us from some of the nearest crests, where they lay on the flat of their bellies, taking aim at us. The *Roland*, the *Lavoisier*, *Berthollet*, *Primauguet*, *Vauban*, *Spitfire*, *Caton*, and *Caffarelli* threw some shells at them, which quickly cleared the coast.

At noon our advanced guard crowned the hillocks of Zembruck, and was only separated from the enemy by the wide plain of a mile and a-quarter across, which stretches from Zembruck to the Alma. The plan of the marshal, we knew, was to halt for a time at Zembruck, showing only the heads of his columns, in order to draw down some of the Russians into the plain on the right of the Alma. Canrobert was to creep round to the east, and at a given moment to turn round and fall on the right of the Russians engaged in the plain, when the enemy, attacked on the right flank and in front, would be pent up in a corner, and driven down to the sea under the fire of our batteries. Up to two o'clock in the afternoon Mentschikoff remained in his intrenchments on the inaccessible plateau of the left bank without stirring. At two o'clock, however, taking our motionless attitude at Zembruck for hesitation caused by his formidable position, he detached a strong column of cavalry (dragoons of the guard) down to the plain, followed and supported by a brigade of infantry, marching in close column. Attention; now the drama is about to begin. Grouped on the poop, in the tops, on the yards, in the shrouds, breathless with excitement and emotion, we had a capital view of the field; nothing escaped us; we could distinguish the uniforms of the regiments, the arms they carried—everything, in fact. Oh, the glorious and beautiful spectacle! two armies were about to join battle under our eyes. Our friends, our brethren in arms, at last were on the point of finding themselves face to face with the enemy so long wished for, so long desired. France was about to cross swords with Russia—how great the duel! And now the Russian cavalry deploys; it executes beautiful manoeuvres, the harmony and the precision of which we admire. It skirmishes with our

outposts; several volleys of artillery are fired at it; it replies, and the Russian infantry, forming in squares, marches resolutely to support it. But our front stirs not; the English troops are not yet in line, and it is impossible for the marshal to venture a general engagement to-day. At four o'clock the English arrive; but it is too late for a forward movement. The army pitches its tents and prepares for a bivouac. Thereupon Mentschikoff exults, and promises himself to demolish us finely to-morrow. At a quarter-past four Canrobert's division, which has succeeded in stealing a flank march, makes its appearance in the east of the plain. All the Russian squadrons deploy on the right, form a great circle, and charge hotly on our division. The division halts, forms three squares, flanked by its artillery, and awaits the attack. How my heart beat—if they should be crushed by that mass of 3,000 horsemen launched on them at full gallop! But, no! a terrible fire of cannon and musketry receives them, horses fall to the ground, a still greater number escape without riders in all directions, and the mass of cavalry flies in disorder, and seeks a refuge behind the infantry, where it re-forms. Bravo, bravo, the fire has begun; the Muscovite has turned tail! Soon Canrobert has reached about half-way along our front; he defies the enemy. The cavalry, ashamed of its first defeat, tries for a revenge. Its columns are re-formed, massed together closer than before, and the charge begins more rapid and more furious than the first. But a close discharge stops and breaks the rolling mass; the earth is strewn with corpses, and the routed dragoons fly to recover themselves behind the Muscovite squares. No doubt the general who commanded the infantry was horribly enraged at seeing the fine cavalry of the guard disbanding themselves in so disgraceful a fashion under the eyes of both armies, for this time he received the fugitives with a general discharge, which surprised us much, and, I own, made us laugh heartily. But it was now seven o'clock, and both parties withdrew to their own encampment.

Sept. 20th.—A fine sky, smooth sea, and radiant sun. Our troops strike their tents, and are in motion at six o'clock. The English are in line, and occupy the left of our army. The Turks are at the extreme right resting on the sea. From our vessel we could see all the Russian positions. Can-

Robert's attempt the day before to turn their right has put Mentschikoff on his mettle against this manœuvre. So we find that since the night before a movement has been made towards the right to strengthen it. The centre of the Russian army is massed in the valley which faces the bridge over the Alma; its left, which has been withdrawn about three-quarters of a mile from the sea, covers the heights which look over the river, and which are a continuation of the peaked hills near the mouth of the river; its right covers all the heights which command the valley to the east; and, lastly, its advanced guard, with all the riflemen, occupy the village on both the banks of the river. A formidable artillery protects the front and the flanks on every eminence in front of the valley, and in front of the river they have strong redoubts. Mentschikoff occupies the tower of a telegraph-station, from which he has a view of the country for nine miles round. The marshal and Lord Raglan have agreed on the same dispositions as the night before, except that this time there was no longer any question of throwing the Russian army into the sea, for it had withdrawn itself at least two miles; but the point was to surround and envelope it in the valley in which it was massed. It was settled that the English, who formed the right wing, should march to the east, and then turning round with a sweep to the right, should outflank the Russian right wing. On our right, the Turks and the division of General Bosquet were to follow the sea and outflank the Russian left wing, which had left a considerable space unoccupied between it and the shore, and were then to turn round on the Russian left and rear. The marshal was to attack the front by the village and the bridge leading to the valley where the strength of the Russians was massed, but he was to time his movement so as to occupy the attention of the enemy and allow time for our two wings to outflank him. These were the dispositions agreed on, and towards seven o'clock our army commenced to move without attempt at concealment. At ten o'clock there was a general halt; the soldiers were ordered to take a meal, and an hour's rest was allowed them. The Russians remained quiet, waiting the shock in their formidable positions. One thing surprised us on board very much—that Mentschikoff had completely abandoned the defence of the peaked heights which defended his left. A few

guns and a handful of soldiers defending the ravines which pierced that wall of 100 feet high, would have been enough to stop all our army. We learnt afterwards from the prisoners who were taken, that he had abandoned the defence of this line which covered his left, regarding it as absolutely impassable even for goats. He did not know our Zouaves! From ten to eleven o'clock Mentschikoff, having no idea of our plan of outflanking him on both wings, and not seeing the cross-movement of the English, which was covered by the mountains in the east, thought again, as he had done the night before, that we were hesitating, dispirited, and disconcerted by the obstacles before us. "Decidedly," said he to the officers of his staff, "these French have had enough. I shall be obliged to go and help them to re-embark a little quicker." At eleven o'clock the marshal launched his right along the side of the river, and we could see the chasseurs, the Zouaves, and the Turks coming along at a run—it is clear that the marshal supposes that the English have had time enough to make their movement to the left. Then we see all our centre in motion, and advancing in good order on the village. At noon it approaches that position, which is covered by a cloud of Russian skirmishers. The cannon roars, and the fire spreads everywhere. During this time we see our right pass the river at its mouth; other columns push higher, passing the river any way they can. Very soon we are astonished to see our men climbing these inaccessible peaks, clinging to everything, and swarming along like ants. After twenty minutes' climbing, we see them rising on the crest of the hill, crowning every elevation, and before Mentschikoff could have believed his eyes, we had 10,000 men outflanking him on his right. Then he bethinks him of driving back the danger, and launches against Bosquet's cavalry thirty pieces of artillery and several columns of infantry. It is too late, though. Our troops give way not a foot; six pieces of our artillery have succeeded in passing the bridge, and advance to support Bosquet. The formidable artillery of the Russians pierces us and makes lanes through our ranks; but our brave fellows stand their ground, and soon reinforcements arrive. Our centre carries the village, and all the Russian riflemen are driven out or killed. Soon we are so strong on the left of the Russians, and their attention is so fixed on

their centre, menaced by the marshal, that they leave us undisturbed masters of the heights towards the sea. Bosquet profits by this to push ahead and to occupy the road to Katcha with his division, so as to bar the retreat by that. All goes well in that quarter; but there are no signs of the English on the left wing. The marshal cannot advance too far, because our centre would be uncovered on the right. At two o'clock all the village is ours, and the left bank is conquered; at three o'clock we attack the Russian centre, a battery is taken in a redoubt, we press the left of the Russians, and we force them to concentrate all their efforts on the centre and the left. For three hours three of our divisions and an English division had all the Russian army on their hands. At last, at half-past three, there is a great movement visible on the right of the Russians. It is the English troops making their appearance. They advance rapidly; but, in approaching, obstacles, arising from the nature of the ground, no doubt prevent them from taking the Russian army in flank, and they make a flank march, so as to get in front of the valley and of the Russian masses. They are in two parallel lines. The Russians resolve to attack them, and all at once three enormous columns, which formed the Russian order of battle on the right, formed close column, fixed bayonets, and rushed at a run on the first line of the English. This resists; the second line rushes to its support, and then the lines in front, which unroll themselves like long serpents, lap over at the extremities, enclosing the Russians between them. In this order of attack, the English, by stretching out a little, have the great advantage of being able to surround the enemy.

If the centre of the English lines had been pierced, all was over—the English army would have been destroyed; but these brave fellows bore the shock without breaking, and at this very moment a French battery of horse artillery came up and took the Russian mass on its left flank. Then came a frightful pell-mell; there was no more firing; they stabbed one another with the bayonet. At the end of a quarter-of-an-hour the Russian mass was destroyed, and the English lines, re-forming in close order to close up the numerous gaps, rushed on the Russian right. From that time all went down before us, and the Russians were soon in full retreat. If we had cavalry,

the Russian army would have been annihilated. Our artillerymen pursued them until six o'clock, firing on the mass without cessation, and Bosquet saluted them as they passed with a heavy fire. At seven o'clock our columns returned to the Russian camp, and encamped for the night on the field so gloriously won. On the morrow (the 21st) the first care was to relieve the wounded and bury the dead. The allies had 1,000 killed, and 2,000 wounded. The Russians had 8,000.

One can scarcely form an idea of the wonderful manner in which our soldiers fight, accustomed to African warfare, and attacking with surprising resolution, but with a marvellous intelligence too. Are they before a battery—quick—you see them break up into skirmishers, killing from afar, but without presenting a mark for the enemy to fire at. The same before a square; but when it comes to the charge—when they have thrown disorder into a column—you see them form quickly in a lump and charge with the bayonet. The brave English are still the iron columns which advance intrepidly to the slaughter without hurry and without receding a foot. When Lord Raglan saw our divisions of the right climbing the gigantic walls of the heights which shut in the river, he applauded and shouted—"They are not men, they are lions and tigers."

The brave English are enchanted with their allies, and they, who are good judges of bravery, think we have laboured well, for yesterday wherever they saw a Frenchman they saluted him with frantic cheering. Prince Napoleon has displayed wonderful coolness and ardour, so that the night after the battle, one of the Zouaves summarised the general opinion of him by declaring that he was "a finished trooper, and ought for sure to have served in the old guard." Yesterday and to-day we have collected and embarked the wounded, the Russians as well as our own. I have visited the field of battle. What a terrible spectacle! There were some places where the Russians lay so thick that earth had been thrown on them in a heap, without attempting to dig a hole to receive them. The earth was strewed with arms and *débris* of all sorts. To-morrow we march for Katcha, ten miles from this. Will the Russians await us there? They must be completely demoralised, for we have just given them a thorough beating, and in the most

formidable position you can imagine. Thence we shall fall on Sebastopol all together, and, with God's help, we shall draw this claw from the northern bear's paw.

The following two letters are from an English naval officer, and from a medical officer attached to one of her majesty's ships:—

The River Alma, Sept. 21st.

I have just walked over a battle-field—the field of Alma, one which will occupy a brilliant page in our history. From a magnificent position, the finest in the world for an opposing army, the Russians, with an army of 40,000 men and 100 guns, the flower of the czar's forces, were yesterday, in three hours, driven by the allied forces like so many dogs. Had we had cavalry they would have been entirely cut to pieces while in retreat, and all their guns taken; as it is, the result of the battle is, for us, the position gained by our army, and on the part of the Russians the moral sense of their having been thoroughly beaten, in addition to their material losses: the highest exultation of feeling is universal in the allied army. Two Russian guns were taken, and two generals, who are wounded. The guns are fine brass pieces, one of them a 24 or 30-pounder brass howitzer. Our loss is important and great. The 23rd royal Welsh fusiliers suffered very severely, as also the 95th (Derbyshire),—it is the first time this regiment has met an enemy in the field,—and the grenadier guards, 7th royal fusiliers, 33rd (Duke of Wellington's), 93rd highlanders, and 55th. The remaining regiments, cavalry and infantry, suffered but little in proportion, and the loss of the royal artillery was not great. In the fleet, the tops and rigging of the ships were filled with officers and men viewing the engagement; with a good glass the whole of the scene, from the right to the extreme left, was visible even to details, and a glorious sight it was. I would have given all I possessed to be with them; but our turn will come next. The victory was most decisive, and, as our artillery gained the position on the heights, whole lanes were mowed down in the retreating columns of the Russians; yet we hear to day (by the *Sampson*, just arrived) that Prince Mentschikoff and Gortschakoff, who were yesterday, in person, making the utmost use of their heels, have to-day had the impudence to cause salutes to be fired in Sebastopol, the ships to be dressed, and perhaps have sung their last

Te Deum for their ignominious flight! The position they occupied was magnificent, and their generals calculated upon holding it for three weeks. Lord Raglan allowed himself three days for its capture; and the whole was finished, from the first shot to the last, in less than three hours. It will be rather difficult, fresh as one is from all the details of the field, to know exactly where to begin the description, but I will try a journal-like form, which, though of course very imperfect, may give some idea of the proceedings; for it is rather difficult to arrange one's ideas after the scenes I have just witnessed.

Sept. 19th.—In the early light of the morning the fleet beheld the armies in motion, French and Turks composing the right wing and the British the left, extending four or five miles into the country. At ten o'clock the fleets were under weigh and proceeding southward upon the right flank of the army; the whole a curious combination of naval and military force. Before us, and to the left, rose dense masses of smoke, and shortly after mid-day two French regiments passed over the embers of a burning village; at two o'clock the allied forces had gained the summit of an easy elevation, from which the ground gradually slopes to an extended plain, at the foot of which are the village and river of Alma; beyond rise the heights, abrupt and precipitous, for about two miles distance from the sea, and, extending far inland, take the form of steep grassy hills, the surface of which is broken by defiles and ravines. Upon these heights was seen the Russian army, standing to their arms; and now the two armies (having between them a distance of about four miles) first look upon each other. Our troops halt upon the elevation I have spoken of; meanwhile large bodies of Russian cavalry and artillery form upon the plain, and, leaving some infantry in their rear, advance towards our right centre, perhaps a *reconnaissance*, only to make a precipitate retreat; for the French (under cover of a rise) advance two or three guns, and open an effective fire upon them with a few shot and shell, after which a few horses are seen to start riderless from the Russian column. Our troops encamp, and as the night advances the watchfires of the opposing armies twinkle in the darkness like the lights of two rival cities. The fleets also lie quietly at their anchorage at the mouth of the river Alma, each ship as close in as her draught of water permits.

Heavy firing had been heard during the

afternoon in the direction of Sebastopol, where we know the *Terrible* to be stationed.

Sept. 20th.—At daybreak the combined army were in motion, and their dark masses became gradually more defined to us in the gray of the morning; the tops of the ships were again filled with anxious spectators, and at eight o'clock we beheld a body of French light cavalry and light infantry close upon the banks towards the mouth of the Alma; these were followed, shortly after eleven o'clock, by the cavalry and artillery of the right flank of the French army, destined to attack the enemy's left; they passed close to the cliff, and splendid fellows they looked, their arms and accoutrements gleaming and flashing in the bright sunlight. Now a cavalry picket dashes across the sandy pit formed at the river's mouth, and in a twinkling gain the opposite heights, and take their survey of the plateau then before them; then come the tirailleurs, and by half-past twelve o'clock large bodies of infantry are assembled beneath the western heights. Meanwhile the skirmishers to the left approach and cross the river there. At one o'clock the first shots are exchanged; the skirmishers, who have gained the heights, meanwhile clear them towards the road; and the artillery, having gained their position, open a smart fire towards a large mound and a redoubt. Further towards the centre, the light infantry (*chasseurs* and *Zouaves*) are rapidly overcoming the difficulty of the river and its precipitous banks, and some are soon seen scrambling up the heights, under a very severe fire from the Russians, and nothing could be more splendid than the action of the *chasseurs* and *Zouaves*, as, slowly advancing, they scale the steep hills in the face of Russian ambuscades and skirmishers. From my "top" I could see the whole engaged line, from the French to the extreme left of the British; it was, indeed, a glorious sight. As the *chasseurs* advanced, they found ambuscades in each ravine and the firing hot and strong. One after the other was cleared, and many a poor fellow was stretched on the grass by the time the top was gained. A body of retreating Russians retreated into the redoubt, from the walls of which, under shelter, they dealt great destruction to the poor *Zouaves*. Twice was the redoubt surrounded, and twice the clustering *Zouaves* were driven from it. Then an overwhelming mass enveloped it; a brave fellow is seen, assisted

by his comrades, to scramble up the wall; he gains the top; a tricolour is thrown to him immediately, and the next moment is planted on the wall, and he who threw the colour, and he who planted it fall dead. This occurred at half-past two o'clock. On the extreme left (about four miles, or perhaps a little more, inland) the Russian artillery is playing upon the advancing English at long range, but with great effect; a village has been fired between our troops and the river, and the Russian position is concealed by the thick smoke, while their guns are already trained upon the ground by which the English must advance; but the dense smoke of the village is soon passed and the river forded. Our artillery passed over a bridge made where some stone piers had been left by the Russians. Numbers of our brave soldiers are seen breast-high in many parts of the river, and an immense quantity of ammunition in the men's pouches is rendered useless; a bank, in many places ten or twelve feet high, and frequently perpendicular, is scrambled up; from the ship we can see the English slowly and surely advancing from the hollow under a perpetual cannonade, wedgelike at first, but gradually assuming an extended front; then a cloud of skirmishers meet those of the Russians, and both appear to meet and become confused together, amid a constant spitting of musketry; then, too, our artillery begin to bear, having been hitherto useless against the range of the heavy Russian guns, which now pour forth grape and case with murderous effect, and from a long extended breastwork, turned at the flanks, a battery tells awfully. The Russian skirmishers retire, and the 23rd and 7th fusiliers double over the parapet and take the work; but these are in their turn compelled to retire, and the work is again carried by the brave 95th regiment, aided by the grenadier guards; and here the heavy Russian gun was taken; the rest were horsed and away. The ranks of our brave regiments were awfully thinned during the conflict. And now commences the Russian retreat. Our artillery occupy the post hitherto held by the Russians, and mow down their retreating columns, and the victory of the Alma is gained. The last gun was fired at four o'clock. The 55th and 33rd suffered considerably. When at the river the 47th threw away their packs and acted as light infantry.

Two Russian generals have been taken

among the wounded. One of them is now on board the *Agamemnon*. He is very sulky, and says he thought he "was to have fought against men, not against devils dressed in red." The other general was found underneath a soldier's coat, with his son, both wounded, on the 21st. He says he was glad to be wounded by one of the queen's guards, adding that he should not have liked to be wounded "by any of those people in petticoats" (highlanders.) The royal artillery lost four officers; one of them (Captain Dew) had the upper half of his head cut off by a ball. The 95th lost six officers killed and twelve wounded. It was the maiden fight of the 95th, and they well earned a name to inscribe on the colours, which are so riddled through and through as to render the word "Derbyshire" difficult to be spelt. The greatest loss was in the Welsh fusiliers. I saw great numbers of them lying around the breastwork killed and wounded; four captains, a major, and the colonel of this regiment I saw lying dead together—a ghastly sight! How horrible that such an awful sacrifice should be entirely owing to the obstinacy and ambition of one man! The number of dead and wounded Russians lying around the breastwork when I visited it was enormous. Those of our brave guardsmen, 7th, 23rd, highlanders, and 95th (poor fellows!) in front of it, showed how fierce had been the assault. Just at the close of the action an officer of ours gave a wounded Russian some spirits from his flask to drink; the scoundrel in return shot him in the back as he turned to leave him, and was of course bayoneted immediately. During the action a wounded Russian, being on the ground, cut with his sword at the English soldiers; they quickly placed him beyond reach of annoying their comrades in the rear. The Zouave who scaled the wall of the redoubt was sergeant-major of the regiment, and the giver of the colours was a corporal. "*Pauvres garçons*," said a comrade, "their death was a great loss to them. To-day they would have been decorated."

The country over which the troops are this morning passing by the river Katcha (or Kara) is beautiful, and magnificent trees spring from it. General Brown and Sir De Lacy Evans were the admiration of their soldiers. All the Russian dead have on their persons a small metal Greek cross; also a brass plate, bearing upon it the effigy

of St. Nicholas. The helmets of the imperial guard were strewn around the breastwork in immense numbers. The Russians had all their ranges marked down the hill by cross sticks, so as to know the exact distance of our advancing troops, and the consequent elevation of their guns. We hear that Prince Mentschikoff was very ill, seated in an arm-chair in the rear at the summit of the hill, with his carriage *convenient*. Nothing could exceed the kindness of our officers towards the Russian wounded, they going over the field with a plentiful supply of brandy, and administering it where wanted, equally to them as our own men. From the ships, officers and seamen, and the whole of the marines, were lauded to convey the wounded to the boats as soon as the firing ceased; yesterday, too, they were occupied in a similar manner.

There have been some extraordinary wounds. A private in the guards had a button of his coat struck in the centre by a Minié rifle ball; the button, partially entering, caused a severe contusion of the rib, but saved his life. One of our poor fellows was struck by a cannon-ball at the moment of raising his hand; the ball drove the hand and arm right through the body. The Polish regiment was carefully placed between two Russian ones, to look after it.

The *Himalaya* is in sight with the welcome addition of the Scots Grays. The 57th regiment, from Corfu, without a single case of sickness, arrived yesterday.

A Russian colonel was taken yesterday by the English outposts; also a Russian nobleman: the latter was liberated on supplying 100 arabas and oxen to the army, which were speedily gathered from his serfs.

Her Majesty's ship —, at anchor off the forts of Sebastopol, Sept. 25th.

For the past two days I have been literally in a sea of blood, as I have been employed attending on the wounded Russians on the battle-field of the Alma. No description I could give would realise the horrors of war—the dead, the dying, horses, guns, carriages *pêle mêle*—headless trunks, bodices minus arms or legs, mutilation of every sort and kind,—that my blood almost freezes at the recollection. Every available hut was improvised into an operating theatre, and under every disadvantage we performed the most formidable surgical operations. You may judge how expeditiously we had to get through things when I mention that I

extracted twenty-three balls in less than three hours. Dressings were out of the question. Our surgical bivouacs were readily known by the number of legs and arms strewn around the scene of our labours. Indeed, I cannot liken the field of battle, for the two days after the fight, to anything better than an *abattoir*. My assistant for compressing arteries was the first passer-by, and when his nerve failed him, I had to wait until someone else came up. I will not say much for the result of my amputations, as directly one was concluded I laid him on a bed of hay or straw, and left him to the *vis medicatrix nature*. In the redoubts the Russian dead lay literally heaped on each other. Nearly all the balls I extracted were Minié ones. Report says there were 47,000 Russians on the field. They held the most formidable position any army could occupy; but the bulldog courage of our troops overcame everything, and in five hours they were masters of every commanding position, and the Russian hosts were in full retreat. No one, I believe, knows the Russian loss. I counted myself more than 400 Russians dead in less than three acres, and the wounded were beyond my calculation. Their supplications, as I passed through them, were heartrending: when I had attended one, there were twenty unintelligible supplications from those around me to give them my surgical aid. Our soldiers behaved in the most humane manner towards the wounded. I wish I could say as much for the Turks. The latter attacked the retreating Russian army, and those who were not killed by their fire, they bayoneted, and cried "Sinope!" to them. Our army remained at Alma for two days after the action, to attend to the wounded; and when they left there were many of the enemy still unoperated upon. We have sent down there to-day a line-of-battle ship to look after the rest, but I fear death will have played sad havoc among them. The Russians never look after their wounded, and on our march here (only five miles) we fell in with 500 wounded Russian soldiers.

The battle was fought in sight of the whole fleet. Nothing could be more exciting than to see the successive charges of our infantry. If we had had 5,000 cavalry, we should have made prisoners of one-half of the Russian army, and all their guns would have fallen to us. With the means we had, we performed prodigies. I have no end of trophies in the shape of muskets,

swords, helmets, &c., and in a few days I hope to add to them considerably from the spoil of Sebastopol. A letter I took from the pocket of a Russian officer I sent to the admiral, thinking it might contain some useful information; but the interpreter has discovered it was only a love-letter from the mistress of one of the officers, wishing him a speedy victory over the enemy, and a quick return to her arms. This dream, however, will not be realised; he was shot through the heart. All the Russian soldiers wore long boots, which our blue-jackets prize, and each man took a pair. The mode of measuring was somewhat novel. The sailors sat down, and placed the soles of their shoes in opposition with those of the dead, when, if the length corresponded, the Muscovite was speedily unbooted. The Turkish troops were very busy pillaging the dead—an occupation which most of us were employed in, more or less. I did not, however, come across any sabres in my explorations. We, however, shall have grand "looting" at Sebastopol, when my China experience may avail me. This is a horrible way to talk, and, no doubt, will shock you much; but it is one of the concomitants of grim war, and, perhaps, one of the most agreeable. We have found the peasantry very useful, and they willingly come forward with their waggons, which we hire for the transport of baggage, stores, &c. They are for the most part drawn by bullocks, but there are many drawn by dromedaries. The Russians burnt everything on our road.

Sept. 28th.—I resume my unconnected yarn, to say that we are in possession of everything south of the town, and lit up the lighthouse last night. The enemy have men stationed in all the public buildings, to set fire to them directly we breach the citadel. This measure will, I suppose, only spare us the trouble of doing it. The Russians have sunk three line-of-battle ships and some frigates in the narrow channel leading to the harbour, to prevent our ships getting in. Our only chance now of co-operating with the army will be for us to attack the outer ports.

The next is a very interesting letter from a private artilleryman.

Heights of Alma, Sept. 21st.

My dear —,—This is the day after the battle, and I feel grateful that I am spared to write you a short but imperfect account of our operations since landing in the Crimea.

We landed on the 17th inst., the greater part of our infantry regiments having done so the previous evening, at a place near Eupatoria, and on the 19th made a day's march towards Sebastopol. On coming towards the end of our march a party of Russian Cossacks appeared above the brow of a hill on our front; our cavalry, Skelton's battery, and a troop of horse artillery charged up, a little fighting took place, and they bolted, leaving a few dead behind; we lost one man, and one or two wounded. Next morning—that is, the 20th—we were early astir, as we knew the enemy was strong on our front, but did not advance far during the morning. In front of our position, extending for some distance, was a long, low hill, and about a mile further back a range of high hills. As there was reason to suppose them to be in force behind the first rise, we made a very cautious advance, until a column of Russian infantry appeared above the crest of it, when we moved on in earnest, and they retreated in double time, and joined their columns on the high hill in our front. When we saw the strong position they occupied, we made up our minds for a bit of warm work, but did not in the least anticipate such a very warm reception as they had prepared for us. At the foot of this hill runs a town of about a mile's length, and between the town and the hill a river of moderate depth and width, on the opposite side of which the Russians were posted. Now was the time; we were about to make a rush across, when, all of a sudden, the town, which had been deserted and filled with straw, blazed out in fifty places; the Russians had fired it to raise a smoke in front of us; and before we had recovered from our surprise at this manœuvre, there came from all points and along the front of the hill a perfect shower of 18, 24, and 36 shot. The villains had completely fortified the whole face with garrison guns from Sebastopol. After an instant's thought, the greater part of our infantry was sent back out of range, and French and British artillery to the front into action, and the battle had begun. Our shrapnel shells walked in more sharply, and for about three hours we kept hard at it, until they began to rather slacken fire, and we moved to the rear to repair damages. Our battery had then lost —, shot through the head; H., the same; a man named G., head knocked off; B., shot through; this was all of our battery killed. Corporal R., leg

broken; he is doing well, and is not likely to lose the limb; A. R., one arm and both hands gone; G., lost a leg; W., lost a leg; W., both legs broken; and one or two slightly wounded. Our battery has suffered more than any other.

After we had repaired damages we went at it again, but they had gained a footing on the top of the hill, and were advancing in gallant style. Our infantry had also advanced nearly up to the batteries amid great slaughter on both sides, so that their fire was taken off us, and our batteries dashed through the river and up the hill after them as hard as they could. Our lads—I mean the 2nd brigade of infantry—charged up to the muzzles of their guns, and bayoneted them in their own batteries. The rest of the battle was all on our side; the world against a China orange; in fact, they bolted; we charged over the brow of the hill, and saw them in full cut. Our battery was now on level ground, and the only one up; we galloped a few hundred yards forward, and gave them a farewell round from our guns in time to open a line through the last of their retreating columns, so that B battery has got the honour of the first and last shot in the action. We have taken some handsome brass guns, which are to be embarked for England. I don't know how many prisoners we have; we have not lost one. I went over the field this morning; it was dreadful to look at the thousands of killed and wounded stretched on the ground. There are at least six Russians to one of ours, including our French comrades.

The scamps made sure of not being shifted for a month at least. I hear that Prince Mentschikoff told them he should have us all prisoners in a short time, as it was impossible for us to take possession of the hill, or even to cross the river, in the face of their heavy guns. What does he think of it now? and what will he think when we knock at Sebastopol in a day or two? Our army are all employed in taking up wounded and burying dead. We attend to the Russians as well as our own. Jack N—— is all right; he was sent on duty away from the camp, and could not write, as we had only two hours' warning that letters would be sent to-day. He is quite well, and desires his love to Mrs. N—— and the children, and to be remembered to you; like me, he is annoyed at there being no means of sending you both some cash. No pay has been

given out this month, and will not until we are again settled for a day or two, and no means of sending home what we have for you upon us. . . . Kiss my baby a thousand times. I thought much of you all in the battle. . . . God bless you all.—G. P.

This, also, is from a soldier of humble rank, who is not a very brilliant penman; but his plain, truthful narrative will be relished more than the rhetorical flourishes of imagination:—

Bivouac, Touzel, Sept. 21st, 1854.

Crimea, twelve miles from Sebastopol.

My dear S—,—I ought to be very thankful to God for sparing me to write to you this night, when so many of my brothers in arms are lying dead around me. . . . I have to inform you that we met our enemy yesterday, and they showed us a full front, with, I believe, a much more powerful force than we were. The first shot was fired at half-past one o'clock, I believe, from our fleets; then one from the Russians. There was a very large village between us and them, which they set fire to as soon as the fight began, which caused us great disadvantage, as we could not see them for the smoke; but as soon as the smoke cleared off we soon showed them what the English could do. I do assure you they were completely mowed down by dozens by our artillery, who did their work to the satisfaction of all. I must tell you that when we came up the Russians held a fine position—one which the English, with half their number, would have held against the whole world. It was on the side of a very high hill, with the whole face of it covered with intrenchments and strong batteries. They fought well for about three hours; then they began to fall back completely paralysed as our men began to get close up to them; at one time some of our regiments were only twelve paces from them, and such daring courage completely astonished them. Then they began to throw away their knapsacks and run as fast as their legs could carry them, and our army cheering in all directions. I cannot give any account of what number we have killed; but they have lost about six to one of us. My regiment was not engaged the whole time, as we were the reserve; so we had only five wounded, and that slightly, although the balls were flying over our heads in all directions. The fight lasted about five hours. After they ran over the top of the hill, our regiment, with

five others that were in reserve, were ordered to follow them; but, owing to their throwing away their things, they were able to run well, so they got off, but our cavalry soon overtook them and used the sword to them, and made heads and arms fly in the air; and our artillery soon gained the hill and threw a few shells in among them. I can assure you it was an awful sight to see the dead lying about; in some places we could not walk without walking over them. I will not attempt to describe the sight, as it is too disgusting, but I never wish to see the like again. It certainly looked very grand from the distance; when it commenced I was a long way in the rear, but as we advanced and came among the dead it became awful. I cannot describe my feelings at seeing so many poor souls lying dead, and the cries and groans of the wounded. The bands are employed carrying away the wounded on stretchers to the rear for the doctor to dress their wounds, so that we are not so much exposed as the others. We are now, I believe, twelve miles from Sebastopol, and there is another hill similar to the one we have taken; but from what we can make out the whole army has retired right into Sebastopol. We do not think they will face us again until we arrive there. We have taken a great many prisoners, and with them some officers, and they say that the Russians will never fight as hard again as they did yesterday; they acknowledge themselves that Old Nicholas came to inspect this place himself, and told his men that all the English and French in the world would not take it from them. What will he say when he hears they lost it in three hours? I must certainly say the French fought well; in fact, we owe a great deal to them; they are very daring fellows; they fear no danger. . . . I don't think we shall advance to-morrow, as the men have all been very busy all to-day and will be a great part of to-morrow in burying the dead. We expect to take Sebastopol on Tuesday next, and I shall be very glad when it is done. . . . It was seven o'clock when the order was given for a mail to be made up to-morrow morning at four. I have just got a chance to slip into the hospital for a few minutes, as it is the only light to be seen. We are all in the open air, and shall be now for some time. I have a slight cold, but that I must expect, as very heavy dews fall at night, and the sun is very oppressive by day. I trust, my

dear S——, that this will find you all quite well. . . . God bless you all! I forgot to tell you that we have taken a great many big guns from them. They had 100. Just fancy the noise of 100 guns; then ours and the French besides. Believe me, I shall never forget the 20th day of September, 1854. I hope the people of England who complained of our delay are satisfied now.

The next sample from our war letter-writer is by an officer of the guards:—

Bivouac, River Alma, Sept. 21st.

I hasten to write a few lines to tell you that I am safe and well, knowing how anxious you will be, after hearing that we have had an action with the Russians. Accounts of the battle you will see in the papers, much better describing it than any I could give, as I could see nothing beyond what was going on in my own brigade. That you will see was in the thickest of it, as the returns of our casualties will prove, our loss being very severe. The march from Kamischli to Baljanik, where we bivouacked on the night of the 19th, and again from Baljanik to Alma, was the grandest spectacle I ever saw. The whole army, French, English, and Turkish, advanced in battle array for that distance over a plain as smooth almost as a lawn, and with just sufficient undulation to show one at times the whole force at a *coup d'œil*. My division was on the left, and we were about three miles from the sea; the fleet, coasting along abreast of us, completed the picture. About twelve o'clock on the 20th, on crowning a ridge, we came all at once in sight of the Russian army, in an intrenched camp beyond the Alma, distant about three miles. Immediately we appeared they set fire to a village between us and them, so as to mask their force by the smoke. We continued advancing steadily, halting occasionally to rest the men, till half-past one, when the first shot was fired, and soon after the rattle of musketry told us that our rifle skirmishers were engaged. Our division then deployed into line, and we stood so for about twenty minutes, an occasional round shot rolling up to us, but so spent that one was able to step aside from it. Wounded men from the front soon began to be carried through our lines to the rear, and loose and wounded horses began to gallop about. At last we were ordered to advance, which we did for about 300 yards nearer the batteries, and halted, and the men lay down. We

were now well within range, and the round shot fell tolerably thick, an occasional shell bursting over our heads. After standing steady for about twenty minutes, the light division (who were in line in front of us) advanced again, and we followed. The Russians had put posts to mark the ranges, which they had got with great accuracy. We now advanced to within 200 yards of the river and 700 from the batteries, and halted under a low wall for five minutes, till we saw the light division over the river, when we continued our advance in support of them. On crossing the wall we came into vineyards, and here the cannonade was most terrific, the grape and canister falling around us like hail—the flash of each gun being instantly followed by the splash of grape among the tilled ground like a handful of gravel thrown into a pool. On reaching the river, the fire from a large body of riflemen was added, but the men dashed through, up to their middle in water, and halted on the opposite side to re-form their ranks, under shelter of a high bank. At this moment the light division had gained the intrenchment, and the British colour was planted in the fort; but, ammunition failing them, they were forced back. The Scots fusileers were hurried on to support them before they had time to re-form themselves, and the 23rd, retiring in some confusion upon them, threw them for a few minutes into utter disorder. The Russians, perceiving this, dashed out of the fort upon them, and a frightful struggle took place, which ended in their total discomfiture. For a minute or two the Scots fusileer colours stood alone in the front, while General Bentinck rallied the men to them, their officers leading them on gallantly. At this moment I rode off to the Coldstreams, through whose ranks the light division had retired, leaving them the front line. They advanced up the hill splendidly, with the highlanders on their left, and not a shot did they fire till within 150 or 200 yards from the intrenchments. A battery of 18 and 24-pounders was in position in our front, and a swarm of riflemen behind them. Fortunately the enemy's fire was much too high, passing close over our heads, the men who were here killed being all hit on the crown of the head, and the Coldstreams actually lost none. When we got about fifty yards from the intrenchment the enemy turned tail, leaving us masters of the battery and the day. As they retired they took all their

guns except two, and a great many of their wounded. In spite of this the ground was covered with dead and dying, lying in heaps in every direction on what might be called the glacis, and inside the intrenchments they were so thick that one could hardly avoid riding over them; but the excitement of the victory stifled for the time all feeling of horror for such a scene, and it was not till this morning, when I visited the battlefield, that I could at all realise the horrors which must be the price of such a day. Most fervently did I thank God, who had preserved me amid such dangers. How I escaped seems to me the more marvellous the more I think of it. Though on horseback (on my old charger), my cocked-hat and clothes were sprinkled all over with blood. The loss of the brigade of guards is very severe, but the proportion of deaths to wounded is extraordinarily small. On calling the roll after the action, 312 rank and file and fifteen officers were discovered to be killed and wounded. Beside these was my poor friend Horace Cust, who was struck by a round shot in crossing the river. He was aide-de-camp to General Bentinck, and we were watering our horses at the time when the shot struck his horse in the shoulder and smashed poor Cust's thigh. He died soon after the leg was amputated. Charles Baring, who has lost his arm (taken out of the socket), is the only other Coldstream officer hit. They only went into action with sixteen officers, less than half their complement. We have been occupied the whole day in burying the dead. About 1,000 were laid in the ditch of the fort, and the earthen parapet was then thrown back upon them. We find that the whole garrison of Sebastopol were before us, under Mentschikoff in person. His carriage has fallen into our hands, and in it a letter stating that Sebastopol could hold out a long time against us, but that there was a position at Alma which could hold out three weeks. We took it in three hours. So convinced were they of the impossibility of our taking it that ladies were actually there as spectators, little expecting the review they were destined to be spectators of. We expect now to find no resistance whatever at the Katcha river, the whole Russian force having retired into Sebastopol. We always turn out at four o'clock in the morning, an hour before daybreak.

The following is an extract from a letter by Lieutenant-colonel Thomas Unett, of

the 19th regiment, light division, to his father:—

Sept. 20th.—Moved on the whole army in same order as the day before, by grand divisions from centre of brigades, artillery between, protected by all our cavalry on our left flank. On looking round, while on the move, it was a glorious sight; the green plains seemed swarming with armed men. Moved steadily on until we approached some hills, when we observed some movements and a line of cottages on fire, and evidently a river or rivulet between us. We halted now occasionally. At last our light division deployed into line, the rifles in front began to fire, and as soon as we got closer, or well within range, 100 great guns belled out at us from the hills on the other side of the rivulet. We pushed on, and many round shot came rolling through our ranks, wounding and scattering a few. Wardlaw had part of the flesh of his leg carried away; another man close to me never spoke; the ground was covered with his blood. The fire now became much hotter from all their batteries in position and we were ordered to run for shelter under the walls of the line of the burning cottages and ditch, where we lay more than an hour securely. My gray mare all the time would show herself, turning round, and being very uneasy at the firing. Another division displayed in our rear and advanced to us, the shot falling among them with a shrill hissing noise over us. Other divisions deployed and advanced on our right. We were ordered to advance, and did so to the best of our ability in line, across stone walls and a vineyard. Here the plunging fire from grape, round shot, shells, Minié muskets, &c., was awful, and also across the stream, through which we made our way with the greatest difficulty, more particularly us mounted officers. My mare got into a hole in the water, and was all under for some time, except her head and neck. I dismounted and got her to the side, and attempted the high bank, which was nearly perpendicular and very slippery. I struggled to get up, sticking my fingers into the grass, and she by desperate struggles came up by my side as I had hold of the bridle, the shot falling all this time very thick. I mounted and pushed on, and we got into something like a line under the crest of a hill. Our regiment now took ground to our right, and were ordered to advance against the intrenched camp at some dis-

tance. The firing now was awful, and many were hit. Our line was not well formed under such a plunging fire; it was impossible to form line. Sir George Brown came and said to Colonel Saunders, "Go at them." He rode in front of the line and waved his sword. The line got more confused. I was on the right of the line to which they seemed to crowd, and, instead of being two deep, we had become fourteen or fifteen deep, all crowding together. During this pause of half-an-hour we were all being scattered by the round shot, canister, Minie, and shells, which continually burst over us. We were next to the 7th fusiliers. They retired gradually; we did the same. I saw a French general tumbling from his horse and his horse rearing up. Saunders's horse I saw also rearing. My mare was now struck twice in the front part of her head, in the shoulder, and in one of her fore-legs. I felt myself struck slightly in two or three places, leg and thigh. The regiment retired gradually, firing as well as they could. We got under the hill and formed them again there. We remained ten minutes to get our scattered men together and tell off, during which time we heard of many of ours being killed and wounded; Colonel Saunders was badly wounded in the leg. I now took the command, and told off the regiment. I abandoned my mare, as she had become faint, and, looking at me as I dismounted, she snorted me all over with blood, which was streaming from her nostrils. My face and hands were covered, and all thought I was badly wounded. I marched the regiment up again to the intrenched camp, in line and in order, but in the meantime the guards had supported us and taken the position. Afterwards we bivouacked for the night. Slept well, all round a fire, and got a little hot tea and biscuit.

Sept. 21st.—This morning crossed over the scene of our fight to bathe with Sidwell and Thompson. We refreshed ourselves greatly with a good wash opposite the vineyard, now all tranquil. What a change! Visited our wounded, and did all I could for them. An awful sight in all directions—2,000 killed and wounded.

Here is a letter which shows with what calmness and hardihood even those Englishmen who have been delicately reared bear wounds and suffering. It is from the Hon. Hugh Annesley, of the fusileer guards, to his mother, the Countess Annesley:—

H.M.S. *London*, Sept. 21st.

My dear Mother,— * * * We forced the passage of the Alma yesterday, and defeated the Russians most gloriously, though with great loss to ourselves, owing to their extraordinary strong position. Old officers say it was as strong as Torres Vedras. The Russian army was drawn up on the heights, upwards of 40,000 strong, and with immensely heavy artillery, 24 and 32-pounders. The light division advanced to the attack, supported by the first division (guards and highlanders.) They got across the river, and then advanced against the intrenchments. The 23rd was in column when the brigade of guards charged in line. My company (4th) was next to the colours, and in the very centre of the line. We got up to within fifty yards of the ditch, when the regiment before us (which has had the three senior officers killed) turned right about, and came down in our face, thus breaking our line. We were above thirty paces then from the ditch, and the fire was so hot that you could hardly conceive it possible for anything the size of a rabbit not to be killed. I kept on shouting, "Forward, guards!" to the few men that were not swept away by the —, when a ball came and stopped my mouth most unceremoniously; it entered the left cheek and went out at the mouth, taking away the front teeth. I instantly turned to the rear, feeling it was about a hundred to one against my ever getting there, as the bullets were whizzing round me like hail. I tripped, and thought it was all over with me. However, I got up again, with the loss of my sword and bearskin, and at last got into the river and out of fire. I had then another struggle on the other side, where grape and round shot were ploughing up the ground, and shells bursting; however, I stumbled on, and at last got out of fire, and sat down among wounded and dying soldiers and horses. The doctors gave me some water, and then were obliged to go to others; so when they left, I sat there for above half-an-hour before I could find out where our hospital was. At last an officer of the 10th, though wounded himself, gave me his arm, and took me to the fusileer hospital, where I got some water and sat down to bathe my face.

There were six or seven of our fellows there; one with five balls in him, another three, and a third with his leg broken. My servant got me some blankets, and then we got a stable, half burned down, cleaned out,

and five of us lay there for the night, very wretched, as you may suppose, operations going on all round us. Some weak brandy and water and some tea were all we had. The shed we were in was a horrid thing—the heat, and dust, and flies intolerable; so in the morning four of us came down to the fleet, and I with two others am on board her majesty's ship *London*. W. S. has been most kind and attentive. I shall never forget his kindness. I had a hot bath and some arrowroot. I was nearly famished, having had nothing to eat since four, A.M., the day before. The doctor says the swelling will soon go down; it is rather painful, of course, at present.

B—— is all right; the cavalry, being so few, were not made use of. They showed themselves at the end of the action, and more than double the number of Russian cavalry ran away from them like sheep. Poor B—— came to see me in the hotel we were lying in, and burst into tears when he recognised me, I was so altered. Of course one cannot have an ounce of lead through one without swelling, and my face is like a good-sized turnip, my mouth much larger than I have any desire to see it in future. I do not suppose the ball could have hit me in any other part of the head where it would not have been attended with more danger—a most summary dentist the ball was, to take out all my teeth at one smash, except four grinders (there was a decayed one, which I hope has gone with its brethren, but I can't make out yet if it has or not.) There is a good bit of tongue gone also, but the doctors say that will not signify, and that I shall speak as plain as ever, or, at most, only with a becoming lisp; so, altogether, I think even you must allow that I have every reason to be thankful, and I hope you will not allow yourself to fret the least about me.

Just as we were charging the great redoubt, I prayed "O God! spare me!" and I really no more expected to return alive than if I had been tied to the cannon's mouth. Only fancy grape and canister being fired at us within thirty yards, besides a whole battalion letting drive as hard as they could into us. Both the other officers in my company were wounded. The colonel (Berkeley) had his leg broken. All the sergeants were wounded, and two killed; and, I believe, at least twenty or thirty of our men.

I was close to Lindsay when the queen's
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colour was smashed in his hand; there were twenty bullet holes in it, yet he was not touched! Our loss has not been exactly ascertained, but I should say it is above 1,000 killed and wounded; and that of the French, I believe, is greater. Lord Raglan said it was one of the most glorious things the British army have ever done.

The doctor cannot say how long I shall be unfit for duty, but I shall try for leave to go to England soon. The fusileer guards have fourteen officers wounded; two or three, I fear, will not recover. The 5th company, which was next mine, has every officer wounded. In fact, we were just opposite the centre of the redoubt, and exposed to the hottest fire of the whole day. Sir George Brown says he never saw so hot a fire, and he was all through the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Strange Jocelyn was the only officer commanding a company who was not struck by a ball. Seymour was not wounded, but hit in the watch, which saved his life. The Russian soldiers are savages; fancy their firing at our poor men when they were lying wounded on the ground—they even tried to stab them with their bayonets. One of our doctors was actually binding up a Russian's wounds, when the man turned round and fired at him. Their loss, I have no doubt, was greater than ours. The allied horse artillery played on their dense mass running away, and every ball must have killed hundreds. The French were on our side close to the sea; they had not so hot a fire as we had from the redoubts.

Two Russian generals are prisoners. They said their lines were thought to be so strong that they could have kept us in check for three weeks! . . . Tell B—— I shall, perhaps, have some shooting with him this winter, after all. I shall, at least, try to get home . . .

Ever your affectionate son.

The following letter was found on Lieutenant Poitevin, the French officer mentioned in the despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud as having been shot while planting the French flag on the telegraph tower. It was forwarded to his family by his brother officers. It is dated from the bivouac near Eupatoria, on the 18th ult. :—

My dear Sister,—I have just received your letters of the 25th and 28th ult. I am very well. We have all landed in the Crimea without any opposition from the enemy.

We march to-morrow, at seven o'clock, with the English and the Turks. We are to effect the passage of a river, defended, it is said, by 50,000 Russians. All the villages supply us with oxen, sheep, and carriages with the best possible good-will. The women of Eupatoria, all dressed in the French style, are charming; they kiss their hands to us, regarding us as their saviours. The marshal has announced that any one found pillaging shall be immediately shot without trial. For the last three days we have had nothing but brackish water to drink. To-morrow we hope to get a little better from Messieurs the Russians, who, if they had liked, might have made us lose 10,000 men at the time of the landing. We do not rely much on the provisions which we may get from the Cossacks, for they live in the greatest misery. The marshal, in reviewing us yesterday, said to me, "You carry a flag, sir, but I hope that you will bring me a Russian one with it." I replied that I would do my best to satisfy him. The *porte-drapeau* is a passed lieutenant, but as we have not yet had a general inspection, it is probable that he who was proposed for the post last year is appointed (he is now at the *dépôt*.) In any case he will not arrive until after the battle, and, if I am not killed, we know not what may happen. There is no longer any cholera in the army. We have lost two sublieutenants by it—Guéry and Guignard. The latter made a speech over the tomb of the former. We hope to commence the siege of Sebastopol on the 21st or 22nd. All the population of the Crimea are for us; every moment the villagers come to make their submission, and bring us cattle. You think, perhaps, that we can save money, but you are mistaken; the inhabitants cannot supply us with everything, and the Greeks make us pay 3*f.* a bottle for very bad wine. You may judge the rest. I will write again from Sebastopol, or from the intrenchment.

Your brother who loves you,

G. W. POITEVIN,

Sublieutenant 39th regiment.

At the bottom of the letter, which is now a relic for the family of the writer, in the blank which he had left to add further details, is written this simple and affecting post-script:—*Mademoiselle*,—It is with the deepest grief that I write these few lines, which are to announce to you the loss of the brother who, three days ago, wrote to you the above letter. This worthy friend was taken from us in the battle of the 20th,

while filling the glorious functions of *porte-drapeau*. If the regrets which he leaves among all the officers and soldiers of the 39th can alleviate any part of the grief which that death will cause to his family, I am happy to have a good part in it.

A friend who loved him,

A. BRIGNON.

I beg pardon for opening your letter in order to introduce into it my sad news.

The following is a letter addressed by Brigadier-general Torrens to Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, of the Priory, near Hertford. It gives a touching account of a gallant officer's death:—

Field of Battle, on the River Alma,
Crimea, September 21st.

My dear Delmé,—I shall wring your heart, indeed, and poor Mrs. Radcliffe's, by the sad intelligence I have, alas! to communicate. Your poor dear boy fell yesterday at the head of the company which he commanded (No. 1), while gallantly leading them to the attack of a Russian intrenched battery, heavily armed and most strongly occupied. Never was a more noble feat of arms done than the capture of this battery, and in that capture the poor dear old Welsh were foremost. Their loss has been frightful. Chester, Wynn, Evans, Conolly, my poor sister's boy, Harry Anstruther, Butler, Radcliffe, Young, were all killed dead at the same moment, and within a space of 100 square yards. Applethwaite (it is feared mortally), Campbell, Sayer, Bathurst, Stopton, wounded. Only six officers remain untouched, and nearly 200 men are *hors de combat*. The exploit was noble indeed; but what a sacrifice! The position of the Russians on this river was most formidable; it was defended by 40,000 men, and was carried in two hours and a half. They lost great numbers, and the conduct of our army, on whom the brunt of the thing fell, was equal to anything that it has ever done. The French behaved admirably. I am heart-sick at the loss of so many dear and valued friends, and at the thought of my poor sister's anguish. God alone can comfort us in these overwhelming calamities, and to His Almighty will let us humbly bow. Your dear boy died instantly, without pain, and lies buried in a deep grave along with his brave comrades, close to the spot where he so nobly died. God bless you, Delmé. May He comfort and support you both is the prayer of your old friend and comrade,

ARTHUR W. TORRENS.

P.S.—Harry Torrens and Bulwer buried him. His wound was in the centre of his breast. He lay on his back, and his body had been untouched and respected. God bless and save him. His face was calm, with almost a smile on it. A. W. T.

We have spoken of the intractable savageness of some of the wounded Russians, who, with a diabolical ingratitude, fired upon English soldiers or sailors immediately after the latter had relieved their sufferings. Let us trust that these marble-hearted men were exceptions—and rare exceptions—even among the military serfs of the czar. The following extract, from the letter of an English soldier, testifies to the gratitude with which many of the wounded Russians received the attentions of those who had so lately been their enemies:—

Nothing could exceed the attention of the English soldiers to their wounded foes, and, on the other hand, it was delightful to witness the tearful gratitude of the latter for such attention. After forty-eight hours I found the Russians in the field, still groaning from their wounds. As our own men were to be attended to first, these were necessarily left, with legs, arms, and breasts shot away, during cold nights and burning days, without care or dressing. Many a flask of brandy and water did I expend in relieving their terrible thirst; and how my heart did bleed when around the necks of every one of these soldiers I found the cross and Virgin and Child. When I relieved them they expressed their gratitude, first to God by kissing the cross, and apparently saying a short prayer, then by holding my hand to their lips, and pressing it to their hearts, until my feelings could bear it no further, and I longed for some private spot where I could sit down and weep.

The annexed letters are from private soldiers engaged in the battle:—

Alma, September 22nd.

My dear Father,—I have much pleasure in writing to you to say that I am safe and in health after one of the most brilliant actions that was ever fought. It occurred the day before yesterday, and commenced about mid-day. We had marched some six miles when we came upon the Russian intrenchment, and a most tremendous fire of shell and shot opened upon us. They had chosen their spot admirably, as they were upon a range of hills, with a village at their base,

and a river running between the two. Numerous batteries of very heavy guns were planted on the heights, and by means of stakes they marked the exact distance their guns would tell upon us. Immediately upon our approach, they fired the village, and so somewhat blinded our view of them by the flames and smoke, and then opened a fearful cannonade from their commanding position. The light division (as is usually the case) advanced first to the river through the village, and then, having crossed the river, ascended the hill amid a perfect hurricane of balls, which did dreadful work among the soldiers, so much so that they could hold out no longer, and began to waver, upon which the order was given for the first and second divisions to advance to their support. The battle was now tremendous, and, owing to their commanding position, we could not bring our guns to bear upon them, and so they had it to themselves for some time. The advance of the guards and highlanders was splendid; and had it not been for them, I have heard an opinion expressed by many that the battle must have been lost. When the highlanders reached the top of the hill, which they did in line, the Russians made a faint attempt to charge, but the “braw Gauls” gave a loud cheer, and continuing to advance drove them back with great loss. This battle was won almost by infantry alone, as the cavalry could not be brought in at all, and the artillery very little.

Sunday, October 1st.

Dear Friends,—The last letter I wrote I thought I should not go further up the country, but in two or three days after I wrote we were on board the ship *Simoom*. We stayed in harbour eight days, until all the troops were on board, and then we sailed across the Black Sea for Russia, and we were nine days going. We did not sail fast. We joined the remainder of the fleet at Baltshik Bay, stopping one night there for fresh water, and cruised about the sea to see if there were any of the Russian fleet out; but we saw none all the way. They were afraid to come out to us, for our shipping looked like a little town across the sea. We all landed safe on Russian land. On the 14th of September we marched four miles, and then halted for four days, until all were ready, and on the 19th we marched to meet the enemy. We marched from four in the morning until five at night, and then we met with a few of the Cossacks. A few of

our cavalry had a slight skirmish with them, but they soon made the best of their way off. Very good judgment. There were two or three men wounded and one horse killed. All was quiet very soon, and we began to make a little fire as well as we could, without wood or coal, to cook our meat and tea. It was on a large mountain, and there was no tree or hedge in sight, as in England; but there were thick stalked weeds and thistles, so we cut them down. The remainder of the night I spent, as usual, in smoking, and not drinking, sleeping as well as could be expected, for we have no tents now to keep the weather from us; we lie down, dressed, with our firelocks by our side, ready to meet the enemy in a moment; and the next day was a regular killing day with us. We marched early on the morning of the 20th; we marched a long distance, and then we could see the Russians on a mountain; and then we took a good march to get within gunshot of them. They commenced firing, I think, first, but we were soon exchanging shot with them, and we kept firing at each other for about four hours. There were two brooks to cross when firing, and they had built two bridges for us to go over, so that they could play sweetly on us going over; but we had travelled too far to be caught in that way. We formed a line and all went through together; we got very wet, but I didn't mind that, and the shot came by me almost as thick as the plums in my sister's pudding at Christmas; but I kept loading and firing until we drove them away from the place they had made and fortified, which they thought of keeping us from for three weeks. When they saw we were gaining the day and the victory, they set fire to a village, because we should not shelter there. We drove them away, took the place where they were and one of their large brass guns (eight inch bore.) We followed them and drove them, in about half-an-hour, off another mountain, and took one of their colours from them, and then they made the best of their way off. They ran like madmen, and we have not seen many of them since. What we have seen we have taken prisoners. The same night, after the battle was over, we formed up, and the roll was called; several were missing. That was a silent moment to hear who did not answer to their names. After we were dismissed to go where we liked, I thought I would take a view of a battle-field. We had run over the poor dead

and wounded, but not to look all round. You must know, my dear friends, that a battle-field is not like a field in England; it is a large plain hundreds of miles round—no trees, no hedge to be seen; but we had just got to very large high mountains. I took a stroll over the field of battle, and there saw above 4,000 bleeding, groaning, and silent men; and most of them young men! That was a scene; and from all that lot I was spared. I bound some of their wounds up—Russians, English, and French. Some I gave a light to smoke, and some water; some I raised for ease; some I lowered; some gave me money, and some gave me tobacco and whisky: the Russians gave me the whisky. I spent that night, as usual, in cooking my rations and smoking, for that is the chief comfort I have out here. I spent the night happy and comfortably, as I always do; although difficulties in this life are often met with, I always meet them with pleasure; I don't expect to meet with sweets out here, but sometimes meet with them unexpectedly. But I must tell you a little more about the battle-field. The next two days we were gathering the wounded together in one place, and the dead in another. We buried the dead in two days, and the wounded we took on board. We burnt all the Russians' fire-arms and clothing that were being thrown about. The next day (the 23rd), after burying the dead, and lending our best assistance to the wounded, we marched to overtake the enemy again; but they were not to be found, and we have not seen them since, only a few, whom we took prisoners. Last Sunday we marched, thinking to meet some of them, but they fled, and we took all their provisions, about fifty waggon-loads, and blew up a magazine in a small town. We are now about five miles from Sebastopol, and we shall be in there very soon. Before you get this letter I think the war will be over. I should like to write and tell you more of what I have seen and done, but I have not time now. I must tell you we were highly praised by all our commanders for our gallant and brave actions in the field. But I will tell you all about the rest if I am spared to come home.

Camp, one mile and a-half from Sebastopol, October 3rd.

I dare say before you receive this you will have seen in the papers the account of the glorious victory of the battle of the Alma,

and the taking of the heights of St. John, in which, thank God, I escaped scot free; but I had several narrow escapes, for the shell and shot flew around us in an awful way. Now, I'll try and give you an idea of what we have suffered since I wrote to you last:—

On the 27th of August we left Yuksoukova, in Turkey, and marched in three days to Varna, and on the 31st embarked on board of her majesty's troop-ship *Timandra*.

1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of September.—Waiting orders to sail; all the troops on board of transports; a regular large fleet.

5th.—Sailed from Varna Roads for Balt-schik Bay, tugged by the *Melbourne* steamer; near aground on a sand-bank.

11th.—Anchored in Baltschik Bay, and 12th sailed for the Crimea.

14th.—Landed on the coast of the Crimea at two, P.M., and marched at six o'clock about six miles, and bivouacked for the night. It rained awfully all night, and no tents. We lay here till the 18th, and marched fourteen miles, packs on ten hours, and had a brush with the enemy's artillery and Cossacks; it lasted an hour—five of our cavalry wounded, all in the left leg, and two horses shot.

20th, Wednesday.—Marched over the mountains a few miles, and were met by the emperor's imperial guards, and all his best troops, near the river Alma. We were in a bad position; for we were in the valley, and on this side of the river, and they had the heights of St. John, lined with artillery, and the best of Russian troops, and as we came in sight they set fire to a village on the same side of the river as we were, and the smoke was awful, nearly blinding us; but Lord Raglan gave orders for the fighting brigade to advance—55th, 95th, and 30th—and ours went gallantly on, though the shell and shot went through the ranks in grand order, and numbers of brave and gallant men were laid low in the dust. The word was given to lie down till the artillery came up, and when they did we advanced, colours flying, and we chased them across the river and gained the heights after three hours and twenty-five minutes' hard fighting. The "Old Hat-caps," as our regiment is called, lost fourteen men killed and two officers, and 100 wounded. Our brave old colonel had his epaulet shot off; Major Whimper shot through the thigh, Major Coats in the leg, and several of our officers wounded. I was dreadfully tired, for the

band had to carry the wounded men to the rear, and assist the doctors to amputate and bind the wounds. I saw some dreadful sights that day—poor fellows' legs and arms off, shells bursting near them setting their flesh on fire! the stench dreadful! We were up all night attending to the poor fellows—giving them water, changing their positions, lighting their pipes for them—and the night was awfully dark and cold, and, being on the battle-field, the smell from the dead bodies and the noise of the wounded horses was dreadful. I hope I shall never pass such a night again. The next morning I went over the plain to look at the dead, and saw the place covered with wounded Russians—fine, able-bodied men. I went up to one poor wounded Russian and gave him a drink. He was in great agony, and he made signs for me to cut his throat, he was so bad; of course I left him as he was. We were occupied for the next two days in burying the dead.

23rd.—Commenced marching towards Sebastopol, and 29th encamped where we are now, within range of Sebastopol, and are waiting for the arrival of the siege train, and perhaps before you receive this, Sebastopol will have fallen or surrendered; for we have cut off their supply of water, and, according to a deserter, they are on short allowance of provisions and water, and, what makes it worse, they have all the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, for they told them that the French and English would destroy them and their possessions.

Our regiment was 850 strong on starting from Gibraltar, and now we muster 537 up here; but there is a number left behind at different places. The enemy keep sending shell and shot at our camp, even while I am writing. I am much obliged to you for the paper and envelopes, and you must excuse having to pay for this, for all my stamps are on board ship. We are bad off for extras; we are obliged to smoke tealcaves, having no tobacco. I hope next time I write I shall be able to write about the taking of Sebastopol.

The following anticipates some events in our narrative:—

Head-quarters, Camp, Sebastopol, Oct. 3rd.

My dear Wife,—I write to let you know my situation. It is a very uncertain one. The whole army is within gunshot of the enemy's forts from Sebastopol. I wrote to you when first I landed in Russia, which

was on the 14th of September. I did not give you a full account of Russia then, nor can I do it now, but since my last letter to you I have endured a great many hardships. On the 4th of September we embarked at Varna, in Turkey, for Russia. On the voyage we lost four men and a doctor; James Call and Storey, grenadier company, were two of them. On the 14th we landed in Russia; each man was served out with three days' rations, and no tents from the 14th of September to the 3rd of October. We had our tents two nights, the 15th and 16th of last month—none since. On the 19th day of September was our first march in the country. It was a bad one; we marched twenty miles in heavy marching order—no water or food for the march. In the evening exchanged shots with the enemy. William Foreman, grenadier; and Stephen Landrigan, dropped dead on the march from hardship and fatigue. Several others died on the same march, but you do not know them. James Callaghan fell down, and could go no further. I believe he is dead; he has not been heard of since; several others the same. Three parts of the regiment threw away their knapsacks on the march; they could not carry them. On the 20th we marched again at twelve o'clock, noon. We fought the battle of the Alma with considerable loss. We lost, killed and wounded, 1,800 men; the enemy about 5,000. Our division of the army lost very little. We were in reserve on that day, but advanced in the heat of action, which caused the enemy to retire. The battle raged for about four hours. The French fought like men; so did the English. On the 21st and 22nd we halted to bury the dead and collect the wounded. On the 23rd marched again, with three days' rations. On the 24th marched again; 25th, slept in a large wood, about twenty miles from Sebastopol. Alarmed by the enemy's shot at twelve o'clock that night. On the 26th captured a fort belonging to the enemy. On the 27th and 28th changed position with the French close to the enemy; 29th, advanced quite close to Sebastopol, under the enemy, cannonading the fort of Sebastopol; 30th, under fire from the enemy; 1st of October, an attack on the shipping of Sebastopol; 2nd and 3rd, at Sebastopol, under fire from the enemy. Our siege-guns are landing fast, and when they are landed we shall commence the grand attack. It will be on the 6th or 7th at the furthest;

then, if I live to escape, I will send you a letter, which I hope in God I will. The enemy are firing at our army this moment. Samuel Harper, grenadier company, and Corporal Garrett, the pioneer, died on the 21st and 22nd. Charles Dillon died yesterday. George Mawer's brother died on the road—not able to keep up with the regiment. I have seen men and horses dead on the march, from fatigue. Water here is as precious as gold.

From a corporal of the 7th royal fusiliers :—
Bivouac, near Sebastopol, Oct. 3rd.

My dear Father and Mother,—I again take up my pencil to write a few more lines to let you know how we are getting on. Since I wrote to you last we have had another attack. We took Fort Balaklava, and at that place we are landing our siege-guns. The place where I wrote my last letter from was called the Alma River; it is now called the "Battle of Alma River." We are all bivouacked within gunshot of Sebastopol. They disturb us by throwing shot and shell into our lines, but we are making every preparation for storming the forts. We have more forts than Sebastopol to blow down. We are preparing to blow Fort St. Nicholas down first. God knows who will live to see it over! The people in Sebastopol are as thick as bees in a hive; it will be a horrid massacre. The people will kill themselves with fright; they are even encamped in the streets; we can see them with the glasses. We have been on the march ever since the 14th of last month, and have never had our clothes off since then; we have never shaved since then, and very seldom washed. We are a rough lot of men; our clothes are not worth twopenney; we are foragers, I can assure you, my dear father. The day after I wrote you the last few lines the commander-in-chief published a general order regarding our bravery and the way we fought; but you will know all about it before this reaches you; but a few words will give you an insight how we were situated. The Russians had placed themselves on the tops of hills with their guns, and we had a river to ford, and the enemy in full play on us with grape, canister, and shells. I had two firelocks broken in ten minutes; a ball went through my foot at the ankle, and a good many through my clothes. Every man was hit either in one place or the other. There were 45,000 of the czar's imperial troops sent there on pur-

pose to prevent our getting to Sebastopol. They intended holding that position for three months; we took it in three hours and twenty minutes. There were four regiments of our division, and two of another; that was all that were up at the battle. The guards came when we had driven the enemy from their position. A corporal of ours took a gun from six of the Russians, and our names are put on it. I cannot get you any more information at present, but if I live, I will be able to give you more, and with ink.

You must excuse the rough way things are, but I know you will want to know how things are getting on. Please to send my wife a copy of this letter, and my kindest love to her, and tell her we cannot get money here, but as soon as I can I will, if I live, send her some more. I have not had any myself for a long time. We can get nothing here but what the commissariat allows us. Give my love to sisters, brothers, wife, and my poor Bill. Tell my poor Carry that she would not know me if she saw me, for I am all hair from my eyes to my neck. Tell her I am sorry I cannot get her some money, for I know she wants it bad; but I will do my best when we have a chance. Direct for the Crimea or elsewhere.

The bad English of the following letter, from a young naval officer, will be pardoned on account of the humanity displayed by the writer. Unhappily, the forethought of our generals is by no means equal to the heroism of our men. Defective arrangements respecting the health and comfort of our poor soldiers, or rather the absence of necessary arrangements in this respect, have proved almost as fatal to our troops as have the bullets and sabres of the foe:—

Her Majesty's ship——, Crimea, Sept. 22.

The morning after the battle all the assistant-surgeons of the fleet were sent to assist, and boats were sent to bring the wounded off to transports. I was sent on shore, and have been at that unpleasant duty for two days. The wounded had to be brought a distance of five miles to the boats, and, only fancy, they had not the slightest means of conveyance for the poor fellows. The much-talked-of ambulance corps are left at Varna. The cars, which are perfect, are also left behind, and there are scarcely any stretchers. Immediately it was made known to the admiral, he sent fifty from each ship to bring them down,

and a rough kind of stretchers made for the purpose. You can have no idea of their sufferings; men who had undergone amputation being carried down on men's shoulders a distance of six miles, and when brought down obliged to lie upon the beach, perhaps for an hour, waiting for a boat. I never saw such want of arrangement. The military have made scarcely any. I met some officers who were brought down wounded yesterday, and they told me that until they got a little brandy-and-water from some naval doctors, they had not put a single thing between their lips for two days, and they had been thirty-six hours on the field without ever seeing a medical officer. Numbers have, I feel confident, died from sheer want of attention. I visited the field; and the groans of the wounded went through me. I saw about 200 Russians wounded lying in one spot. We have treated them just the same as our own men, sending them down to Scutari. I was assisting all yesterday at the embarkation of the wounded. I never witnessed such a sight. Upon landing in the morning, the first thing I saw was twenty dead upon the beach, French and Russians. All day long wounded were brought down to me; some died upon the beach, and I had to bury the poor fellows; and in the afternoon several cholera cases were brought down. Fancy sending cholera cases on board ships full of wounded men! Men were dying all the afternoon of that dreadful disease, and when I came off last night at nine o'clock, there were carts full of our poor fellows dying left there. You can have no idea of the sufferings of these poor fellows. Ships have been sent down with 400 or 500 wounded and sick, and no medical attendant.

We add to this chapter an extract from a letter of the *Times'* correspondent at Constantinople. We need scarcely say that the frightful facts contained in it, when known in England, excited mingled emotions of horror, indignation, and pity among all classes of persons. Who was directly culpable as the cause of this gigantic misery, it is difficult to say, but surely heavy censure attaches somewhere. The sensitive mind may shrink shudderingly from such revolting details; but it is right they should be remembered, that a repetition of them may be avoided. Let the dreadful past teach our governments humanity in the future, and let us hope that a proper foresight may

prevent evils which now we can only mourn over:—

The Russians expected no quarter, having been taught to look upon the allies as fiends who knew no mercy. It is said that many were killed by the Zouaves as they lay on the ground, but this can hardly be true to any great extent. The fate of Sir W. Young, of the 23rd, is very melancholy. He was shot by a wounded Russian to whom he was about to offer a cup of water. The Russian wounded remained on the field for several days. About 700 of them were placed together in a vineyard near the river, and provisions sent them by the English general. Nothing more could be done, as even our own men were dying from want of proper attention. A flag of truce was to be sent to the Russian general, with a request that he would send surgeons for the use of the captured men.

It is impossible for any one to see the melancholy sights of the last few days without feelings of surprise and indignation at the deficiencies of our medical system. The manner in which the sick and wounded have been treated is worthy only of the savages of Dahomey. The sufferings on board the *Vulcan* were bad enough. There were 300 wounded, and 170 cholera patients, and these were attended to by four surgeons. The scene is described as terrible. The wounded seized the surgeons by the skirts as they picked their way through the heaps of dying and dead; but the surgeons shook them off. It may be expected, and perhaps was right, that the officers should receive the principal attention, and they possibly required the almost undivided labour of four men; but some one must be in fault when large bodies of wounded men are put on board a ship with no one to give them surgical assistance, or even supply their necessary wants. Numbers arrived at Scutari without having been touched by a surgeon since they fell pierced by Russian bullets on the slopes of the Alma. Their wounds were stiff and their strength exhausted as they were lifted out of the boats to be carried to the hospital, where, fortunately, surgical aid may be obtained. But all other horrors sink into insignificance compared with the state of the unfortunate passengers by the *Colombo*. This vessel left the Crimea on the morning of the 24th. Wounded men were being placed on board for two days before she sailed, and when she weighed anchor she carried the follow-

ing numbers:—27 wounded officers, 422 wounded soldiers, and 104 Russian prisoners—in all, 553 souls. About half of the wounded had received surgical assistance before they were put on board. To supply the wants of this mass of misery were four medical men, one of whom was the surgeon of the ship—sufficiently employed in looking after the crew, who at this place and season are seldom free from sickness. The ship was literally covered with prostrate forms, so as to be almost unmanageable. The officers could not get below to find their sextants, and the run was made at hazard. The vessel was at sea twelve hours longer through this mischance. The worst cases were placed on the upper deck, which in a day or two became a mass of putridity. The neglected gunshot wounds bred maggots, which crawled in every direction, infecting the food of the unhappy beings on board. The putrid animal matter caused such a stench, that the officers and crew were nearly overcome, and the captain is now ill from the effects of the five days' misery. All the blankets, to the number of 1,500, have been thrown overboard as useless. Thirty men died during the voyage. The surgeons worked as hard as possible, but could do little among so many, and many an unfortunate fellow first came under a medical man's hand on his arrival at Scutari, six days after the battle. It is an ungracious task to find fault and to speak of the shortcomings of men who do their utmost; but an unfortunate neglect has occurred since the arrival of the steamer. Forty-six men have been left on board for two days, when, by some extra exertion, they might have been safely placed in the hospital. The vessel is quite putrid, but a large number of men will be immediately employed to clean and fumigate her, and thus avoid the danger of typhus, which generally arises in such conditions. Two transports were towed by the *Colombo*, and their state was nearly as bad.

Among the objects of philanthropy for some time past has been the improvement of the condition of the soldier. Progress may have been made in some respects, but how much remains to be done will be recognised by every one who has seen the condition of the sick and wounded during the last fortnight. No blame is due to the medical men or the officers in command. They work early and late, are worn and harassed, and feel as much pity as any one

for the unfortunate dying creatures; but our whole medical system is shamefully bad. The worn-out pensioners who were brought out as an ambulance corps are totally useless; and not only are surgeons not to be had, but there are no dressers and nurses to carry out the surgeon's directions and to attend on the sick during the interval between his visits. Here the French are greatly our superiors. Their medical arrangements are extremely good; their surgeons more numerous; and they have also the help of the "sisters of charity," who have accompanied the expedition in incredible numbers. These devoted women are excellent nurses, and perform for the sick and wounded all the offices which could be rendered in the most complete hospitals. We have nothing. The men must attend on each other, or receive no relief at all. The least that could have been done would have been to send out an efficient staff of surgeons. Surely the late battle has not come unexpectedly. The army has been at Varna for months, and the expedition to Sebastopol has been long prepared. Nor are medical men rare, or their services ruinously expensive. There are hundreds who would be glad to come out to Turkey on temporary employment, with the chance of some permanent situation in future. But though cholera gave due notice of its presence—though fever at first attacked a few, and increased its violence day by day—hardly any increase of the medical staff took place. In Varna lately 400 sick were attended by four men, and now vessels are sent on a voyage with a surgeon to 120 wounded wretches. As the worst is not over, and has indeed hardly commenced, the attention of the government may be well directed to this pressing want.

Painful, and indeed hideous, as these details are, we willingly offer a tribute of admiration to the courage and humanity of the gentleman who made them public. The gratitude of the army and the public is alike due to him. Shuddering readers in England contributed large sums of money, and the private hand of charity set zealously to work to perform those duties which a government should have done, and had not. Sir Robert Peel, Sir Moses Montefiore, and Mr. Lyne Stephens, each nobly subscribed the sum of £200 to procure nurses and comforts for the sick and wounded in our hospitals on the Bosphorus.

Other contributions flocked in so rapidly, that they soon amounted to as much as £10,000, seven thousand of which was subscribed in as many days. The government did, in fact, acknowledge that there had been culpable negligence in not forwarding the medical stores and surgical appliances to the place where they were required; for instructions were sent to try by court-martial the officials charged with this gross remissness of duty. The government also sanctioned the immediate dispatch of the superintendent of the ladies' hospital, with a staff of female nurses, to act in the English military hospital at Scutari, and thus supply the deficiencies which had been so painfully felt.

At the same time, her majesty, desirous of encouraging the voluntary benevolence of English men and women towards the relief, education, and support of the widows and orphans of those brave men, whether soldiers or sailors, that fell sacrifices to their country during the war, issued a royal commission for the establishment of a Patriotic Fund for that purpose. The commission included the names of men of all opinions, and aristocracy and democracy found their representatives in it in the persons of Prince Albert and the venerable reformer, Mr. Joseph Hume. To this appeal from their queen the nation made an instantaneous and most munificent response, and streams of wealth, prodigal and general as floods of sunbeams, poured in for the sustenance and the consolation of the hosts of widows and infant mourners whose husbands' and fathers' bones lay beneath the inhospitable soil of the Crimea, and near the hoarse murmurs and the stormy blasts of the Black Sea.

A Patriotic Fund for a similar purpose was raised in 1803, when the exertions of Napoleon the Great for the aggrandisement of France having excited the jealousy of the English ministry, England again declared war against the brave people with whom we are now happily in such amicable alliance. The manner in which that fund was distributed was the following:—At the meetings of the committee entrusted with its management, the *London Gazette* was placed upon the table. The despatches were then read, the exploits of our men by land and sea detailed, the names of the wounded recorded, and the numerous deeds of heroism duly noted. Then gratuities, varying from five to fifty pounds each, were voted for the wounded,

annuities to their families, swords to officers, silver calls to boatswains, and tankards to masters. It has been aptly observed that the whole thing, though put in the most matter-of-fact way, now reads like a romance. In 1803, a fund, amounting to nearly £200,000, was subscribed in a few months.

We mentioned that the government sanctioned the dispatch of a staff of thirty-four nurses to the military hospital at Scutari. They were placed under the direction of Miss Nightingale, a lady of great benevolence of character, who united with it the necessary untiring industry and firmness of nerve for such a trying position. Many ladies offered their services in this merciful cause; but these were wisely declined, on behalf of the government, by Mr. Sidney Herbert. To render his refusal of generous offers palatable, he assigned the following reasons for it: "The duties of a hospital nurse, if they are to be properly performed, require great skill as well as strength and courage, especially where the cases are surgical ones, and the majority of them are from gunshot wounds. Persons who have no experience or skill in such matters would be of no use whatever, and in moments of

great pressure—such as must, of necessity, occur at intervals in a military hospital—any person who is not of use is an impediment. Many ladies whose generous enthusiasm prompts them to offer their services as nurses, are little aware of the hardships they would have to encounter, and the horrors they would have to witness, which would try the firmest nerves. Were all accepted who offer, I fear we should not only have many inefficient nurses, but many hysterical patients, themselves requiring treatment instead of assisting others. Nor, even if capable in other respects, would they always be ready to yield that implicit obedience to orders so necessary to the subordination of a military hospital. In self-defence, the surgeons, before long, might find themselves compelled to exclude all the female nurses, good and bad, with a view to rid themselves of the troublesome and inefficient."*

The appointment of Miss Nightingale to the highly responsible position of directress of the body of nurses whom the government sent to attend to our wounded soldiers at Scutari, made her the subject of general curiosity. Numerous were the inquiries, "Who is Miss Nightingale?" An article

* The following letter (in reference to nurses for our wounded soldiers), which appeared in *The Times* of October the 24th, is deserving of a place here, both for the cogency and humanity of its arguments: Sir,—In several of the later letters published in *The Times*, reference has been made to the possibility and propriety of employing the wives of soldiers as nurses to our sick and wounded at the seat of war. I am well acquainted with the habits of this class of society. I am well aware of what may be considered the difficulties of the case, and of the arguments likely to oppose themselves to the measure. Still I am its advocate, and I think it may be shown that this employment of the wives of soldiers as nurses is not only a humane measure, but one that promises good results. I do not think the public are yet quite aware of the condition of those women who were left behind, nor of the intense suffering of those who were permitted to accompany the expeditionary force to Turkey. A large number of soldiers' wives are now in the East; some, after the troops sailed for Varna, were left for long weeks at Gallipoli, under promise of being sent to England, crowded together, almost devoid of means, in Turkish houses that swarm with rats and vermin; others courageously went on to Varna, where, in extreme misery, they were many of them swept off by cholera; a portion were even taken on to the Crimea. Now, of these poor creatures, the public hear nothing. On the first landing of our troops at Gallipoli, soldiers' wives were compelled to lie in ditches at night, only sheltered from the intense cold of the Turkish spring by their husbands' blankets. I have seen them standing washing in the burning sun on the Turkish hills, the skin peeled from their arms and faces, and with the thermometer

110° in tents. Many of these women had in England been servants of the wives of officers, and were well conducted in that condition. Numbers still remain in Turkey; others are to be found at Malta: is it not hard that they are simply to suffer there, and that character and reward are to be gained by others, without giving the soldier's wife her chance also? Why should not the women be employed who are on the spot, and be trained to habits of usefulness, while they meet protection and encouragement? Why, also, should not some of the poor women now in England, whose sympathies are all in the East, be suffered to go there as nurses to their husbands and their husbands' comrades, not alone, but under the authority of competent and responsible women, who should train them in their duties? These women now here are—thanks to a liberal public—many of them in the receipt of alms; but would it not be better far to train them to the self-respect of independence, to enable them to gain good characters as useful members of society, and to have ready for future exigencies a band of military female nurses, no longer the mere recipients of temporary charity, but acquiring habits which will eventually render them most valuable items in the mechanism of war? I believe the matter to be well worthy of attention, and I therefore venture to suggest it, under the full impression that due encouragement and protection to the wife of the soldier will not only make him a better man, but will go far to remedy those evils which, in the condition of the woman, are a stain upon our character as a Christian and civilised people.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. Y.



THE END OF THE WORLD

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in the *Examiner* furnished the following answer to this interrogation:—

We reply, then, Miss Nightingale, or rather Miss Florence Nightingale, is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father, William Shore Nightingale, of Embley-park, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She is, moreover, a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract. Young (about the age of our queen), graceful, feminine, rich, and popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintance are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents.

Why, then, should a being so highly blessed with all that should render life bright, innocent, and to a considerable extent useful, forego such palpable and heartfelt attractions? Why quit all to become—a nurse?

From her infancy she has had a yearning affection for her kind, a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley first saw and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler, expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh and the continent. Three years ago, when all Europe had a holiday on and after the Great Exhibition, when the highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Switzerland, and all the bright spots of the continent were filled with parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses or hospitals for the care and reformation of the lost and infirm. For three long months she was in daily and nightly attendance, accumulating experience in all the duties and labours of female ministration. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who nominally having all, practically

have but too frequently none to help them, prevailed; and therefore, when the hospital established in London for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at its head. Derbyshire and Hampshire were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Harley-street, to which she devoted all her time and fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments of taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she, whose powers could have best appreciated these, was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor dying, homeless, querulous governess. The homelessness might not improbably, indeed, result from that very querulousness; but this is too frequently fomented, if not created, by the hard, unreflecting folly which regards fellow-creatures entrusted with forming the minds and dispositions of its children as ingenious, disagreeable machines, needing, like the steam-engine, sustenance and covering, but, like it, quite beyond or beneath all sympathy, passions, or affections. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise, and found pleasure in tending those poor destitute governesses in their infirmities, their sorrows, their deaths, or their recoveries. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she admitted found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions. Her health sank under the heavy pressure, but a little Hampshire fresh air restored her, and the failing institution was saved.

Meanwhile a cry of distress and for additional comforts beyond those of mere hospital treatment, came home from the East from our wounded brethren in arms. There instantly arose an enthusiastic desire to answer it. But inexperienced zeal could perform little, and a bevy of ill-organised nurses might do more harm than good. There was a fear lest a noble impulse should fail for the want of a head, a hand, and a heart to direct it. It was then that a field was opened for the wider exercise of Miss Nightingale's sympathies, experience, and powers of command and control. But at what cost? At the risk of her own life, at the pang of separation from all her friends and family, and at the certainty of encountering hardship, dangers, toils, and the constantly-renewing scene of human suffering, amid all the worst horrors of war. There are few who

would not recoil from such realities; but Miss Nightingale shrank not, and at once accepted the request that was made her to form and control the entire nursing establishment for our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Levant. While we write, this deliberate, sensitive, and highly-endowed young lady is already at her post, rendering the holiest of woman's charities to the sick, the dying, and the convalescent. There is a heroism in dashing up the heights of Alma in defiance of death and all mortal opposition; and let all praise and honour be, as they are, bestowed upon it; but there is a quiet forecasting heroism and largeness of heart in this lady's resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation, and her devoted application of them, which rank as high and are at least as pure. A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at, or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric, or at best misplaced; but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt, that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who, at this moment, stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.

The following interesting letter was afterwards received from one of the heroic ladies who accompanied Miss Nightingale on her noble errand of mercy and patriotism:—

Military Hospital, Scutari, Nov. 11th.

My dear —,—I have come out here as one of the government nurses, and the position in which we are placed induces me to write and ask you, at once, to send us out a few dozens of wine, or, in short, anything which may be useful for the wounded or dying, hundreds of whom are now around us, under this roof, filling up even the passages to the very rooms we occupy. Government is liberal, and for one moment I would not complain of their desire to meet all our wants; but, with such a number of wounded coming in from Sebastopol, it does appear absolutely impossible to meet the wants of those who are dying of dysentery and exhaustion; out of four wards committed to my care, eleven men have died in the night, simply from exhaustion, which, humanly speaking, might have been stopped, could I have laid my hands at once on such nourishment as I know they ought to have had.

There are fifty nurses, most of them exceedingly skilful, and we find our efforts so appreciated by the soldiers, as well as by

the medical officers, that there is every hope that the experiment on the part of the English of sending women out to do the part which God so evidently assigned to them will be blessed. It is necessary to be as near the scene of war as we are, to know the horrors which we have seen and heard of, and I know not which sight is most heart-rending—to witness fine strong men and youths worn down by exhaustion, and sinking under it; or others coming in, as many hundreds did yesterday, fearfully wounded. The whole of yesterday one could only forget one's own existence, for it was spent, first, in sewing the men's mattresses together, and then in washing them, and assisting the surgeons, when we could, in dressing their ghastly wounds, and seeing the poor fellows made as easy as their circumstances would admit, after their five days' confinement on board ship, during which space their wounds were not dressed.

The best plan I can think of is to write this letter, requesting you to send us a box of things for the use of the sick. This work may be for one year—it may be for ten. People on the spot are exceedingly kind, and make every exertion to help us. Miss Nightingale, under whom we work, is well fitted in every way to fill her arduous post, the whole object of her life having hitherto been the superintendence of hospitals abroad. We had a terrible passage out in the *Vectis*. It blew almost a hurricane in the Mediterranean, directly against us, and we were in much danger. We arrived on the last day of October. Wine, and bottles of chicken broth, preserved meat for soup, &c., will be most acceptable. You must be told again, that we do not complain of remissness of the authorities to do what they can, but even the necessary delays are fatal to the men, reduced, as they are, to the last stage of exhaustion. I expect to find two more dead on going round this morning; that will be a proportion of eleven to thirty in two days. Wine would be of immense service to some of the nurses, just before going into the wards. We have not seen a drop of milk, and the bread is extremely sour, the butter most filthy. It is Irish butter in a state of decomposition, and the meat is more like moist leather than food. Potatoes we are waiting for till they arrive from France. Flannel, and anything that would serve as pocket-handkerchiefs for the men, so many of them having lost their bags; chocolate in cakes,

gelatine, and brandy, would be most desirable. Warm clothing, too, of all descriptions, for the convalescents, now the winter is so fast advancing, would be thankfully received. I have named many things, so

that you may do what you like. I suspect there may be greater need than ever of winter clothing. Before night they expect to land 700 wounded between the two hospitals.*

* This letter elicited the notice of the Earl of Derby in his brief review in the House of Lords, on the opening of parliament, of the conduct of ministers during the war. "I remember," said his lordship, "seeing two or three columns occupied in one of the newspapers full of particulars as to the amount of stores; and when public charity and sympathy came forward with offers of assistance—of stores of all description, linen rags, and other appliances for the wounded—they were told that there was abundance of everything; that there was no want of supplies; that there was abundance both of medicines and medical officers. Well, a lady has been sent out under the sanction of the government—a lady to whose heroism and that of her companions it is impossible for language to do justice—who, giving up all the comforts and luxuries of life, gave themselves with noble self-devotion to the mitigation of suffering, and to the supervision of those over-crowded hospitals. *What was the account contained in the very first demand made by these ladies sent out under the sanction of government?* Why, it was an ardent and almost importunate request to the British public to send out that which the government said was already supplied in profusion; and this was accompanied by the statement, that in one day eleven men had sunk from exhaustion, in consequence of not having a bottle of wine to relieve them. Now this is a subject in regard to which, I say, a heavy responsibility devolves upon the government. I cannot tell how far these charges are correct, but I know they are in every man's mouth; and I felt, consequently, that it was my duty, as a peer of parliament, and as one deeply interested in the welfare of the brave men whom we have sent out to fight our battles, to comment upon what is generally said; and I therefore ask the government not only to deny, but to disprove these statements, if disprove them they can." The ministry of Lord Aberdeen has its advocates, and its warm ones—those who assert that if some hesitation and wavering was displayed in the outbreak of the war, that it had been amply atoned for by subsequent activity. The reader is aware that we scarcely subscribe to this opinion. On the contrary, we cannot but think that there is too much of truth in the following sarcastic observations of the illustrious conservative peer from whom we have just quoted:—"I cannot but entertain a doubt, knowing the unwillingness and reluctance with which her majesty's government permitted themselves to be dragged into the war—I cannot but entertain a doubt whether they had among them those who were capable and disposed to take a sufficiently comprehensive view of the great and important interests involved in this war, and of its mighty consequences and requirements; or that, if there was such a man, he was not able to impress the reflections of his own mind upon those of his colleagues. From the very first to the very last, there had been apparent in the course pursued by her majesty's government a want of previous preparation—a total want of prescience; and that they have appeared to live from day to day providing for each successive exigency *after it arose*,

and not before it arose. TOO LATE have been the fatal words applicable to the whole conduct of her majesty's government in the course of the war. We were *too late* in our declaration of war. We were *too late* in deciding that the passage of the Pruth was a *casus belli* in the first instance. We were *too late* in sending our troops to the Black Sea; and we were too complaisant to the Emperor of Russia, who thanked us for refusing to act in concert with our French allies, and send a fleet into the Black Sea at a time when the French thought it desirable. Our co-operation then would have been of immense importance, and our non-compliance, which extorted thanks from the Emperor of Russia, controlled, to a great extent, the action of our allies. We were *too late*, my lords, in declaring the war; we were *too late* in entering the Black Sea, and we allowed the massacre of Sinope to take place. At that time the Turks were under the pledge of protection from this country; but in the teeth of a powerful armament Sinope was taken and destroyed, the Turkish fleet was annihilated on its own waters, and we were standing idly by, not at Sinope, but in the Black Sea; and, for the purpose of co-operation, were either powerless or unwilling to interfere in time."

The Duke of Newcastle, in replying to the noble earl, said that the quantity of port wine sent out to the hospital at Scutari, was 4,880 dozen; that 1,200 gallons of brandy were also sent out, and 31,180 lbs. of sugar. The quantity of lint sent out to the army was, he said, 26,564 lbs.; a quantity that would cover no less than thirty-six acres of ground. Added to which there were 117,500 bandages of calico and linen, and 20,550 yards of adhesive plaster. A sufficient supply of these necessaries seems to have been sent out by the government; but by some extraordinary mischance, when they were wanted they seldom could be found.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Sidney Herbert, in defending the government on this point, gave the following explanation:—"There never was for a moment a deficiency of lint, of linen, or of anything else. At the time the army left Varna the general hospital was there, and orders were then given that the stores should be sent down to Scutari, but that order, in the hurry and bustle of departure, *was never executed*. The principal portion of the stores remained at Varna, while the whole mass of the wounded were sent to Scutari. * * * There have been all manner of forms to be gone through before stores could be issued to the medical officers. Every account says this: the medical men in their vocation are beyond all praise; their tenderness to the sick, their humanity, their zeal, their energy, are mentioned by every one, friend and foe. But it does appear to me that the deficiency is this;—that with plenty of stores, no one seemed to know where to lay their hands upon them; with plenty of materials at their disposal, the forms were so cumbrous that they never could be produced with that rapidity which was necessary for the purposes of a military hospital. The moment we heard complaints of this kind we sent out a commission with authority to inquire into the causes of these evils, and set them right."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ALLIES LEAVE THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA, AND MARCH TO THE RIVER KATCHA; RUIN AND DESOLATION CAUSED BY WAR; THE FAMOUS MARCH ROUND SEBASTOPOL TO BALAKLAVA; PANIC AND FLIGHT OF A RUSSIAN ARMY ON BEING SURPRISED BY A SMALL PARTY OF SCOTS GRAYS AND ARTILLERY; MACKENZIE'S FARM; DESCRIPTION OF BALAKLAVA; SURRENDER OF THE OLD FORT THERE; DESPATCH OF LORD RAGLAN; DESCRIPTION OF THE FORTRESS AND TOWN OF SEBASTOPOL; PREPARATIONS FOR THE SIEGE; CONDITION OF OUR TROOPS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL; OPENING OF THE TRENCHES; THE OPERATIONS OF A SIEGE; ADVENTURE OF AN AUSTRIAN VESSEL BEFORE SEBASTOPOL; SKIRMISH WITH THE RUSSIANS; CRUEL PRIVATIONS OF THE TURKISH SOLDIERS; GENERAL ORDER OF LORD RAGLAN IN REFERENCE TO THE SIEGE.

We have mentioned that on the day after the battle of the Alma (the 21st of September), the allies were engaged in collecting the wounded and burying the dead. Night set in before this painful and melancholy work was concluded; it was therefore renewed and completed on the 22nd. The English wounded were sent on board ship in arabas and litters, and the labour of the surgeons was incessant. As usual, the arrangements of the French were far superior to those of the English. Instead of jolting arabas and litters, they had well-appointed covered hospital vans for the conveyance of their sufferers. Of the English, some poor fellows died on their way to the ships. The firelocks, knapsacks, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, and other accoutrements found on the Russians, were collected together near Lord Raglan's tent, and formed heaps about twenty yards long by about ten broad.

Many of our poor soldiers died of cholera on the night of the 22nd, and the grim blue pestilence seemed as inexorable as destiny. "My sleep," says a correspondent from the camp, "was disturbed by the groans of the dying, and on getting up in the morning, I found that the corpse of a Russian lay close to the tent in which I had been permitted to rest. He was not there when we retired to rest, so that the wretched creature, who had probably been wandering about without food upon the hills ever since the battle, must have crawled down towards our fires and there expired in the attempt to reach them; several men had died close to our tent during the night."

On the morning of the 23rd the allies left the heights of Alma, and commenced their march towards the river Katcha, where it was considered probable that the Russians might again attempt to oppose our progress. As the day dawned, and while the numerous watchfires still flickered faintly over their embers, the French as-

sembled all their drums and trumpets on the top of the highest of the hills they carried, and celebrated their victory with many a wild burst of martial music. The spirit-stirring sounds thrilled through the valley, and inspired every bosom with martial ardour. "The fogs of the night," says the writer we have just quoted, "crept slowly up the hill sides, and hung in uncertain folds around their summits, revealing here and there the gathering columns of our regiments in dark patches on the declivities, or showing the deep black-looking squares of the French battalions, already in motion towards the south. Dimly seen in the distance, the fleet was moving along slowly by the line of the coast, the long lines of smoke trailing back on their wake. But what is that gray mass on the plain, which seems settled down upon it almost without life or motion? Now and then, indeed, an arm may be seen waved aloft, or a man raises himself for a moment, looks around, and then lies down again. Alas! that plain is covered with the wounded Russians still. Nearly sixty long hours have they passed in agony on the ground; and now, with but little hope of help or succour more, we must leave them as they lie. All this nameless, inconceivable misery—this cureless pain—to be caused by the caprice of one man! Seven hundred and fifty wounded men are still upon the ground, and we can do nothing for them. Their wounds have been bound and dressed; we have done all we can for them; and now, unable as we are to take them along with us, or to send them away, we must depart."

It is some consolation to our lacerated feelings, as we learn these painful particulars, to know that an English surgeon, Dr. Thompson, of the 44th regiment, willingly remained behind, together with his servant, to tend those poor wretches who had been so cruelly abandoned by their own country-

men. It is a painful reflection that so noble and heroic a man as Dr. Thompson should soon have fallen a victim to cholera, brought on by his extreme exertions in the cause of mercy. Lord Raglan, mindful of the noble duties of humanity, summoned the attendance of the head men of the Tartar village up the valley, and explained to them that the wounded Russians would be confided to their charge; that they were to feed and maintain them; and when they were sufficiently recovered, allow them to depart.

At about eight o'clock the tents of the allies were struck, and the march began towards the river Katcha. By this time all idea of meeting the Russians on the banks of that river had vanished, as the armies had learnt from the fleet that the Russians had not only abandoned the defence of the Katcha, but even retired beyond the Belbek. On passing an unfinished stone building, intended by the Russians for a telegraph station, the French cut upon the entablature the inscription, *La Bataille d'Alma, 20th Septembre, 1854.*

At three o'clock the allied armies, whose march had lain through a hilly and barren country overgrown with thistles, came in sight of the beautiful valley of the Katcha. On its opposite side was a ridge of hills clad with verdure and with small forests of shrubs, between which were occasionally seen the white walls of villas and neat cottages. The Katcha is a small but rapid rivulet, whose banks resemble those of the Alma. It was dotted by pleasant white cottages, and flowed through the most delicious vineyards and gardens. The inhabitants however had fled, and the place was desolate. Crossing the bridge, the troops turned eastward towards the little village of Eskel, on the left bank. Soon a wooden sign-post informed them that they were on the road to Sebastopol, from which famed fortress they were distant about ten miles.

We must again lay the correspondent from whom we have before quoted under contribution, for the following admirable description:—"The first villa we came to was the residence of a physician or country surgeon. It had been ruthlessly destroyed by the Cossacks. A verandah, laden with clematis, roses, and honeysuckle in front, was filled with broken music-stools, work-tables, and lounging-chairs. Everything around betokened the hasty flight of the inmates. Two or three side-saddles were

lying on the grass outside the hall door; a parasol lay near them, close to a Tartar saddle and huge whip. The wine-casks were broken, and the contents spilt; the barley and corn of the granary were thrown about all over the ground; broken china and glass of fine manufacture were scattered over the pavement outside the kitchen; and, amid all the desolation and ruin of the place, a cat sat blandly at the threshold, winking her eyes in the sunshine at the new-comers. No pen can describe the scene within. Mirrors in fragments were lying on the floor; the beds had been ripped open, and the feathers littered the room a foot deep; chairs, sofas, fauteuils, bedsteads, bookcases, picture-frames, images of saints, women's needlework, chests of drawers, shoes, boots, books, bottles, physic-jars, all smashed or torn in pieces, lay in heaps in every room. Even the walls and doors were hacked with swords. The very genius of destruction had been at work, and had revelled in mischief. The physician's account-book lay open on a broken table; he had been stopped in the very act of debiting a dose to some neighbour, and the entry remained unfinished. Beside his account-book lay a volume of Madame de Sévigné's *Letters*, in French, and a *Pharmacopœia*, in Russian. A little bottle of prussic-acid lay so invitingly near a box of *bonbons*, that I knew it would be irresistible to the first hungry private who had a taste for almonds, and I accordingly poured out the contents to prevent the possible catastrophe. Our men and horses were soon reveling in grapes and corn; and we pushed on to Eskel, and established ourselves in a house which had belonged to a Russian officer of rank—at least many traces of the presence of one was visible. Every house and villa in the place was a similar scene to that which I have in vain tried to describe. The better the class of residence, the more complete and pitiable the destruction. Grand pianos and handsome pieces of furniture, covered with silk and damask velvet, rent to pieces with brutal violence, were found in more than one house; but one of the instruments retained enough of its vital organs to breathe out 'God save the Queen' from its lacerated brass ribs, and it was made to do so accordingly—aye, under the very eye of a rigid portrait of his imperial majesty the czar, which hung on the wall above!"

The allied armies passed the night of the 23rd in the beautiful valley of the Katcha.

The next day was Sunday, and the troops did not resume their march until nearly noon. Lord Raglan found so many things to be done, that he considered the delay to be unavoidable; but in the period which elapsed between the victory of the Alma and when the allies commenced operations against Sebastopol, the Russians had abundant time to recover from the panic and demoralisation ever attending a defeat. It should, however, be added, that the delay was partially occasioned by the removal of some hundreds of sick soldiers, who were collected from the various regiments and sent on board ship to be attended to. Reinforcements, both French and English, were also received from the ships. The distance between the Katcha and the Belbek is but about six miles; and the allies made no further progress on the 24th. The Russians were in position on the right of the Belbek; the allies, therefore, turned to the left, towards the village of Belbek, and did not march up the stream. By this flank movement they turned the Russian batteries, and the enemy were obliged to retreat and withdraw their guns.

During the night the French outposts perceived a body of Cossacks, and gave them a volley, followed by a shot from a 6-pounder, which soon dispersed them. The enemy, however, meant mischief, as they fired a shot over the house in which Lord Raglan lodged for the night. At five o'clock the next morning the troops were under arms, and ready to move. But a military difficulty had arisen. The Russians had established strong batteries, which commanded the mouth of the river Belbek, rendering the embarkation of troops and provisions there impossible, and would consequently cause loss and delay in any attempt to invest the town on that face. In this state of affairs the allied generals resolved endeavouring by a flank march to the left to go round Sebastopol, and seize on the town and port of Balaklava. By this means the effect of the batteries would be lost, and the allies would secure a new base of operations.

The march was attended with great difficulties; and many military men have pronounced it to have been one of the boldest flank marches, perhaps, ever performed in the face of an enemy. The whole country through which the allied army had to pass is covered with uninterrupted jungle or thickly wooded forest. So thick, indeed,

was it, that the troops were unavoidably thrown into disorder. Indeed the men could hardly see each other; and not only did men of the same brigade get mixed together, but highlanders and guards, guards and line, formed for an hour an apparently inextricable mass of confusion. This was a great opportunity for the enemy; and by a spirited attack they must have inflicted severe loss upon the allies. The Russians, however, made no attempt to arrest the progress of the invaders, and their attention was withdrawn from the troops by the steamers, who threw shells at the forts of Sebastopol; but at too great a distance to do any execution.

In the midst of the confusion heavy firing was heard in front, in the very path of the army. The troops continued their march, however, and it was soon discovered that the firing arose from an incident at once remarkable and ludicrous. A party of the Scots grays, not more than twenty strong, and some of our artillery in advance, coming suddenly upon the high road near Khutor Mackenzie, broke upon a Russian army, consisting, some say, of 15,000 men, and a large convoy of provisions and ammunition. The Russians, taken by surprise, were seized with a panic, and fled with the utmost precipitation. Their army was literally broken in half, one part running in the direction of Simpheropol, and the rest towards Sebastopol. The guns were opened on the retreating Russians, and the cavalry executed a charge, but the pursuit was soon abandoned; indeed the Russians ran so quickly, that the cavalry could not come up with them. The convoy fell into the hands of our men, and was of course regarded as legitimate plunder. Every waggon was destroyed, the flour seized by the soldiers, the powder scattered, the cartridges destroyed, and camp equipments thrown over the precipices. Immense quantities of wearing apparel, dressing-cases, ornaments, and some jewellery were found in the baggage carts, and appropriated by the men.

The army emerged from the forest at about two o'clock, and leaving Sebastopol on the right, arrived just before sunset at the little hamlet of Traktir, on the Black River, where they halted for the night. The baggage was some miles behind the bulk of the army, and Lord Raglan had to pass the night in a miserable little lodge, to wait for its arrival. Near this spot was a

place called Mackenzie's Farm. It received its name from a Russian admiral of Scotch origin, who made a plantation of trees for the imperial navy there. The soldiers were greatly disappointed to find that the stores of the farm consisted only of deal and fir planks, when they had expected to find cheese, eggs, and butter. The French took care that the planks should never be used for the construction of Russian vessels, for they left the place in flames.

Early the next morning the allies pushed on towards Balaklava, and halted at the entrance of a formidable pass, through which the town must be approached. Balaklava, the ancient Symbalon, was once a prosperous, but is now an insignificant little town or village. It was originally founded by the Greeks; then occupied by the Genoese; then possessed by the Tartars; and it has at length fallen into the hands of the Greeks again, being given by Catherine II. to a colony of Greek pirates, whom she found useful implements in assisting her to carry out her designs against the Turks. To the south-east stands the ruined towers and walls of what is supposed to be an old Genoese fortress. It is of considerable extent; and its curtains, bastions, towers, and walls, though now crumbling into decay, stand as a monument of the spirit and enterprise of the hardy seamen who penetrated to these classic regions so long ago. The harbour of Balaklava is about three-quarters-of-a-mile long, from 350 to 400 yards wide, and very deep. It is completely land-locked; for towards the sea the cliffs close up and overlap the narrow channel which leads to the haven, so that the latter is quite invisible. "Some of the inhabitants of the town," says Mr. Scott, "are prosperous; they of course are no longer pirates, but they look as if they would have no objection to do a little smuggling." The possession of Balaklava, besides securing an excellent landing-place for the siege-trains, made the allies masters of the ground about Sebastopol. It also commands the high road to that fortress, from which it is only about six miles distant.

As the staff were about to enter the town, four shells were fired at them from one of the old ruined forts we have alluded to. The fire was soon repeated; but when it was returned by the rifles and some of the light division, and by the guns of the *Agamemnon*, the Russians hung out a flag

of truce, and surrendered. The garrison consisted of no more than sixty men, who of course were made prisoners. When the commandant was asked why he fired from a position which he knew to be untenable, he answered that he did so in order that he might be summoned, and that he felt bound to fire till required to surrender. Lord Raglan's entrance into the town was remarkable. In the principal street the inhabitants, carrying trays laden with fruit and flowers, came out to meet him. Others brought loaves of bread, cut up in pieces, and placed on dishes covered with salt, in token of good-will and submission. In return his lordship assured them of his protection. Shortly afterwards an English steamer entered the harbour and anchored, the fleet having, at the desire of Lord Raglan, sailed round the coast to Balaklava; so that the fleet and army were once more united. "The meeting of the fleet and army here," said an officer of the brigade of guards, "was most cordial. I saw Sir Edmund Lyons meet Lord Raglan on the quarterdeck of the *Caradoc*; Lord Raglan's face was beaming with joy at the success that has hitherto attended our arms."

From Balaklava Lord Raglan forwarded to the minister of war the following despatch, dated September 28th, and containing the particulars of his proceedings:—

My Lord Duke,—I have the greatest satisfaction in acquainting your grace that the army under my command obtained possession of this important place on the 26th instant, and thus established a new and secure base for our future operations.

The allied armies quitted their position above the Alma on the morning of the 23rd, and moved across the Katcha, where they halted for the night, and on the following day passed the Belbek.

It then appeared that the enemy had established a work which commanded the entrance of the river, and debarred its use for the disembarkation of troops, provisions, and material, and it became expedient to consider whether the line of attack upon the north side should not be abandoned, and another course of operation adopted.

It having, after due deliberation, been determined by Marshal St. Arnaud * and myself that we should relinquish our communication with the Katcha, and the hope of establishing it by the Belbek, and endeavour

* The death of the marshal did not take place until the 29th.

by a flank march to the left to go round Sebastopol and seize Balaklava; the movement was commenced on the 25th, and completed on the following day by the capture of this place by her majesty's troops, which led the advance. The march was attended with great difficulties. On leaving the high road from the Belbek to Sebastopol the army had to traverse a dense wood, in which there was but one road that led in the direction it was necessary to take. That road was left in the first instance to the cavalry and artillery; and the divisions were ordered to march by compass, and make a way for themselves as well as they could; and, indeed, the artillery of the light division pursued the same course as long as it was found to be possible, but, as the wood became more impracticable, the batteries could not proceed otherwise than by getting into the road above-mentioned.

The head-quarters of the army, followed by several batteries of artillery, were the first to clear the forest, near what is called in Major Jarvis's map "Mackenzie's Farm," and at once found themselves on the flank and rear of a Russian division, on the march to Bakshiserai.

This was attacked as soon as the cavalry, which had diverged a little into a by and intricate patch, could be brought up. A vast quantity of ammunition and much valuable baggage fell into our hands, and the pursuit was discontinued after about a mile and a-half, it being a great object to reach the Tchernaya that evening.

The Russians lost a few men, and some prisoners were taken, among whom was a captain of artillery.

The march was then resumed by the descent of a steep and difficult defile into the plains, through which runs the Tchernaya river, and this the cavalry succeeded in reaching shortly before dark, followed in the course of the night by the light, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd divisions; the 4th division having been left on the heights above the Belbek till the following day, to maintain our communication with the Katcha.

This march, which took the enemy quite by surprise, was a very long and toilsome one, and, except at Mackenzie's Farm, where two wells, yielding a scanty supply, were found, the troops were without water; but they supported their fatigues and privations with the utmost cheerfulness, and resumed their march to this place on the morning of the 26th.

As they approached Balaklava nothing

indicated that it was held in force; but, as resistance was offered to the advance of the rifle brigade, and guns were opened from an old castle as the head of the column showed itself on the road leading into the town, I deemed it prudent to occupy the two flanking heights by the light division and a portion of Captain Brandling's troop of horse artillery on the left—movements terminated by the surrender of the place, which had been occupied by very inconsiderable numbers of the enemy.

Shortly after we had taken possession we were greeted by Captain Meuds, of the *Agamemnon*, and soon after by Sir Edmund Lyons himself.

His co-operation was secured to us by the activity and enterprise of Lieutenant Maxse, of her majesty's ship *Agamemnon*, who reached my camp on the Tchernaya on the night of the 25th with despatches, and who volunteered immediately to retrace his steps through the forest, and to communicate to Sir Edmund the importance I attached to his presence at the mouth of the harbour of Balaklava the next morning, which difficult service (from the intricacy of the country, infested by Cossacks) he accomplished so effectually, that the admiral was enabled to appear off this harbour at the very moment that our troops showed themselves upon the heights.

Nothing could be more opportune than his arrival, and yesterday the magnificent ship that bears his flag entered this beautiful harbour, and the admiral, as has been his invariable practice, co-operated with the army in every way possible.

We are busily engaged in disembarking our siege-train and provisions, and we are most desirous of undertaking the attack of Sebastopol without the loss of a day. I moved up two divisions yesterday to its immediate neighbourhood, when I was enabled to have a good view of the place; and Lieutenant-general Sir John Burgoyne and General Bisot, the French *chef de génie*, are occupied in reconnoitring it closely to-day.

The march of the French army on the 25th was still more fatiguing and prolonged than ours. Being behind our columns they could not reach Tchernaya till the next day, and I fear must have suffered sadly from want of water.

I regret to have to acquaint your grace that Marshal St. Arnaud has been compelled, by severe illness, to relinquish the command of the army. I saw him on the 25th, when

he was suffering very much, and he felt it his duty to resign the next morning. I view his retirement with deep concern, having always found in him every disposition to act in concert with me. He has since become much worse, and is, I fear, in a very precarious state.

Fortunately he is succeeded by an officer of high reputation, General Canrobert, with whom I am satisfied I shall have great pleasure in acting, and who is equally desirous of maintaining the most friendly relations with me.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

At Balaklava, as elsewhere, the allies were pursued by the dreaded pestilence,—*cholera*. Numbers died there in the hospital daily. It was scarcely possible to pass the wall surrounding it without seeing one or two corpses lying there awaiting burial. The place was in strange contrast with these instances of misery. A private soldier writes:—"This is a beautiful country. Since we landed we have been surrounded with vineyards and orchards; every description of fruit is now ripe—grapes, peaches, apples, pears, almonds, and vegetables in abundance. Many of our men killed themselves by making a too-free use of them. As we approach the towns and villages the inhabitants desert them, and as soon as we come to a halt, our men disperse through them in search of plunder; and such a scene you could not imagine as is to be seen in a few minutes. Thousands of men loaded with tables, chairs, sofas, chests of drawers, pier-glasses, geese, ducks, cabbages, fowls; in fact everything that can be imagined. Our men lay on beautiful feather-beds and costly sofas, in the open air; had arm-chairs and mahogany tables to grub off; and, in fact, the scene presented is so supremely ridiculous, that it excites laughter even in those who disapprove of such wanton and reckless extravagance and devastation."

It is mentioned in the despatches inserted in this work, that on the 23rd of September, the Russians had of themselves sunk seven of their ships of war across the mouth of the harbour of Sebastopol. This measure, which further prevented the entrance of the allied navy, betrayed the apprehension of the Russians. Never before was England opposed to so mean-spirited and skulking an enemy;—one who, hiding her navy behind tremendous batteries, trusted to strike some unsuspected blow by artifice, or to weary out the patience

and exhaust the resources of her opponent. From the observations of our naval officers, it appeared that nine Russian vessels yet remained within the harbour; one of them the famous *Fladimir*, whose exploit in evading our blockade in the Black Sea will be remembered by our readers. As the Russian sailors are to some extent soldiers also, Prince Menschikoff, in sinking the ships, obtained the advantage of rendering the whole of their crews, supposed to amount to from 10,000 to 15,000 men, available for the defence of the forts on land.

Preparations were making for the siege of Sebastopol; but, before we enter on a detail of them, it will be well to give our readers some notion of the extent and power of that fortress. We shall therefore quote the following account of it from Mr. Scott's book on *The Black Sea and the Crimea*, an able and interesting work, to which we have already referred:—

"The port of Sebastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction about four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to 400 yards at the end, where the 'Tchernaiia Retchika,' or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre, and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbours; the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance. All these taking a southerly direction and having deep water.

"The military harbour is the largest, being about a mile and a-half long, by 400 yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter; the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbour, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbour, near the entrance.

"The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to 190 guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to 120 pieces each; and besides these are many smaller batteries. The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about 190 guns: on carefully counting them we made 186. By great interest we obtained permission to enter

this fortress. It is built of white limestone—a fine sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable, the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot: we measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or 68-pound solid shot. Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say; but my belief is, that most of the fortifications of Sebastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its southwestern end.

“At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than 850 pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about 350 could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay.* Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts, by counting the guns of the various forts; not always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sebastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea, and it will be seen from what we have stated above that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

“We are well aware that the *casemated* fortresses are very badly constructed, and though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation, to remedy which some alterations were subsequently made; but admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now 950 pieces, there would still

* “Mr. Oliphant says, ‘Nothing can be more formidable than Sebastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by 1,200 pieces of artillery.’ Now, if by this passage it is to be understood that 1,200 guns mounted on the fortresses and batteries of that place, and commanding the sea, can be concentrated on any one spot, it is manifestly a mistake. That point where the greatest number of pieces of artillery can be concentrated is probably about the centre of a line drawn from

remain 500 guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship. If Sebastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy, with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than 32-pounders. We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sebastopol from the sea alone; but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means, and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot, sufficiently strong to insure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure.†

“In speaking of the means of defence at Sebastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for, while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect, can it be compared for an instant to those of England and France; yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage, which would lead them to stick to their work when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient. There were in the military harbour of Sebastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes; comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers. We visited, amongst others, the *Twelve Apostles*, of 120 guns, and the first lieutenant accompanied us over her. Cape Constantine to the eastern promontory of the Quarantine Harbour, on which part of the guns of Fort Constantine, the Quarantine Battery, Fort Alexander, and Fort St. Nicholas, with some from other batteries, may be brought to bear; but these cannot at the utmost amount to more than 350 pieces, even allowing that spot to be commanded by a 100 guns of Fort St. Nicholas.”

† “These remarks were written before a land attack on Sebastopol was contemplated.”

She was a remarkably fine-looking ship, in excellent order, and very neat in her fittings. One thing which instantly struck us, was the absence of hammock-hooks, but we learned that beds were luxuries which the Russian sailors never dream of, the decks forming their only resting-places. On descending to the shell-room we examined one of the shells, and found it fitted with the common fuse. Now, as at that time it was believed that the Russians possessed a percussion or concussion shell, superior to any in the world, we were anxious to ascertain whether this was really the case; but from the inquiries we made of the lieutenant, we are convinced that such a shell existed only in imagination; that the common fuse was in use throughout the service, and may be so to the present day. The ports of the ship were marked with lines at different angles, by which to facilitate the concentration of the guns.

"We thanked our conductor for his politeness, and in doing so expressed our admiration of the ship. 'Yes,' said he, 'she is worthy of your praises. She was built on the lines of your *Queen*, now in the Mediterranean, by a Russian architect, educated in one of the royal dockyards of England.'

"There is the same pecculation and corruption going on in the ship-building, as in all other departments in Russia; and at Sebastopol everything which proves defective in a ship is attributed to a destructive worm, about which the officials interested in doing so, relate tales almost as wonderful as those of the great sea-serpent. When a ship's bottom becomes prematurely rotten, as unseasoned timber is *of course* out of the question, the worm is the cause of the mischief; but how this singular creature has managed to pass through the copper without leaving a hole, no one attempts to explain. In the Baltic, where no worm exists, the destructive quality of the fresh water is equally great.

"The town of Sebastopol is situate on the point of land between the commercial and military harbours, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of 200 feet. It is more than a mile in length; and its greatest width is about three-quarters-of-a-mile, the streets entering the open steppe on the south. It was partly defended on the west, towards the land by a loopholed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless; and plans for completely

fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long-continued fire of heavy artillery; and unless these fortifications are on a most extensive scale, and embrace a very wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points, that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction becomes a matter of certainty.

"None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side. Indeed the great fort, 'St. Nicholas,' has not a gun pointed in that direction; and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands, rises behind it to a height of 200 feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay, are commanded by higher ground in the rear."

After some discussion as to the manner in which an attack on this famous fortress would be most likely to meet with success, Mr. Scott thus continues his description of the town:—

"The streets are built in parallel lines, from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses, being of limestone, have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the emperor for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects, and the sciences connected with them, history, and some light reading. The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within: it contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals, such as are found in the clubs of England. There are many good churches; and a fine landing-place, of stone, from the military harbour, approached, on the side of the town, beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place

during our visit ; but we cannot say much for the singing ; the company being third-rate, and the voice of the *prima donna* very much resembling, at times, a cracked trumpet. The house itself was badly fitted up.

"The eastern side of the town is so steep, that the mast-heads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers. As Sebastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist. The only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provisions for the inhabitants and garrison. On the eastern side of the military harbour, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded ; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts exceedingly defective, the effluvia being most offensive. But perhaps this is permitted on hygeian principles ; seeing that the Russian is so accustomed to foul odours from his birth, that the physicians may consider a return to a little artificial native air as highly beneficial after a sea voyage.

"Sebastopol is not the port of construction for ships of war : they are all built at Nicholiev on the river Bug, as Petersburg is the building-place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and stores and materials of war in great quantity kept in the naval arsenal. The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master mason. Along the eastern quay are ten large stone buildings, for storehouses, then in the course of construction, five of which were already finished.

"But all other works sink into insignificance at Sebastopol, before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks—three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide, these docks are above the level of the sea, and the ships are

floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each. To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black River has been turned beyond Inker-mann. This passes, at one part, through an excavated tunnel 900 feet long, which is constructed on arches in five or six other places. To form a great reservoir, and thus to insure a constant supply of water, an enormous dike of stone, like those of the pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, was built across a mountain gorge, but on a much more stupendous scale. Mr. William Upton superintended the engineering department, and the work was achieved with perfect success ; proper sluices being constructed to prevent too great a pressure in case of unusually heavy rain.

"Soon after all was finished, however, a terrific thunder-storm arose ; the valley rapidly filled with water, and a great landslip from the side of the mountain took place ; the sluices were thus blocked up, and the flood at last poured over the top, taking away tier after tier of stones, until there was left nothing of the work of years but a jumbled mass of ruin. When we stood upon the remaining portion of this masonry, and marked its extraordinary strength and solidity, we could scarcely comprehend how the rushing of any amount of water could have produced such results. In order to make sufficient space for the docks, the canal of which leads from the southern extremity of the little port, it was necessary to cut away a portion of the mountain, and on the top of the great perpendicular wall thus made, now stands a massive pile of stone buildings, used as the sailors' winter barracks.

"In case of an enemy penetrating the dock-yard port, these barracks might be held as a formidable position by men armed with the Minié rifle ; and it has been suggested, that a couple of line-of-battle ships in the basin, with their broadsides to the port, and commanding it, would also form a battery of great power. Thus, in an attack by sea alone on Sebastopol, every inch of ground would have to be contested.

"A large filter has been erected, from which pipes are carried to the quay, into which a stream has been turned from the aqueduct, and when a ship requires a supply of water, she or the tanked barges have only to go alongside, a hose is attached to the

pipe, put on board, and the process is accomplished with the greatest facility and expedition. No expense has been spared to render this naval arsenal perfect, and we doubt whether, in many respects, there is another in Europe so convenient, always supposing the works projected to have been carried out.

"The streets of Sebastopol, as may be expected, teem with soldiers and sailors; indeed, no one unconnected with the services lives there; and all but Russians are discouraged or forbidden to do so. The Jews were at one time ordered away from it entirely, but some few have been allowed to return. It was said that no foreigners were permitted to remain there more than twenty-four hours; but during a sojourn of ten days we met with no interference, although we visited, and curiously examined, all parts of the town, and everything worth seeing in it."

On the 28th of September, the second, third, and fourth divisions of the army were ordered to move up to the heights above Sebastopol, and encamp there. The first division remained behind the port of Balaklava for the protection of that important post, while the light division rested on the heights above the harbour, which it had occupied before the surrender of the fort. The following day, at the desire of Sir George Brown, the light division also moved forward, and occupied a position in the line of the besieging army. The engineers and artillery proceeded to land the siege-train, and, on the 29th, some of the guns were already dragged up the heights. From this elevated encampment the troops obtained a view of the whole port of Sebastopol, together with its harbours, arsenals, ships, and forts.

The French army occupied the left of the English position, and extended to the coast immediately south of Sebastopol, where the deep and navigable bays offer the greatest facilities for landing siege-trains and stores. The commencement of the attack was far from being precipitate; but, on the 3rd of October, the booming of heavy guns from the forts of Sebastopol, sounded like a prelude to the tremendous struggle that was about to commence.

In taking up their positions the allied armies committed a remarkable oversight, or an act which has at least, and we think correctly, been condemned as such. On referring to our map of the Black Sea, the reader will perceive that the only entrance from Russia into the Crimea is by the nar-

row isthmus of Perekop—a spot that may at any time be occupied by a power that commands the sea. While this was unguarded, the czar could pour reinforcements into the Crimea, and convey supplies to the army within the walls of Sebastopol. Had it been occupied, the Russians in the Crimea must have been isolated, and in this condition, we are inclined to think, that their position would soon have become intolerable, and that submission or defeat, together with the surrender of Sebastopol, must have been inevitable. The allies neglected to secure Perekop; and it will soon be seen what a heavy price they paid for this mistake. Errors in strategy, often small in themselves, frequently lead to the most tremendous results. Nature is inexorable: she sometimes visits errors with gigantic, and, seemingly, disproportionate punishment; and, in great affairs, want of foresight hurries thousands to their graves. It would seem that a false confidence in themselves, and a contempt for the enemy, led the allies into this error. About this time a French naval officer wrote: "Reinforcements are expected from Odessa, *by way of Perekop*, but both will arrive too late; and were they an hundred thousand men they would be beaten."

The operations of the allies were very slowly conducted; and the time wasted in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol was eagerly seized by the Russians in strengthening their defences; while, on the other hand, the delay was wearing out our men. One hundred siege-guns were landed by the English, which, together with thirty guns from the fleet, it was calculated would be sufficient. The French shortly afterwards landed a similar number in Strelitzka Bay, which was intended to be their general depôt during the siege. A thousand English sailors were landed to work the ships' guns which had been sent on shore, to make practical experiments with the Lancasters, and also (after having helped to make a breach) to assist still further in mounting it. The correspondent from Balaklava to the *Morning Herald* says: "Jack seemed highly delighted at the prospect of serving ashore at the siege, and, girded with his revolver and cutlass, took up his quarters in the tents on land with as much *sang-froid* as if it was his natural sphere of action. Soon, however, the native jollity of the tars broke out, and uproarious singing was kept up in their different tents until near midnight. A plain ordnance tent, without decorations to

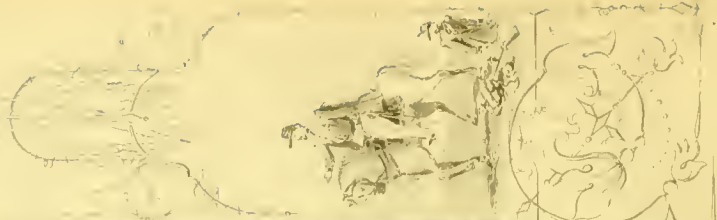
distinguish it from those of the 'sojers,' is far too unassuming an abode for them under their present altered circumstances. Accordingly the decorative abilities of Tom and Bill have been called into requisition, and the canvas is covered with rather bold attempts at ornamentation placed round sundry sentences written over the doors, and expressive of the amiable intentions of the occupants towards Russians in general. One set of tents are the 'Sinope revenge;' another 'Revenge for the *Tiger*;' while a little lower down you come upon 150 hairy, muscular, strapping fellows, who, if you believe their own inscription, are the '*Tralfalgar* lambs,' or the '*Bellerophon*'s doves,' or some other part of the ship's company, equally mild and inoffensive. The way these fellows have got up the ships' guns is perfectly astounding. An iron gun, eleven feet long, and weighing 113 cwt., seemed nothing to them. They volunteered to 'fist' it along, and they literally did so, tying ropes to it, and dragging it by their force over the hills. I have seen fourteen horses, and all the apparatus of artillery, barely moving a gun which fifty sailors have dragged after them at a trot." Another correspondent says, that the sailors worked with such zeal in drawing up the guns, that on more than one occasion they set an axle-tree on fire. The delay in beginning the siege was partly caused by the difficulty of landing the heavy guns and siege-trains, and getting them up to the heights. Lord Raglan also resolved on taking the place with as little loss of life as possible: he would not listen to what he deemed rash projects for storming it, but desired to proceed according to the usual mode of prosecuting a siege.

We said that the delay (though probably arising from a mixture of natural obstacles and humane motives) was wearing out our men. On this subject we will quote the testimony of the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who writes from Balaklava. The facts he relates have a deep and painful interest, and will create amongst us a knowledge of the stern and bitter hardships of camp life:—

"The exposure—and, according to my opinion, in many respects the unnecessary exposure—to all the accumulated hardships of real campaigning, have told upon the troops that were weakened by Bulgarian quarters. It has still more fatally told upon new comers fresh from the barracks and

flesh-pots of Old England, and the easy lazy life and the regular rations of the transports. I have just received some ugly statistics of the losses of the 21st regiment, one of the last regiments that came out. They reached Kalamita Bay on the 18th of September, and at once joined the march. They were 1,004 men. They lost one man at Alma. Disease came among them on the march to Balaklava. On the 4th of October the regiment was reduced to 700 men—that is to say, 303 men either dead or dying of disease in the short space of sixteen days. And mind, the mortality in this regiment is not over yet. Even without casualties on the battle-field, it is to be feared they will be reduced to one-half of their original number before they are properly seasoned.

"Even without inspecting the hospitals and hospital ships, the mearest look at our soldiers must convince any one who knew them before, of the hardships to which they have been exposed—their appearance tells its own tale. They have all of them lost flesh, and walk as men do who feel their limbs, and their faces, yellow with the accumulated dirt and sweat of many days, have a haggard and care-worn look. Their clothes, which they have not pulled off for weeks past, defy the brush; they must look soiled, dusty, and seedy. Frizzy hair, deep-set eyes, and the feverishness of uncleanness, are the order of the day with the men and with most of the subalterns. I defy the most water-loving mau to wash his person and his clothes when there is hardly water enough to drink! Take off the wardrobes of the generals and some of the more favoured among the staff officers, and rely upon it there are not a dozen clean shirts in the army. An officer told me he had not washed his hands for a week; as for washing his face, that is too great a luxury to be thought of. The appearance of the hard-working gallant officers of the line and guards is certainly most unusual to home ideas of a British officer in full uniform, and but for the seriousness of the situation it would even be ludicrous. Landed with no luggage but what they could carry, they have worn their full-dress coats for the last three weeks; they have marched, and fought, and slept in them. Of course the scarlet bears but a faint resemblance to what it used to be, and the gold lace and heavy gold epaulets are but dingy reminiscences of their former selves. Trowsers hopelessly impregnated with Crimean mud and dust,



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and boots that seem to mourn the glorious blackings of 'auld lang syne,' a shako, or cap, much the worse for wear, and sometimes for tear; a red shawl, useful and almost necessary, in defiance of regulations and orders from head-quarters, protecting the waist; a soiled haversack with rations, biscuit, or any small luxury the officer contrived to buy in the shape of fowls, eggs, honey, or Russian bread, slung around his shoulders; a 'Colt,' with belt and case girded round his waist, and perhaps, if the foraging expedition had been of more than usual prosperity, a live goose, grasped tightly by the feet, hanging from his hand. Oh, for the mantle of Fortunatus, to place such an officer all at once into his London haunts, and among the old familiar faces! Put him down in Pall-mall or Piccadilly, or on the swelling carpets of the Junior United Service! Or, better still, mount him on a rough Crimean pony, accoutred with a Tartar saddle and bridle, and let him all of a sudden make his appearance in Rottenrow, heaven knows what fireside gentlemen and ladies would think of him, for what they would take him, and how they would treat the gallant man glorying in his goose! But, if old habits and feelings did not very quickly come upon him, be sure he would be loth to give up his prize to any one but the cook. Not the least amusing feature of the mortifications which campaigning produces in men's dispositions and characters, is the conscientious regard it engenders for all sorts of catables; the desire to 'bag' live animals, and the readiness with which a whole pack starts in full cry, the moment one of them—lucky dog—has got on the scent of some very good thing. People at home, with fires in their kitchens, and larders well provided, and eating-houses open at all hours of the day and night, may laugh at this, but I assure you I am speaking to you in sober seriousness. Short commons three times a week at least, a four-and-twenty hours' fast and march now and then, by way of change, and the absolute want of all the small luxuries for which 'fire-side gentlemen' care not, because they always have them within their reach, give a peculiar tone to a man's stomach, and certainly develop his organs of acquisitiveness in the way of food and comforts. The commissariat have of late been pretty regular in rationing the troops, and the ration bread and meat is most assuredly the staff of life; but, taken by itself, that staff is a

rugged one. In the long run a man feels he has a great many more wants, especially if he has money idling in his pockets; and that is the case of all the officers and soldiers—in fact, of all those who are rationed. Besides, there is the advice of the doctors 'to live well' (would they could also tell us how to do it!) in order to stave off 'seediness' and disease. The officers in the camp are continually coming into Balaklava; each is charged with a hundred commissions from friends who must not leave. They hail boats, and go from transport to transport, inquiring whether the captain or steward has any goods to sell, and if any, what goods? I will give you a price list, with the list of articles most in requisition—perhaps it may encourage the efforts of some enterprising trader. The teetotalers will be sad to learn that, owing to the prevalence of disease and the badness of the water, brandy and sherry are in great demand, and 6s. a bottle is asked, and cheerfully given. That is a long price, considering the ships take their goods out of bond, or buy them at Malta. Salt, pepper, and curry powder are articles continually inquired for, and not to be had at any price. Maltese cigars sell at 10s. the hundred. Loaf sugar, no supply. Arrowroot biscuits were much in demand, and could not be had. A small parcel came in the other day: they sell at 1*d.* a-piece. Soap, no supply. Flannel shirts are in enormous demand, and so are flannel jackets, but none are to be had at any price. It is the same with lucifer matches. I was witness when half-a-crown a box was offered and refused. In short, any one sending out a general cargo of good and useful things, always keeping an eye on the severity of the winter here, would be a benefactor to the army and part of the navy, and pocket large profits at the same time. But the strongest want, which startled even me, is that of books. The army are not generally considered to form an important part of the reading public; but of this I am certain, that if any speculative bookseller were to send out a cargo of good, cheap, light books, he could safely demand, and men out here would gladly pay, an advance of thirty per cent. on the London price. Our army are likely to remain long in quarters wherever they are—at least so long as the men who have hitherto managed the war continue in the discharge of their kindly offices. The majority of the thousands of officers out here expected marches and

operations on a grand scale—plenty to do—little spare time—books added to the baggage would lumber it and be a bore. They now find themselves for weeks and months shut up in camps, with no food for the mind except here and there an old newspaper. They cried out for books in Bulgaria; they will again raise the same cry when once settled in winter quarters in the Crimea. Books are not to be had at Constantinople—the most illiterate of capitals. Parcels from Malta and England have a knack of seldom if ever coming to hand. They pass through the offices of Pera and Galatea agents, and get thrown into corners, knocked about and lost in some way or other. The few books—no matter what they are—belonging to officers of various regiments, go the circuit of whole divisions. I have now in my possession—and to borrow it cost a vast deal of persuasion—a copy of Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*. This book has been read by every officer of the 33rd regiment, and some of them have read it twice. It was then passed over to the engineers, and they read it to a man, and then gave it up to the ordnance, who, having done with it, let me have it for a week. I have seen a man hard at work reading Culverwell's tracts on health; and a treatise *On the Homœopathic Treatment of Diseases in Children*, has actually been studied by a score of young lieutenants, all of them bachelors, and likely to remain so for some time to come. A general cargo of stationery, with memorandum, sketching, and other books, would find a ready sale in the Crimea winter quarters. So would the *New Quarterly Review*, because it gives a capital digest of current literature. In short, any books—good, cheap, and light—would benefit us and the importer, no matter whether our winter quarters are in the Crimea or at Sentari."

When will the siege commence? was the constant inquiry of the wearied and expectant troops. To-morrow, was the usual response—most probably, to-morrow. But day after day came and went, and the allies still rusted in inaction, while the Russians worked night and day at strengthening their defences. On the evening of the 4th of October a reinforcement, consisting of 3,000 Russian infantry, were permitted to enter Sebastopol without opposition. They were fresh troops from Simpheropol, who came by the way of Baktchi-Serai, and were protected by 3,000 Don Cossacks, who marched

on their left flank to protect them from any attack from the allies. The precaution was needless; the generals let them pass safely, though such a force might have been intercepted, and perhaps wholly cut off. Prince Mentschikoff was at Baktchi-Serai with 19,000 of the troops who had been defeated with him at the Alma. His detached parties of Cossacks avoided our cavalry patrols, but they converted the foraging expeditions of the commissariat into daring and dangerous exploits. Sometimes, also, they hovered about the rear of the camp by night, but always retired when a couple of divisions were turned out to watch, and, if necessary, to oppose them.

By some strange arrangement—or more likely want of arrangement—the British divisions were all, more or less, exposed to the fire of the Russian batteries. The Russians were consequently continually employed in firing shells at them; though their aim was so indifferent, that the result was seldom more than three or four killed and wounded in the course of the day. Though for what cause one brave man's life should be unnecessarily sacrificed, we cannot divine. A spectator said—"The being exposed to continual shelling cannot make our men more brave than they are, but I am afraid it hardens them. The whizzing of bombs and round shot is not of a nature to awake amiable or kindly feelings in the human heart. I heard a soldier tell it as an excellent *joke*, that a friend asked him to take off his knapsack: 'I was just at it, and, by G—d, sir, in comes a ball and breaks his head! Came down like a shot, sir. Never spoke again!' The man seemed greatly disappointed that no one but himself could see the fun of the thing. But to do our gallant fellows justice, I have also seen touching traits of humanity and kindness even within the last few days, after three weeks' hardship and exposure to Russian bullets. But yesterday I saw a soldier dividing his ration of bread and meat with a Russian prisoner; and, to crown all, he even gave the man part of his most valued property—a piece of cavendish, which money can hardly buy in camp or at Balaklava." In many cases the men very narrowly escaped: one day a shot took a rifleman's pack from his shoulders without injuring him.

Early on the morning of the 7th of October, a strong detachment from Prince Mentschikoff's army at Baktchi-Serai marched

forward to attack the English at Balaklava. The Russians met with some pickets of the Scots grays and 4th dragoons, who falling back gave the alarm. Three dragoons, who were separated from the rest, are supposed to have been surrounded and slain; for three horses came in without riders. Large detachments of cavalry, grays, and dragoons were immediately sent out, accompanied by two troops of horse artillery. Captain Maude's troop was ordered to clear the way for a cavalry charge. This they did so effectually, and with such a precision, that the Russians speedily retreated. They were allowed to retire unmolested, although a charge of cavalry amongst them would have done great execution. Balaklava had hitherto been left in a strange state of insecurity; but this incident aroused Lord Raglan to the necessity of taking some measures for its protection. The same day (the 7th) a Polish deserter was brought in, who stated that there were 90,000 men within the walls of Sebastopol; but his assertion was not credited. It was deemed impossible that provisions could be found for such a multitude. On the 8th the Russians opened a fire from very heavy guns in their advanced earthworks on the French right and the English left, but the generals would not permit the fire to be replied to; they were anxious to reserve their fire until they opened upon the fortress with a tremendous cannonade of 200 great guns at once.

All this time the allies had been occupied in landing their trains, and in making other preparations for the coming siege. At length ground was broken and the trenches opened; for, on the evening of the 10th of October, four battalions of the French, numbering 2,400 men, marched to the front and began to dig with hearty good will. Before break of day they had finished a ditch, parapet, and banquet 1,200 metres long, at a distance of 900 metres from the enemy's line. At first the French had to dig through hard rocky ground, but after they had penetrated to the depth of a foot and a-half or two feet, they came upon a deep bed of plastic tough clay, admirably suited for the purposes of intrenching.

It may be necessary here for the information of the general reader, briefly to explain the progressive operations of a siege. The first object to be gained is the opening of the trenches—that is, to establish a body of troops in a protected position within a cer-

tain distance of the place to be attacked. The trench is a sort of ditch, or rather sunken road, running parallel to the enemy's fortifications, and of dimensions sufficient to admit the passage of troops and guns along it at pleasure. The excavated earth is thrown up on the side of the trench towards the town or fortress, and forms a bank or parapet for the further protection of the troops in the trench. At certain points of this covered road batteries are constructed, which open upon the fortifications of the enemy; and, when sufficient advantage has been obtained through their fire, a second trench, parallel to the first, and connected with it by a diagonal cut, is opened at a shorter distance and armed with fresh batteries, which go to work as before. This operation is several times repeated, and the approaches are pushed forward by means of successive parallels until they are carried up to the very walls of the town or fortress, which by that time have generally been breached or battered down at this point by the besiegers' guns. Then the assault follows. Strong columns of troops advance from their covered road, rush through the breach, and take the town. The best chances of the besieged consist of natural obstacles, where such exist. Thus, the ground may be so rocky as to prevent the digging of the trenches; or, as is often the case in Flanders, so exposed to inundations at the command of the garrison, that the trenches may at any time be flooded, and the besiegers swamped at their posts. Again, if, as at Sebastopol, the garrison is very strong, it may make successful sorties, fill up the trenches opened by the enemy, spike their guns, and greatly delay the approach of the batteries to the walls of the town. In the absence, however, of such impediments, it is maintained by military men that any place, however strongly fortified, must ultimately fall. In some instances, where the garrison is very numerous or desperate, the besieged will resort to close fighting, and defend every street and house inch by inch. To avoid this, the approaches are sometimes carried right through the battered wall and into the town itself, and no assault made. This latter movement, it was presumed, was the one that Lord Raglan desired to adopt.*

* To many of our non-professional readers, who are not versed in the various technical military terms now so generally used in the letters and despatches which are duly arriving from the seat of war (the

The English were not long behind the French in the preliminary work of opening the trenches. In fact, they commenced their operations the same night as the French, but later. The Russians had hitherto ceased firing at sunset, but they kept up an almost uninterrupted fire during the night of the 10th, though, fortunately, the casualties were very few, amounting only to four killed or wounded. But while the Russians were throwing away their ammunition, 800 English soldiers, invigorated by an extra allowance of rum, were employed digging sturdily at the trenches.

On the 11th, a singular instance occurred of the defective character of Russian gunnery. An Austrian vessel, coming from Eupatoria to Balaklava, and loaded with 600 tons of hay for the use of the English army, the current took her so close to Sebastopol, that to avoid going on shore she had to sail past all the forts at a distance of about 1,500 yards. The ter-

rified crew, convinced that she must be sunk, deserted their ship and left it to its fate. Fort Constantine first opened fire, and every gun pointed to seaward from Sebastopol, was brought to bear upon the unlucky vessel. Though the Austrian was only moving through the water at the rate of one-and-a-half knots an hour, yet, to the astonishment of hundreds of French and English, who were watching the affair, not a shot struck her effectually. Nearly all were too high or too low, too far forward, or too far off; and, strange as it may seem, out of four or five hundred cannon-balls fired by the enemy, only four struck her. But this was not the end of the incident. The *Beagle*, protected by the *Firebrand*, went coolly in, and made preparations for towing the Austrian barque out. The Russians instantly redoubled their fire, and the *Firebrand* received several shots in her hull. Two Russian frigates even came out from Sebastopol, but though under the protec-

more especially as relate to the preparations for the siege of Sebastopol), the following explanations may be of use at the present moment. To our military readers, the terms fascines, gabions, sancissons, &c., may be "familiar as household words." They may not be so, however, with the great mass of the public, who take so deep an interest in all matters having reference in any way to the war in the East. The batteries constructed for the siege of any place (as in the case of Sebastopol) are made of fascines, sancissons, and not unfrequently, in the absence of hard or rocky ground, with earth. They are also made with gabions or sand-bags. Fascines are composed of branches of trees, or brushwood (where they are to be obtained), made up in the form of fagots, about six feet long, and eight and ten inches in diameter, tied together in two or three places. Sancissons, which are used for keeping up the earth-work of a battery, are also made of the same materials; but they are from eighteen to twenty feet in length, and are tied up in bundles of some fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter. Gabions are cylindrical baskets, without a bottom, from three to four feet high, and the same in diameter, to be filled with earth. Sand-bags, which are from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, and about two feet in length, are also to contain earth. Not less than about 1,600 of these are required for the parapet, in the construction of a battery of only two pieces. The batteries which are used in sieges, to destroy the defences of a place, are called battering batteries; the guns being placed behind a mass of earth (or works composed of gabions and sand-bags), about seven feet high and twenty feet in thickness. Ricochet batteries are of the same construction as battering batteries; their uses being to enfilade, with guns or howitzers, the faces of the works of a fortification. What is termed ricochet firing is when the guns, howitzers, or mortars are loaded with small charges, and elevated at an angle of from three to thirteen degrees, so as to throw the shot or shell with several grazes or bounds, either on land or water. The weight of cannon

(when we hear of such heavy metal being moved, in the Crimea, up precipices, and over rugged ground, rendered almost impassable even to the best-appointed arabas) may surprise many of our readers. A 42-pounder brass gun weighs 61 cwt.; a light brass 24-pounder, 24 cwt.; and a 32-pounder iron gun, 55 cwt. Many persons when they read of cannon being spiked to prevent them (when a place is compelled to be evacuated in too great haste to carry off the guns) from being of any service to an enemy, imagine that it is the mouth of the piece which is operated upon; but this is not so. The method most commonly adopted to render a piece of ordnance totally unfit for service is to drive a nail firmly into the vent (or touch-hole) and then to knock off the head, so that by no means could it be pulled out. This, even in a battery of one hundred guns, is but the work of a few seconds, the artillery being always provided with the necessary means to effect this purpose.

Some idea may be formed of the immense weight of powder required to be carried into the field to serve a battery, independently of the ball, when it is stated that, for field artillery, in general actions, in the attack and defence of intrenchments, &c., the charges vary from one-third to three-eighths of the weight of the shot, according to the calibre and weight of the gun. The larger charge, however, is generally used in the attack and defence of fortified places. It may be observed, that the quantity of powder used for proving guns is as follows:—From the three to the 12-pounder the charge is equal to the shot's weight; and from the 18 to the 42-pounder to three-quarters the weight of the shot. For proving light brass guns the charge is one-half of the shot's weight; and for heavy and medium guns it is equal to the shot's full weight. We may add, as regards the weight of mortars (of which several will be employed in the attack on Sebastopol), a 13-inch land service brass mortar weighs 25 cwt., and an iron mortar of the same calibre, 38 cwt.

tion of their own batteries, they dared not advance far enough from the walls to attack the *Beagle* and the *Firebrand*. The latter persevered, and the Austrian was towed off and her cargo saved. This daring exploit elicited general admiration.

The silence of the Russian batteries during the night of the 11th, led to the expectation that a sortie from the fortress was in preparation. A rumour also prevailed that the Greek inhabitants of Balaklava were to aid the enemy by setting fire to the town and the shipping. On this point Lord Raglan received information of so positive a character, that he felt himself compelled to adopt a severe expedient. This was the expulsion of all the inhabitants of the place, who were escorted out of Balaklava, and sent on to the neighbouring villages. They were allowed to take their property with them, and the Greek women carried off a quantity of linen which had been entrusted with them to wash. Great lamentation was made by these people, and the next day many of them returned, but they were unceremoniously ejected. A nightly patrol was then appointed to visit every house in the harbour, and see if any of these fanatic and malignant Greeks remained hidden in them. Had any attempt to fire the town been successful, the result would have been awfully disastrous. From the nature of the harbour the transport ships and steamers could not have left it quickly, and they would therefore have run very little chance of escaping the general conflagration.

On the night of the 11th, the working parties marched out to the trenches and resumed their labours. The Russians, as usual, opened their fire, and kept it up with remarkable vigour, but with very little result. In one spot, however, they succeeded in creating a temporary panic. Shells and rockets were flying about with such rapidity, that although they did but little execution, their proximity was anything but pleasant. One of a party of sailors engaged in the works exclaimed to a companion: "Jack, it's getting too warm by half; I'll hook it." The man carried out his resolution by hooking it immediately, or, in other language, retreating from his duty. The example was contagious, and in a few minutes not a sailor remained. The soldiers soon followed, and the trench was deserted. The feeling, however, was but momentary; order was soon re-established,

and the men returned to their labour. A little joking at their own unusual conduct followed, during which a shell suddenly fell right into the midst of them. Nearly every one threw himself flat on his face, and most of the men were shouting, "Shove it out; shove it out." During the confusion, a brave young rifleman coolly took up the smoking shell in his hands and rolled it over the parapet. Fortunately, something was wrong with the fuse, and the instrument of destruction did not burst.

About half-past one in the morning, both the English and French were aroused by a furious cannonade, and the whole army ordered under arms. The cause of it was as follows:—About midnight, a small body of sappers, only sixteen in number, were paraded for work on Frenchman's-hill, where a battery for twenty-one guns was being constructed. To prevent any error, a sergeant who had made the journey the evening before, was appointed to act as their guide. After a time, some doubt arose as to whether the party were going in the right direction. "Do you feel sure, sergeant," asked one of them, "that we are on the right road?" "What do you think I was sent for?" was the self-satisfied response. Further on the sergeant came suddenly upon a "verst post," and his own confidence was staggered. "Why, how is this!" he exclaimed, "I surely never come to this last night." At the same instant one of the men called out, "Who are those fellows before us? do you see them?" The reply was lost in the startling report of a volley of Russian musketry, supposed to proceed from the van of a sortie from the garrison. The sappers, who were unarmed, ran for their lives, and the enemy rushed forward in pursuit, firing their pieces at random. Fortunately, not one of the sappers was hit, and the advance of the Russians was checked by the fire of our riflemen. The close firing being heard by the garrison in Sebastopol, they sent out artillery to support their attack. "The batteries behind them," says a writer from the spot, "were livid with incessant flashes, and the roar of shot and shell filled the air, mingled with the constant 'ping-pinging' of rifle and musket balls. All the camps were up. The French on our left got under arms, and the rattle of drums, and the shrill blast of trumpets, were heard amidst the roll of cannon and small arms. For nearly half-an-hour this din lasted, till all of a sudden a ringing cheer was audible

on our right, rising through all the turmoil. It was the cheer of the 88th, as they were ordered to charge down the hill on their unseen enemy. It had its effect; for the Russians, already pounded by our guns, and shaken by the fire of our infantry, as well as by the aspect of the whole hill-side lined with our battalions, turned and fled under the shelter of their guns. Their loss is not known; ours is very trifling. The sortie was completely foiled, and not an inch of our lines was injured, while the four-gun battery (the main object of their attack) was never closely approached at all. The alarm over, every one returned quietly to tent or bivouac."

A part of the Turkish soldiers were employed in casting up earthworks. The poor fellows worked willingly, though they were exposed to the most cruel privations, which they bore with an uncomplaining and stoical patience. It is said that the 8,000 Turks who formed part of the allied army in the Crimea, were landed without any arrangements having been made for their support. Some Marseilles biscuits were sent on shore for them; but when these were consumed the men were actually destitute! It is positively asserted that, since the battle of the Alma until the 10th of October, all the allowance given out to them was *only two biscuits each man!* Beyond this they had nothing but what they could pick up in the surrounding country, and the poor creatures were frequently seen walking about the French or English camps in search of any rejected fragments of biscuit or other food. Still these poor, proud descendants of a haughty race marched and worked with a willingness that would have been deemed impossible to men in their necessarily exhausted and fainting condition. An end, however, was put to their misery by the English taking them under their care, and serving them out proper rations. Great was the joy of the poor creatures when they received their rations of coffee, sugar, rice, and biscuits; but they looked suspiciously at the salt beef, which they thought might be pork in disguise; a food which, by their religion, they are forbidden to touch.

Still the time dragged heavily on; still the Russians worked with incredible industry in strengthening their defences; and still the cannon of the allies had not yet opened their thunders against the forts of Sebastopol. To us such delay seems culpable; but certainly competent judges were of a different opinion.

The correspondent of the *Times*, writing *eighteen* days after the allies had taken possession of Balaklava and the heights which envelop Sebastopol on the south side from the sea to the Tchernaya, says:—

"The public must not be indignant when they are told that up to this moment not a British or French gun has replied to the fire of the enemy, and that the Russians have employed the interval in throwing up earthworks, trenches, and batteries, to cover the south side of the town, which have made it almost, if not altogether, as formidable as the opposite side of the creek on which the town is situated, which have gone far to neutralise the advantages we had gained by our masterly flank movement from the Belbek to Balaklava, and which promise to increase very considerably the difficulties and dangers of the siege. The delay has been, I honestly believe, quite unavoidable. Any officer who has been present at great operations of this nature, will understand what it is for an army to land in narrow and widely-separated creeks all its munitions of war—its shells, its cannon-shot, its heavy guns, mortars, its powder, its gun-carriages, its platforms, its fascines, gabions, sand-bags, its trenching tools, and all the various *matériel* requisite for the siege of extensive and formidable lines of fortifications and batteries. But few ships can come in at a time to Balaklava or Arrow Bay; in the former there is only one small ordnance wharf, and yet it is there that every British cannon must be landed. The nature of our descent on the Crimea rendered it quite impossible for us to carry our siege-train along with us, as is the wont of armies invading a neighbouring country only separated from their own by some imaginary line. We had to send all our *matériel* round by sea, and then land it as best we could. But when once it was landed, the difficulties of getting it up to where it was required seemed really to commence. All these enormous masses of metal were to be dragged by men, aided by such inadequate horse power as is at our disposal, over a steep and hilly country, on wretched broken roads, to a distance of eight miles; and one must have witnessed the toil and labour of hauling up a Lancaster or 10-inch gun under such circumstances, to form a notion of the length of time requisite to bring it to its station. It will, however, serve to give some idea of the severity of this work to state one fact—that on the 10th no less than thirty-three ammunition horses were found dead, or in

such a condition as to render it necessary to kill them, after the duty of the day before. It follows, from all these considerations, that a great siege operation cannot be commenced in a few days when an army is compelled to bring up its guns as we have done. Again, the nature of the ground around Sebastopol offers great impediments to the performance of the necessary work of trenching, throwing up parapets, and forming earthworks. The surface of the soil is stony and hard, and after it has been removed, the labourer comes to strata of rock and petrous masses of volcanic formation, which defy the best tools to make any impression on them. The result is that the earth for gabions and for sand-bags has to be carried from a distance in baskets, and in some instances enough of it cannot be scraped together for the most trifling parapets. This impediment is experienced to a greater extent by the British than by the French. The latter have had better ground to work upon, and they have found fine beds of clay beneath the first coating of stones and earth, which have been of essential service to them in forming their works. Having gone thus far in the way of apology, or rather having pointed out to persons who may not be thoroughly acquainted with such undertakings, the causes of the delay which has taken place since our partial investment of Sebastopol in opening fire upon its defences, it is gratifying to be able to state that on Sunday, or at furthest on Monday morning next, upwards of 130 pieces of heavy artillery will be in position, and that our guns will be able to reply to the fire of the Russians. When they do begin, their work will be well and speedily done. From calculations which have been made, it seems probable that the French and English batteries will be capable of hurling no less than 23,600 shot and shell against the enemy's works per diem, and that calculation allows ten minutes' interval for each gun between round and round. We have opened about 1,500 yards of trench, much of which is in a fit state for the reception of heavy guns. The French have completed somewhat more—say 1,600 metres—and are rather more forward than we are, but they have not yet landed all their heavy guns. An immense amount of gunpowder, shot, and shell has

been carried up from Balaklava to the lines, and is placed in park and reserve ready for use; but there are many guns landed for which we have no present use, and large numbers of heavy pieces and quantities of ammunition and ball remain in the town magazines or in the field magazines along the road. Jack has been of essential service in this hard work. The only thing against him is that he is too strong. He pulls strong carts to pieces as if they were toys. He piles up shot-cases in the ammunition waggons till the horses fall under the weight, for he cannot understand 'the ship starting till the hold is full.' He takes long pulls and strong pulls at tow-ropes till they give like sewing-silk, and he is indefatigable in 'rousing' crazy old vehicles up hill, and running full speed with them down hill till they fall to pieces. Many a heap of shot or shell by the roadside marks the scenes of such disasters; but Jack's good humour during this 'spree on shore' is inexhaustible, and he comes back for the massive cargo from the camp with the greatest willingness when he is told it must be got up ere nightfall. It is most cheering to meet a set of these jolly fellows 'working up a gun to the camp.' From a distance you hear some rough hearty English chorus borne on the breeze over the hill side. As you approach, the strains of an unmistakeable Gosport fiddle, mingled with the squeaks of a marine fife, rise up through the unaccustomed vales of the Crimea. A cloud of dust on the ascent marks their coming and tugging up the monster gun in its cradle with 'a stamp and go,' strange cries, and oaths sworn by some thirty tars, all flushed with honest exercise, while the officer in charge tries to moderate their excessive energies, and to induce the two or three hairy Hercules who are sitting astride on the gun or on the few horses in front, with vine-leaves in their hats or flowers in their hair, to dismount and leave off the music. The astonishment of the stupid fur-capped Crim Tartars, as they stare at this wondrous apparition on its way, is ludicrous to a degree; but Turk, Crim, Russian, or Greek are all the same to Jack, and he is certain to salute every foreigner who goes by, while in this state, with the universal shibboleth of 'Bono! Bowno! Johnny!'"

* This term requires a word of explanation. When the allies first landed on the soil of the sultan, the Turks, who seemed to have an impression that every Englishman's name was John, or as they called it, Johnny, used the words bono Johnny (good Johnny) as a term of kindly salutation. They had no idea that

the phrase expressed any undue familiarity; and consequently sometimes very gravely addressed generals, or other officers of high rank, with this favourite salute. The term soon became general; and from being used by the Turks, came to be applied to them—they being at last usually referred to as the bono Johnnies.

At length the suspense of the allies came to a period. It was definitely arranged that the siege of Sebastopol should commence on the 17th, and the day before, the following general order was issued to the troops by the English commander-in-chief. With it we will conclude this chapter, and reserve to a new one the commencement of the narrative of that memorable siege which, in the far distant future, will be regarded as one of the most gigantic and extraordinary events of the present century:—

October 16th, 1854.

Memorandum for generals of division, the commanding officer of artillery, the commanding officer of engineers.

The fire upon Sebastopol will commence to-morrow morning, about half-past six o'clock, from the French and English batteries, in co-operation with the combined fleets.

The precise moment of opening the fire, however, will be indicated by the successive discharge of three mortars from the centre of the works of the French army.

The troops off duty will remain in their respective camps, ready to fall in at a moment's notice, without their knapsacks, great-coats, or blankets.

The horses will be attached to the field batteries.

There will be with each division parties of sappers, consisting of twenty men and an officer of engineers, ready to carry picks and shovels, crowbars and sledges, bags of powder prepared, felling axes, and scaling ladders.

Each division will also have with it a detachment of twenty artillerymen under an officer of artillery, with rockets and spikes for guns. (The latter are only to be used in the event of the troops having to retire from a battery.)

The arrangements for the collecting the several articles above enumerated will be carried out by the officer of engineers and the officer of artillery,

The generals of divisions will make every arrangement for the ready communication of the troops with the reserve ammunition, which, however, need not be placed upon the horses until ordered.

Previously to the opening of the fire, all advanced pickets, with the exception of the men selected to fire in the embrasures, will be withdrawn under the direction of the general officer on duty in the trenches,

and retire under cover to their respective camps.

The covering parties in the trenches will be kept clear of the batteries, and such of them as cannot find cover in the trenches will be moved to such positions in the rear or the flank as will ensure their being at hand to protect the batteries, whilst they will be themselves screened from the enemy's fire. These covering parties will be moved as the commanding officer of the party may see occasion, in consequence of the fire of the enemy. When the whole trench is occupied by guns, the covering parties must be placed as above stated, under adequate cover in the immediate neighbourhood.

The working parties will remain in the trenches, or be withdrawn, according to the discretion of the commanding engineer.

As it is probable that the field batteries may be required to move, the senior artillery officer of the division, and the officer commanding each battery, will make themselves acquainted with the communications to their right and left.

The cavalry, under Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, and the troops of all arms, under Major-general Sir C. Campbell, British and Turkish, posted for the defence of Balaklava, will be held in readiness throughout the day, to act on the shortest notice.

The meat for the men's dinner will be cooked as early as possible to-morrow morning, in case of the army having to move forward.

In the event of an advance, the commander of the forces particularly requests the general officers commanding divisions and brigades, the commanding officers of regiments, and the officers commanding companies, to impress upon the men the urgent necessity of maintaining their formation and keeping their order. The success of any operation they may be called upon to undertake, their honour, and, indeed, their own individual safety, depend upon their being under complete control ready to repel any attack, or to overcome any resistance that may be opposed to them.

Lord Raglan will be at the quarries in front of the third division (Sir Richard England's.)

General Canrobert, at the Maison d'Eau on the left of the British line, and on the right of the French position.

(Signed)

RAGLAN.

Fort Constant
Michigan
-34-





CHAPTER XX.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE MEMORABLE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL; THE FIRST DAY'S CANNONADE, ITS INCIDENTS, AND ITS RESULTS; THE ATTACK BY SEA; DESPATCHES OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH GENERALS AND ADMIRALS; CONTINUATION OF THE SIEGE; CAPTURE OF LORD DUNKELLIN; TRICK OF THE RUSSIANS; DIFFICULTIES OF THE ALLIES; DARING OF PRIVATE MAGUIRE; ADVANCE OF THE RUSSIANS ON OUR POSITION IN FRONT OF BALAKLAVA; FLIGHT OF THE TURKS, AND CAPTURE OF FOUR REDOUTS BY THE RUSSIANS; ENGAGEMENT AT BALAKLAVA; MILITARY ERROR AND HEROIC DEATH-CHARGE OF OUR LIGHT CAVALRY; CAPTAIN NOLAN; RECAPTURE OF THREE OF THE REDOUTS; DESPATCHES IN RELATION TO THIS ENGAGEMENT; SORTIE FROM THE GARRISON.

The night of the 16th of October* was extremely beautiful; the air was clear, and a gentle calmness seemed to prevail, broken only by the occasional boom of cannon and the shrill whistle of a shot or shell through the air. The sky was cloudless, and the dusky vault overhead thick with glittering stars, which seemed to show themselves in unusual multitudes, as if in expectation of the startling spectacle that was soon about to be revealed. The Russians fired but little that night; and a Polish deserter stated a grand ball was held at Sebastopol, and that within the fortress all was confidence that the French and English would soon be driven back to their ships.

In the camps of the allies all was excitement and joy, because at last the thunders of their cannon were to be opened against the stronghold of the czar. In the fleets, also, though no orders had been given, it was generally understood that the siege was to be commenced the next day. At ten o'clock at night, a shot was fired from the *Britannia*, and the signal made for the first

lieutenant to go on board the flag-ship and to copy a general order. That order was: "Be ready for action at eight o'clock in the morning." The brave sailors were delighted, and exerted themselves in a manner perfectly astonishing for its herculean vigour and alacrity.

Tuesday, the 17th of October, dawned on the expectant troops. A heavy dew or fog rested over the valley; but towards six o'clock it began to disperse, and shortly afterwards the sunbeams glittered through the gloom, and the mist rolled off in the direction of the sea. All the men were seen standing at their guns, the apertures of the embrasures (which had been masked, in order to protect the working parties) were cleared, and the guns run out. Hope beat high in the heaving bosoms of every French and English man, and they expected, in a few days, to be quartered within the shattered walls of Sebastopol. Unhappily, those expectations were far from being realised. The Russians had been firing, occasionally, from the first gray tint of twilight, but the

* We relate the following as a pleasant instance of the fraternity existing between the French and English armies. A correspondent of one of the morning journals relates that on this day (the 16th) "General Canrobert made over to our commissariat enough bread, baked in the French ovens, for the whole of our force—viz., 3½ lbs. per man—a very acceptable and considerate present, considering that we had been living entirely on biseuit, and nearly all the time on salt provisions. The French certainly have the pull of us, carrying their ovens into the field; but the fact is, theirs is an army in every respect—ours is not. We have *men*—good ones to fight, and no manner of mistake about that, but nothing more. We are totally destitute of all arrangement—commissariat staff, medical staff, any staff, equally bad—good officers as well as good men; but bad system, or, rather, none at all. Let the army be ordered to storm Sebastopol to-morrow, and they will do it, *coute qu'il coute*. Put them in a tolerably good position to forage for themselves, and they will be sure to make a mess of it. A French soldier naturally forages for himself. If he goes on picket he takes with him his little bundle

of sticks, got where he best can, to light his fire. Our men, on the contrary, would almost expect an araba to carry them. Give ours coffee, and they will tell you they can't roast and grind it. Go into the French camp, and you will see a man who has roasted enough for a dozen men, steadily pounding away at it with the butt-end of his musket and whistling a lively tune; but I must stop, as comparisons are always odious, and we must not expose the foibles of our men. It would astonish the world if an officer of the guards could be put down in St. James's as he daily appears here. Every one looks bad enough in a wretched coat without epaulettes, which have either 'come to grief,' or been discarded as too far gone. The guards, crowned with the nondescript article, in the way of a forage-cap, with which they have lately been furnished, look like a species of brigand. It is wonderful how clean and neat a French officer always appears. They might be transported to the Boulevards, and cause no remarks. Why? Their clothing is more adapted to the real business of a soldier, and in each regiment there are well-appointed mules to carry the *few necessities* a man requires on service."

cannon of the allies had preserved an ominous and threatening silence.

At length the hour had arrived, and the signal was given. At half-past six the French and English batteries roared forth simultaneously. Volumes of smoke and flame broke out from every part of our line, shot and shell whistled and screamed through the air, and the earth seemed to tremble with the reverberation. England and France united—blent together—had struck, like some fierce giant of mythic times—some Thor or Woden, with a thousand hands—the first ponderous, staggering blow against the massive walls of Sebastopol!

The Russians seemed neither surprised nor daunted, but with a calm resolution returned the fire with a terrible promptitude. They were prepared for the worst, and would, if inevitable, meet it with a dogged heroism; but were resolved that every nerve should be strained to breaking, every muscle deadened with exhaustion, before they pronounced the word *submission*. "The first volley," said a spectator of the awful scene, "showed us what no soul in either army had hitherto been certain about—namely, the precise nature both of our works and the enemy's; and I am sorry to say, it also showed us that, even in earth-work-batteries, *thrown up since we came here*, the Russians immensely outnumbered the allied lines. Not only were there extensive intrenchments, mounting twenty-five and thirty heavy cannon, but on every height and ridge guns of heavy calibre were placed in battery. I have been informed that the extensive nature of their works *completely astonished our generals!* and we are by no means sure that we have seen them all yet; for, during yesterday, fresh ones were frequently unmasked in places totally unexpected."

Within ten minutes after the commencement of the cannonade, the lines of the allies, and those of the Russians, were enveloped in a thick smoke; but before that took place, each battery had singled out its antagonist, and got an accurate range. Our left attacking force consisted of four batteries and thirty-six guns; our right, of twenty guns in battery. There were also two Lancaster batteries and a 4-gun battery of 68-pounders on our right. The French had about forty-six guns in their siege-train, but, unfortunately, none heavier than 24-pounders; so that their lines were of a lighter kind than our, and less calculated to

resist the enemy's concentrated and heavy fire. Altogether, we were supposed to have 117 guns to subdue about 130 of the Russians—no such great disparity, if the other conditions had been equal. It is said, amidst all the roaring of artillery, the peculiar explosion of the Lancaster guns could be plainly heard. They differed from that of other cannon, and the balls they discharged clove the air with a noise and regular beat resembling the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards' distance. This created great amusement amongst the men, who directly gave it the name of the "express train;" and by that only is it now known amongst them. The effects of its shot are described as most terrible. "From its deafening noise," said a spectator, "the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of twenty or thirty such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we could afford to mount but two, and even these were only fired once in every eight minutes." It should be added, that opinions differ as to the value of these tremendous weapons. Some persons describe them as not realising the expectations formed of them. With most of the sailors they were by no means popular; some of the tars who worked them saying, in a tone of complaint, "Them guns would not tell no ways." It would seem, however, that they were not familiar with the use of them.

For two hours the cannonade roared incessantly, and then a breeze springing up from the south cleared away the smoke, and afforded a view of what was going on. One of the Lancaster guns had done terrible work on the Round Tower. Masses of solid masonry were dislodged from its sides, not a man remained on its roof, and its four guns were overthrown and lay about like dead horses. Beyond this, however, no mischief seemed to be done to the massive fortress, and it was evident that the French were fighting at a disadvantage. They were completely flanked by a 10-gun battery, and their fire became more feeble every minute.

About half-past eight the fire slackened for a little while on each side. Soon after it was renewed, a terrific explosion, that seemed almost like the shock of an earthquake, drew attention to one of the French batteries, over which was hanging a tremendous cloud of smoke. A sad mischance had happened to

our allies. The fire of the Russians succeeded in blowing up the French magazine in the extreme right battery of twelve guns. Not only were some tons of powder fired, but about a hundred men were reported to be killed and wounded: the French afterwards set the number down at fifty. The delighted Russians gave a loud cheer, and poured forth their fire with such vigour on the French right batteries, that at ten o'clock the latter were nearly silenced.

Glimpses of the fleet could be seen in the offing, making preparations for an attack. About half-past twelve, the French line-of-battle ships ran up in magnificent style, and engaged the batteries on the sea side. "Through the smoke over the harbour," says the writer we have just quoted (the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*) "we could plainly perceive the masts and funnel of a large screw line-of-battle ship, which, without firing a shot, stood in, until her broadside was within two hundred yards of one of the principal fortresses at the north of the harbour. Then her guns began to roar loud above the hellish din, which seemed to rend the very sky. The vessel which performed this gallant exploit was French, and, I believe, the *Montebello*, 120; the crew of which suffered so dreadfully from cholera while at Varna. From the moment she arrived alongside the fort, her sides seemed literally on fire, so rapidly, so incessantly, were her tiers of guns discharged." The Russians, though replying bravely to the attacks, both by sea and land, suffered fearfully.

The Russians were not the only sufferers, however; their fire poured terrifically, and with a fatal success, upon the French lines which had been abandoned. At about half-past one a Russian shell fell and exploded full upon the reserve magazine of the principal French battery, which instantly blew up with an awful shock! The explosion was terrible; about twenty tons of powder, with shells and rockets in proportion, were ignited! The earth seemed to tremble; the greatest part of the battery, together with sixteen guns, and nearly all the men were hurled into the lurid air! As the roar of the explosion ceased to vibrate on the startled ear, four French screw liners, each having another in tow, dashed up to the forts, and, as if in furious retaliation, dealt death and destruction amongst the enemy. "As each French liner came in, she added her incessant broadsides to the continuous roar of cannon which prevailed on all sides. The scene was perfectly hellish.

The atmosphere was only a thick lurid smoke, which seemed to suffocate, and through its heavy folds the scream of shot and shell was enough to make one's hair stand on end. No words of mine could do justice to such a pandemonium. Let your readers imagine at least 4,000 pieces of the heaviest ordnance in the world firing shells and rockets without a moment's intermission. The air seemed one perpetual explosion; but, in the midst of which, singularly enough, the peculiar jerking scream of the Lancaster shell could be plainly heard."

About half-past one a red-hot shot, fired by the Russians, fell into an English battery, and striking an ammunition waggon, caused it to blow up instantly, though from the powder being comparatively unconfined, the shock was not so severe as might have been expected. Some of our brave fellows were killed; but the works of the battery remained uninjured. The Russians, as usual, set up a tremendous cheer; but their mirth speedily died away into mourning. A shell from the Lancaster gun is supposed to have lodged in the Russian magazine of the redoubt in front of the redan wall. The explosion which followed is described as making the blood of the stoutest man run cold. It seemed as if the whole of Sebastopol had been smitten into a heap of stones and ruin. When the cloud of earth, dust, smoke, and fragmentary bodies cleared away, it was seen that nothing but a great black hole remained of the redoubt, and that the most part of the redan wall was blown away. For some minutes the startled Russians did not fire a single shot; they then returned to their guns, and concentrated their fire upon the battery, where the fatal Lancaster gun was placed. Their efforts were in vain; it was quite out of range; and their shot stopped rolling nearly two hundred yards in advance of the battery. They then gave up the point, and poured forth their shot against the French fleet, which was battering the stone-works and town by tremendous broadsides. We mentioned that the English had mounted only two Lancaster guns. The one, as we have related, did terrible execution; but the other, unfortunately, burst at the first shot, though without injuring the men serving it.

The cannonade continued to rage till dusk with unmitigated fury, and the ships poured in broadside after broadside on forts Nicholas and Constantine at close ranges. As the evening closed in the fire slackened, and at night it altogether ceased.

Thus ended the first day's siege of the then world-famous fortifications of Sebastopol. The total loss to the allied fleets was, sixteen killed and 200 wounded in the French ships, and forty-six killed and 250 wounded in the English. In the land attack the French lost about 200 men, chiefly by the explosions; the loss of the English did not amount to 100 killed and wounded.

The following account of the operations by sea, during this eventful day, is from the pen of a correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Off the Katcha, Crimea, Oct. 18th.

"Yesterday morning, about daybreak, the English and French opened fire from their batteries on the south side of Sebastopol. Late on the preceding night it had been agreed by the combined admirals and generals that the fleets should on the same day make a grand attack on the forts at the mouth of the harbour. During the night topgallant-masts were lowered, spare spars and boats handed over to her majesty's ship *Fulcan*, and early in the morning steam was up. The paddlewheel and screw frigates lashed themselves alongside the sailing line-of-battle ships, and all was got ready for the fight. The French were to occupy the right as you enter the harbour—that is, the southern side, and the English the left, or northern side, in one line,—about 1,500 yards off.

"The French first got into their places, about half-past twelve o'clock, and immediately commenced a heavy fire, which was vigorously returned from the batteries. The distance, however, was certainly greater than originally contemplated, and, as far as I can ascertain, it was over 2,000 yards. By degrees the English ships successively took up their stations, passing in rear of the French, and anchoring to the left. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, and *London* (lashed to the *Niger*), however, took an inside station in advance,—perhaps about 1,000 yards from Fort Constantine. Nothing could be more noble than the gallant way in which the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil* steamed in amid a perfect hail of cannon-balls and shells, preceded by a little tug-steamer, the *Circassia*, commanded by Mr. Ball. This little bit of a cockleshell, which looked as if she might have been arrested by a fowling-piece, deliberately felt the way for the large ships till her services were no longer required.

"The firing soon became terrific. At the

distance of six miles the sustained sound resembled that of a furious locomotive at full speed, but, of course, the roar was infinitely grander. The day was a dead calm, so that the smoke hung heavily about both ships and batteries, and frequently prevented either side from seeing anything. From about two till dark (nearly six) the cannonade raged most furiously.

"Towards four o'clock, Fort Constantine, as well as some of the smaller batteries, slackened somewhat in their fire; but towards dusk, as some of the ships began to haul out, the Russians returned to their guns, and the fire seemed as fierce as ever. There was one explosion just behind Fort Constantine, which appeared to do much damage. At dark all the ships returned to their anchorage. The change was magical from a hot sun, mist, smoke, explosions, shot, shell, rockets, and the roar of 10,000 guns—to a still, cool, brilliant starlight sky, looking down upon a glassy sea, reflecting in long tremulous lines the lights at the mast-heads of the ships returning amid profound silence.

"What damage has been done to the forts we don't yet know. Three of our ships have been roughly handled, and the killed and wounded amount to forty-six English killed, and upwards of 250 wounded. Lieutenant Chase, of the *Albion*, has fallen, and Lieutenant Lloyd, commanding the *Vesuvius*, and Mr. Foster, midshipman on board the *Sanspareil*, are seriously wounded. No captains have been hit. The blue-jackets showed all their ancient valour. Eight or nine men were swept away at a fore-castle gun on board the *Sanspareil* by the explosion of a shell. The two remaining men coolly went on loading, with their sponge and rammer, as though nothing had happened."

Lord Raglan forwarded a despatch, containing the particulars of this day's proceedings, to the Duke of Newcastle. It was lost in its passage through France, and, though afterwards recovered, did not arrive in England until the 11th of November. We subjoin it:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 18th.

My Lord Duke,—It was arranged between General Canrobert and myself that the batteries of the two armies should open immediately after daylight on the morning of the 17th, and we invited Admiral Dundas and Admiral Hamelin to attack the enemy's

works at the mouth of the harbour with the combined fleets, as nearly simultaneously as circumstances might permit.

Accordingly, upon a signal being given from the centre of the French lines, the batteries of the two armies commenced their fire about a quarter before seven yesterday morning.

On this occasion we employed about sixty guns of different calibre, the lightest being 24-pounders.

It may here be proper to observe that the character of the position which the enemy occupy on the south side of Sebastopol is not that of a fortress, but rather of an army in an intrenched camp on very strong ground, where an apparently unlimited number of heavy guns, amply provided with gunners and ammunition, are mounted.

The guns having opened, as above stated, a continuous and well-directed fire was carried on from the works of the two armies until about ten o'clock, A.M., when, unfortunately, a magazine in the midst of one of the French batteries exploded, and occasioned considerable damage to the works, and I fear many casualties, and almost paralysed the efforts of the French artillery for the day.

The British batteries, however, manned by sailors from the fleet, under the command of Captain Lushington and Captain Peel, and by the royal artillery, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-colonel Gambier, kept up their fire with unremitting energy throughout the day to my own and the general satisfaction, as well as to the admiration of the French army, who were witnesses of their gallant and persevering exertions, materially injuring the enemy's works, and silencing the heavy guns on the top of the loopholed tower to which I adverted in my despatch of the 13th instant, and many of the guns at its base, and causing an extensive explosion in the rear of a strong redoubt in our immediate front; the enemy, notwithstanding, answered to the last from a number of guns along their more extended line.

The fire was resumed this morning at daylight by the British sailors and artillery, and responded to, though in a somewhat less degree, by the Russians; but the French troops, being occupied in the repair of their batteries, and in the formation of others, have not contributed to the renewal of the attack, except from a work on their extreme left; they expect, however, to be able to do so to-morrow morning.

I beg to lay before your grace a return of the loss sustained by the royal navy, and the army under my command,* between the 13th and the 17th instant, and to this I am deeply concerned to add that of Colonel the Hon. Francis Hood, commanding the 3rd battalion grenadier guards, an excellent officer, whose death in the trenches this morning has just been reported to me.

The English, French, and Turkish fleets moved towards the mouth of the harbour about noon, and kept up a heavy fire upon the enemy's forts for several hours.

I am not fully acquainted with the details of the attack, or its result, but I understand that Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, assisted occasionally by the *London*, *Queen*, and *Albion*, gallantly approached to within 600 yards of Fort Constantine, the great work at the northern entrance, where he maintained himself till late in the afternoon, and succeeded in exploding a magazine, and causing considerable injury to the face of the fort.

Since I wrote to your grace on the 13th, six battalions of Turkish infantry and 300 Turkish artillery have been added to the force in front of Balaklava.

These troops have been sent from Constantinople, and placed under my command by the government of the Porte, and I feel greatly indebted to her majesty's ambassador, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, for the ability and energy with which he brought under the notice of the sultan the importance I attached to an immediate reinforcement of the imperial troops.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

The following is the despatch sent by Admiral Dundas to the secretary of the Admiralty:—

Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 18th.

Sir,—I beg you will acquaint the lords commissioners of the Admiralty that the siege batteries of the allied armies opened fire upon the Russian works south of Sebastopol about half-past six o'clock yesterday morning, with great effect, and small loss.

2. In consequence of the most urgent request of Lord Raglan and General Can-

* The lists of killed and wounded are omitted for reasons already stated. See Note, page 233. The reader will understand this when such lists are referred to in future despatches.

robert, it was agreed by the admirals of the allied fleets that the whole of the ships should assist the land attack by engaging the sea batteries north and south of the harbour, on a line across the port, as shown in the accompanying plan, but various circumstances rendered a change in the position of the ships necessary and unavoidable.

3. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Sampson*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, *Lynx*, *Albion*, *London*, *Arethusa*, towed by the *Firebrand*, *Niger*, and *Triton*, engaged Fort Constantine and the batteries to the northward; while the *Queen*, *Britannia*, *Trafalgar*, *Vengeance*, *Rodney*, *Bellerophon*, with *Vesuvius*, *Furious*, *Retribution*, *Highflyer*, *Spitfire*, *Spiteful*, and *Cyclops*, lashed on the port side of the several ships, gradually took up their positions, as nearly as possible as marked on the plan.

4. The action lasted from about half-past one to half-past six, P.M., when being quite dark, the ships hauled off.

5. The loss sustained by the Russians, and the damage done to Fort Constantine and batteries cannot, of course, as yet be correctly ascertained.

6. An action of this duration against such formidable and well-armed works could not be maintained without serious injury, and I have to regret the loss of forty-four killed and 266 wounded, as detailed in the accompanying lists. The ships, masts, yards, and rigging are more or less damaged, principally by shells and hot shot. The *Albion* has suffered much in hull and masts; the *Rodney* in her masts, she having tailed on the reef, from which she was got off by the great exertions of Commander Kynaston, of the *Spiteful*, whose crew and vessel were necessarily exposed in performing this service; but, with the exception of the *Albion* and *Arethusa*, which ships I send to Constantinople to be repaired, I hope to be able to make my squadron serviceable in twenty-four hours. Foreseeing from the nature of the attack that we should be likely to lose spars, I left the spare topmasts and yards on board her majesty's ship *Fulcan* at this anchorage, where I had placed her with all the sick and prisoners.

7. I have now the pleasure of recording my very great satisfaction with the ability and zeal displayed by Rear-admirals Sir Edmund Lyons and the Hon. Montagu Stopford, and all the captains under my command, as well as my sincere thanks to them, and to the officers, seamen, and

marines employed, for their unremitting exertions and the rapidity of their fire, in the absence of a large number of the crews of each ship, who were landed to assist in working the siege batteries, &c., on shore, and to this circumstance I attribute the small loss of killed and wounded.

8. The gallant and skilful conduct of our French allies in this action was witnessed by me with admiration, and I hear with regret that they have also suffered considerable loss.

9. I beg to express my gratitude at the manner in which Ahmed Pasha, the Turkish admiral, did his duty.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

General Canrobert, then commander-in-chief of the French army in the East, forwarded the following report, dated 18th of October, to the minister of war. It frankly admits the misfortunes of the French during the preceding day, but is full of spirit and confidence:—

Monseigneur le Maréchal, — Yesterday, at sunrise, we opened our fire in concert with the English army. Matters were proceeding favourably, when the explosion of the powder magazine of a battery, which unfortunately was of a serious character, threw our attack into disorder. This explosion produced greater effect from the fact that our batteries were accumulated round the point where it took place. The enemy profited by it to increase his fire, and, in accord with the general commanding the artillery, I was of opinion that it was necessary for us to suspend ours in order to make repairs, and to complete towards our right, by fresh batteries connected with those of the English army, the system of our attack. This delay is no doubt to be regretted, but we must resign ourselves to it, and I am taking every necessary step to render it as short as possible.

The place kept up the fire better than was expected. The circle is of such a formidable development in a right line, and comprises guns of such large calibre, that it can prolong the struggle. On the 17th our troops took possession of the height before the point of attack called the Bastion of the Mat, and occupied it. This evening we shall raise upon it a masked battery of twelve pieces, and, if it be possible, also a second battery at the extreme right above the ravine.

All the means of attack are concentrated upon this bastion, and will enable us, I hope, soon to take possession of it, with the assistance of the English batteries, which are directed against its left face.

Yesterday, about ten o'clock in the morning, the English fleet attacked the external batteries of the place, but I have not yet received any particulars to enable me to give you an account of the result of this attack.

The English batteries are in the best possible condition. Eight new mortars have been placed in them, calculated to produce great effect. Yesterday there was, in the battery which surrounds the tower situated to the left of the place, a tremendous explosion, which must have done much injury to the enemy. Since then this battery has fired very little, and this morning there are only two or three guns which can fire.

I have no precise information about the Russian army. There is nothing to indicate that it has changed the positions it occupied, where it awaits reinforcements.

I have received almost the whole of the reinforcement of artillery which I expected from Gallipoli and Varna. General Levaillant has just arrived with his staff, which increases to five divisions the effective force of infantry which I have under my orders. Their state of health is satisfactory, and their discipline excellent, and we are all full of confidence.

We enclose, also, the despatch of Vice-admiral Hamelin to the French government :—

Ville de Paris—before Katcha, Oct. 18th.

Monsieur le Ministre,—In my letter of the 13th of October I announced to your excellency that I had embarked with all my staff on board the frigate *Mogador*, in order to anchor as near as possible to the French head-quarters, and arrange with the general-in-chief a general attack by the land and sea forces against Sebastopol on the day when the fire of the siege batteries should commence. On the 14th I had an interview with General Canrobert, whose views were in conformity with mine. On the 15th a meeting of the admirals of the allied squadrons took place on board the frigate *Mogador*, and the arrangements for the general attack were made with common accord, and were then submitted to the generals of the land forces, who heartily agreed to them.

This general attack was fixed for the 17th, the day of the opening of the fire of the siege batteries.

With respect to the squadrons, they were to effect what follows :—The French squadron undertook to place itself towards the rocks to the south, and at about seven cables' length to operate against the 350 guns of the Quarantine Battery, the two batteries of Fort Alexander, and the battery of the artillery.

The English squadron had to attack towards the rocks of the north, at about the same distance, the 130 guns of the Constantine Battery, the Telegraph Battery, and the Maximilian Tower to the north.

If your excellency would imagine a line traced along the entry to Sebastopol from the east to the west, that line would separate into two parts the locality of the attack which devolved upon each squadron.

The Turkish admiral with two vessels, all that he retained at the time, was to cast anchor to the north of the two French lines—that is to say, in an intermediate position between the English and French vessels. On the morning of the 17th the attack of the siege batteries commenced; but, as the weather was calm, it was necessary to attach the ships-of-the-line to the steam-frigates before developing against Sebastopol the line of the twenty-six ships of the allied squadrons. Nevertheless, in spite of this difficulty, and the separation which had taken place between the ships of the allied squadrons, a part of which had anchored at Kamisch and part before the Katcha, I have the satisfaction to announce to your excellency that the ships of our first line advanced about half-past twelve in the day under the fire of the batteries of Sebastopol, which they stood against at first during more than half-an-hour without replying. A few minutes afterwards they replied vigorously to the fire, which did not fail to incommode them, from their small number. Afterwards the other French and English vessels successively arrived, and the attack became general.

Towards half-past two o'clock the fire of the Russian batteries slackened; it was stopped at the Quarantine Battery. This was the exact object desired by the French squadron, but our firing was redoubled and continued without interruption till night.

At the time I am writing to your excellency I am not aware of what was the success of our siege batteries, whose fire had

commenced before ours, and which attacked the Russian fortifications on the land side.

If the Russians had not closed the entrance to Sebastopol by sinking two ships-of-the-line and two frigates, I do not doubt that the vessels of the squadrons, after the first fire, would have been able successfully to enter the port and place themselves in communication with the army. Perhaps they would not have lost many more men in doing this than we have now to regret; but the extreme measure which the enemy adopted of sacrificing a portion of his ships, forced us to confine ourselves to attacking for five hours the sea batteries of Sebastopol, with the object of silencing them, more or less; of occupying a great many men of the garrison at the guns; and of giving thus to our army material as well as moral assistance.

To-day (the 18th) I have only time to give a hasty sketch to your excellency of this affair, which, in my opinion, does great honour to the French navy.

I subjoin to this sketch a list of the men killed and wounded on board of each ship. Without delay I shall send you a detailed report upon all the phases of the attack, and in reference to the part, more or less active, which each ship took in it.

At the commencement of the affair the enthusiasm was extreme. During the combat the tenacity of every one was not less so. Before commencing the fire I signalled to the squadron, "*France has her eyes upon you*," a signal which was received with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*

I am, with deep respect, Monsieur le Ministre, your excellency's very obedient servant, the vice-admiral commander-in-chief of the squadron of the Mediterranean.

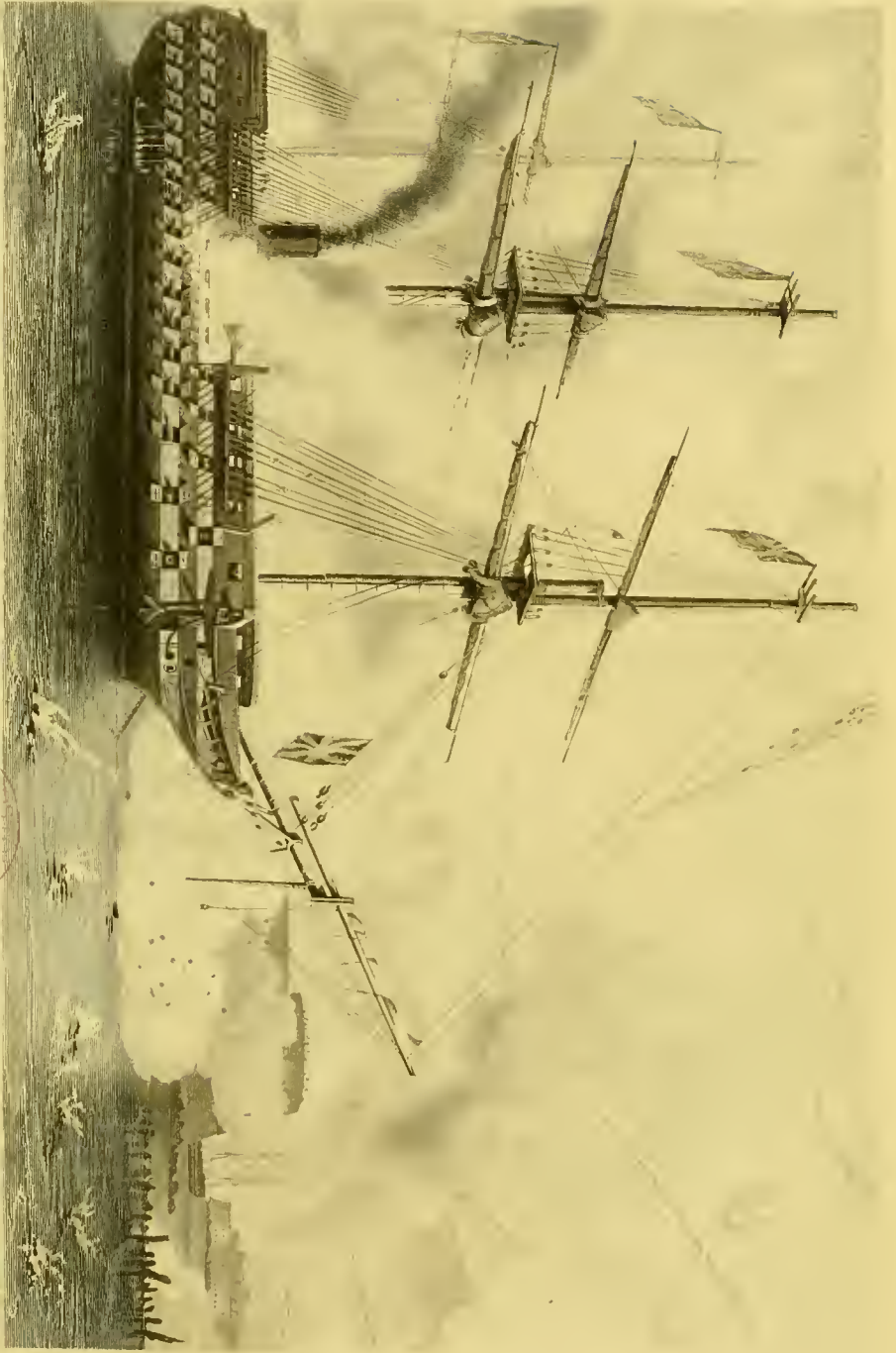
HAMELIN.

The result of this terrible day's work was a strong conviction that the fame of Sebastopol for adamantine strength and almost fabulous resources, had not been unjustly acquired. Almost superhuman efforts had been made by the allies, but the towers of the grim fortress stood proudly erect as ever. Injuries were soon repaired—so soon, that it seemed almost the work of enchantment. The forts by the sea, against which the fleets of the allies had poured such fierce storms of iron and fire, exhibited a spotted appearance; but there they stood intact, while many ships were terribly injured. The *Albion* was set on fire in three places, and would have gone on shore, if

the *Cambria*, one of the steamers expressly kept ready for such an emergency, had not come up in time to rescue her from destruction. She was, however, so much damaged, that she was compelled to be towed, in a dismantled and battered condition, to Constantinople. The *Albion*, in conjunction with the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil*, bore the brunt of the action on the side of the English fleet. Admiral Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, won golden opinions from all quarters. This vessel fired seventy rounds, and her broadside was scorched the whole length. At one time the *Sanspareil* withdrew, in consequence of her having expended her number of rounds of powder, and the forts on the hill directed their entire efforts at the *Agamemnon*. Sir Edmund Lyons, at the time occupied with the big fort, sent his flag-lieutenant through a galling fire to bring in the *Bellerophon*, and to get the *Sanspareil* back. "Tell them," said this worthy successor of our great naval heroes of earlier days, "tell them to come in; these forts will sink me, and I'm d—d if I leave this."

During this first day of the siege, two or three Turkish sail-of-the-line stood in and fired with some effect at the batteries on the Constantine side. Still the attack from the sea, fierce and terrible as it was, was regarded almost in the light of a failure. The vessels were compelled to fire from too great a distance to deal destruction upon solid stone walls; while, on the other hand, the ships were exposed to a tremendous fire. The firing from the French ships is described as one continuous and terrible roar, but an opinion was held that they were sometimes too far out, being generally about 1,400 yards from Fort Alexander.

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* thus speaks of the results of the fire from the allied fleet:—"We passed close by the forts of Sebastopol. We were quite within range (though the enemy never attempted to fire), and therefore with our glasses we could see every chink and cranny in the fortresses, which we had ample time to survey. Every fort towards the sea—those of Alexander and Paul on the south side, and Nicholas and Constantine on the north—were perfectly covered, from the base to the summit, with shot marks. In this there was no difference between those attacked by the English or French, except that Fort Constantine, to the north, had two of the casemated ports knocked into one. It was at



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the spot where the *Agamemnon* had been moored, and where her whole broadside had been concentrated with something like effect. As far as we could judge, it seemed that the amount of damage done to the batteries is literally and truly nothing. Where several shots have struck in the same place, the granite is splintered and broken away to the depth of about a foot, or even less. Where only one or two balls have struck, there are mere whitish marks, as if the spot had been dabbled with flour.

"To restore these forts to their original look would of course be expensive, because unnecessary. As forts, they are as strong as if a shot had never been fired against them. A very small amount of money would repair the *actual damage* done to the cornices of the lower embrasures. The spots on the walls below the embrasures are not worth notice, for a few inches of stone make little difference in a fort where the walls are fourteen, and in some parts eighteen feet thick. Unless I had seen it with my own eyes, I could never believe that such a tremendous fire could have been directed, incessantly for six hours, against stone walls with such trifling results. There are, however, several circumstances which account for this. Ships, to tell effectually against stone batteries, must double-shot their guns, and this can only be done when within 500 yards. Owing to the shallowness of the water, no vessel, French or English, was enabled to approach nearer than 750. The great majority, even of those attacking, were at 1,000 and 1,200 yards off."

The following letters, the one from an officer of the English, and the other from an officer of the French navy, give some further particulars of the efforts of the allied fleets on the memorable 17th of October:—

"H.M.S. *Britannia*, Oct. 18th.

"Yesterday the bombardment was begun by the batteries on shore, at daylight, and a tremendous cannonade was kept up. We have 1,000 men and 1,500 marines working with them. At two, P.M., we were in action; and as time will not allow me to give a long description, all I can say is, I never heard such a row in my life. We towed in with a steamer lashed alongside; took up a position, and let go the anchor; swung the ship broadside to the fort, and went to work. We were firing four hours and a-half; then up anchor and went out at sun-

set. Our list in the squadron is forty-four killed and 266 wounded. We had a wonderful escape in this ship; the shot came into us in all directions, and yet, I thank God! only nine wounded. The worst of it is, the Russians have sunk their ships across the harbour; we can't get in, and not half near enough outside on account of shoal water. However, I think they got a good dose; but no one can believe what a tremendous place this is. However, if all's well, we will have it yet. But everybody in England is in such a tremendous hurry, as though for our own sakes, before winter comes on us, everybody would not do his utmost. And then let them have a little consideration. In a month, or less, our army alone has been reduced from 25,000 to 16,000 by deaths and wounded. And yet I have no doubt they are crying out because Sebastopol is not yet taken, and upbraiding men who have passed through such scenes as will never be described. But enough of this. Yesterday, the shot, shells, and rockets began to fly about us long before we anchored, and the deafening noise, the hiss of the missiles, and the roar of some thousands of guns, you may amuse yourselves by trying to imagine. We were ordered not to fire before orders were given to begin from on deck. I had charge of eight of the heaviest guns, stood on the ladder, and waited for the word. At last it came. I tried to keep cool, but could not help getting a little excited, and sung out, 'Now, you beggars, let them have it.' And then began the row, which lasted till we could not see, and has left us all as deaf as beetles and as thirsty as camels."

"P.S. Tell — poor Chase, brother to the man at Oriel, is killed. The Russians shut up two French batteries on shore in two hours: blew their magazines up. They also made two sorties, but the French drove them back."

— "Before Sebastopol, October 18th.

"My ears are yet ringing with the cannonade they heard yesterday; but I have no time to arrange my thoughts, and I hasten to tell you that I am in excellent health. Yesterday morning the admiral's signals and our written orders left us no doubt about the intentions of the fleet. At nine o'clock every vessel received the order to advance. All the steamers, with the exception of the *Pluton* and *Eumenide*, were lashed alongside ships to conduct them to the fire. In the night

of the 16th and 17th the captain of the *Pluton* had been ordered to lay down buoys along the coast to guide the course of the fleet, and this morning, as soon as the signal was given, the *Pluton*, as best knowing the way, took the lead. She was followed closely by the *Charlemagne*, which was ordered to anchor as near as possible to the coast, so that the other ships might take up positions in line to the north and north-east of her. Our progress was slow, in consequence of the immense weight of the ships which had to be towed. We were nearly an hour and a-half doing three miles. At about half-past twelve, the *Vautour*, ensconced in a little creek, opened the fire, which was the signal for the Russians commencing in their turn. A light whistling, like the noise made by certain birds of prey, was audible at the mast-head. I asked myself what it could be, when a second rushing sound more distinct left me no doubt that it proceeded from a cannon-shot. Presently the bullets rained around us. We heard the noise they made before they neared us, and sometime after we saw the flash of the cannon which propelled them. We received three of the shots in our hull and paddle-boxes, but fortunately they hurt no one. Our masts, from which we had taken down all the yards, were not touched. Most of the bullets passed over our heads. The firing went on thus for half-an-hour, and then we went in closer to shore to make way for the *Charlemagne*, and found ourselves a little sheltered from the batteries by a tongue of land. The *Charlemagne*, doubtless, appeared a formidable adversary in the eyes of the Russians, and may have checked their ardour a little. At one o'clock she anchored and began to fire, and it was indeed high time, for she had received several bullets in her hull, her masts were injured, and a shell had burst in her engine-room. At two o'clock we must have blown up a part of Fort Constantine, for just after we had watched one of our 80-pounder shells hit the mark we aimed at, we saw a tremendous column of smoke and flame rising up over the fortress. Dressing by the *Charlemagne*, the half of the other ships came into line in the direction north-north-west. The others formed a second line, and fired through the interstices of the first. Two Turkish ships prolonged the French lines, and further on to the north-north-east of the second Turkish vessel was a line of eight English. The fire went on for five hours without ceasing, but unfortunately the smoke was so thick that a

great many shots must have been thrown away. We don't know how much harm we did to the enemy, only the Russians abandoned their batteries for about two hours; but they recommenced firing towards evening. Portions of their batteries were destroyed. There would not have remained one stone upon another, if the bars which surround the entrance to the harbour had allowed us to approach within 400 or 500 metres. As it was, we fired on an average at a distance of 1,400 or 1,500 metres. We expended something like 24,000 bullets and shells. The Russians, though they fire pretty straight (as we can testify, for all their shots against us were very well directed), killed but few in the squadron. [This unfortunately was a mistaken supposition, as the returns in the *Moniteur* show.] With regard to this, I only know that the *Charlemagne*, perhaps the most unlucky of all, had eight killed. Some say, however, the *Montebello* suffered still more. The *Jean Bart* had but two killed. The English fleet, anchored opposite Fort Constantine and the telegraph batteries, fought vigorously. We don't yet know what losses they suffered."

We shall now briefly trace the events which occurred in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, between the 17th of October until the famous cavalry action at Balaklava, on the 25th of the same month.

The Russians spent the night of the 17th in repairing their batteries, and, with the first blush of morning, the firing on both sides recommenced. The French had suffered so much on the previous day, principally from explosions, that on the 18th the fire on the part of the allies had to be carried on solely by the English. The next morning, however, the French resumed their fire with even more effect than on the 17th. The Russian gunners were much annoyed by our riflemen, who aimed at them from under cover. On one occasion some English and Russian riflemen came, by accident, close upon each other in a quarry before the town. The English had exhausted all their ammunition; and it might be supposed, under such circumstances, that they fell into the hands of their enemies. By no means—submission and surrender are the last thoughts of brave men. Seizing the blocks of stone that were lying about, the English opened a vigorous volley upon their foes. The astonished Russians, instead of using their weapons, snatched up stones

themselves, and replied in kind,—a contest which ended in their flight. Instances of individual courage were numerous during this period. Amongst them, the cool intrepidity of a young artillery officer, named Maxwell, who took some ammunition to the batteries through a tremendous fire, along a road so exposed to the enemy that it has been called the “Valley of Death,” elicited general admiration.

During the 19th and 20th, the scenes of the preceding days of the siege were repeated with but little variation, except that they did not approach the fury and terror of those enacted on the day when it commenced. Dense clouds of smoke filled the air, which rung almost incessantly with the roaring of artillery. During the 19th, some deserters from the enemy stated that Admiral Kornileff, who assisted at the massacre of the Turks at Sinope, had been killed on the first day of the siege. They said that he was wounded so severely in the thigh, while superintending the fire in the Round Tower battery, that he was compelled to submit to amputation, from the effects of which he died. On the 20th, several fires were observed within Sebastopol, caused by the explosion of our shells. It was reported that the hospital was burnt; the building being, according to the deserters, unhappily full of wounded men.

On the 22nd, Lord Dunkellin, captain of the Coldstream guards, and eldest son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, fell into the hands of the Russians. The manner of his capture was somewhat strange. Being out at night, with a working party of his regiment, they got a little out of their way, when suddenly a body of men were observed, through the early twilight of coming morning, in front of them. “There are the Russians!” said one of the English soldiers. “Nonsense!” returned his lordship; “they’re our fellows.” So saying, he approached the new-comers, and, as he got near, demanded, in a high tone, “Who is in command of this party?” The soldier was right; it was the Russians sure enough, and his lordship was instantly surrounded, seized, and carried off. It was supposed that he would be well treated, as his father had been ambassador at the court of the Emperor Nicholas, and was said to have enjoyed his friendship. Some days later, a Russian officer, who was taken prisoner, stated that he was in command of the picketing party into whose hands Lord Dunkellin had fallen. He

added, that his lordship had received every attention on the part of the Russian authorities.

The 22nd was Sunday, and religious service was performed in the camp during a continuous roll of cannon, as the Russians always opened a heavy cannonade upon that day. This might be deemed a little inconsistent on the part of such an exceedingly religious people as the Russians, especially while engaged in what they proclaimed to be a holy war against the infidel Turks, and the worse than infidel French and English. Towards the morning of this day, a second awkward mistake occurred. A party of Russians made a quiet sortie, and advanced stealthily close to the French pickets. On being observed and challenged, they answered, “Inglis, Inglis,” which our allies, it seems, mistook for veritable English; and before they had discovered their error, the Russians charged them, got into their batteries, and spiked five mortars. They were soon repulsed, but the trick they had practised, and the mischief they had done, extremely mortified the French. Strangely enough, it was but the night before they had fired upon a party of Russians who attempted a similar deception. A Polish deserter from Sebastopol, brought word that the Russians had lost 3,000 in killed and wounded. The town, he said, was in a frightful condition; the shops were closed, and the merchants had fled, after having first placed their goods for safety in the cellars. The man added, that there were no longer any volunteers to work the guns, but that the unwilling soldiers had to be forced to the batteries.

The next day (the 23rd) Lord Raglan addressed the following despatch, containing his lordship’s account of the siege, to the Duke of Newcastle:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 23rd.

My Lord Duke,—The operations of the siege have been carried on unremittingly since I addressed your grace on the 18th inst.

On that afternoon, the French batteries not having been able to reopen, the enemy directed their guns almost exclusively on the British intrenchments, and maintained a very heavy fire upon them till the day closed, with less damage, I am happy to say, to the works and with fewer casualties than might have been anticipated.

On the following morning, shortly after daylight, General Canrobert not only re-

sumed his fire from the batteries which had been injured, but materially added to the weight of his attack by the fire of batteries which he had caused to be constructed the previous day; and these have continued ever since; and he has had it in his power to push his approaches forward, and, like the English, materially to injure the defences of the place; but these are as yet far from being subdued, neither is a serious diminution of their fire perceivable.

Our fire has also been constant and effective; but the enemy, having at their disposal large bodies of men and the resources of the fleet and arsenal at their command, have been enabled by unceasing exertion to repair their redoubts to a certain extent, and to replace many of the guns that have been destroyed in a very short space of time; and to resume their fire from works which we had succeeded in silencing.

This facility of repairing and re-arming the defences naturally renders the progress of the assailants slower than could be wished; and I have it not in my power to inform your grace, with anything like certainty, when it may be expected that ulterior measures may be undertaken.

I have the honour to transmit to your grace the return of killed and wounded between the 18th and 20th inst. inclusive.

In my last, I announced to your grace the death, which had just been reported to me, of that deeply-lamented officer, the Hon. Colonel Hood, of the grenadier guards. No other military officer has since fallen; but Major Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar was slightly wounded on the 19th. His serene highness insisted, however, upon remaining in the trenches until the detachment to which he was attached was relieved at the usual hour, and he has now resumed his duty.

Captain Lord Dunkellin, of the Coldstream guards, was unfortunately taken prisoner yesterday morning before daylight, in front of the trenches.

The naval batteries have continued their exertions without intermission, and I regret to have to report the death of two gallant officers of the royal navy—the Hon. Lieutenant Ruthven, who has died of his wounds, and Lieutenant Greathed, of her majesty's ship *Britannia*. Both are universally regretted. The latter received a mortal wound while laying a gun, after having, to use the language of Brigadier-general Eyre, who was then in charge of the trenches, “per-

formed his duty in the batteries in a manner that excited the admiration of all.”

A considerable body of Russians appeared two days ago in the vicinity of Balaklava, but they have since withdrawn, and are no longer to be seen in our front.

I have reason to believe that Prince Menschikoff is not in Sebastopol. He is stated to have placed himself with the main body of the army in the field, which is represented to be stationed in the plains south of Bakshiserai.

Admiral Kornileff, the chief of the staff, and temporarily in command of Sebastopol, is reported to have died of his wounds the day before yesterday.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

The same day the following despatch was addressed to the secretary of the Admiralty by Admiral Dundas:—

Britannia—off the Katcha, Oct. 23rd.

Sir,—I beg to acquaint you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter of the 18th inst., the siege batteries have continued their fire against the Russian works, which appear to have suffered much, and the fire slackened, although it is still considerable.

2. The naval brigade are doing good service, and up to the 20th had a loss of twelve killed and fifty-three wounded, as per annexed list. By the desire of Lord Raglan, I have reinforced them by 410 officers and seamen, and placed Lord John Hay in the *Wasp*, under the orders of Captain Lushington.

3. Captain Brock, at Eupatoria, supported by the *Leander* and *Megara*, has maintained his position well, although threatened and attacked by heavy bodies of cavalry, with guns; we have drawn large supplies from there, but, as the Russians are destroying all the villages, I fear they will in future become very scanty and uncertain.

4. Since the action of the 17th, the enemy have been working incessantly in repairing their batteries, and in constructing new works on the north side of the harbour, commanding the approaches by sea and land.

5. I have sent the *Albion* and *Arethusa* to Constantinople to repair; the other ships of the fleet have fished their masts, &c., and are ready for service.

6. The *Lynx*, *Sphinx*, *Stromboli*, and *Viper*, have arrived.

7. The weather hitherto has been very favourable, and the crews of the ships are generally healthy.

8. The English and French steam division still continue in the bay of Odessa, actively employed in preventing communication with the Crimea.

I have, &c.,

J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-admiral.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty, &c.

In referring to the unexpected difficulties met by the allies in conducting the siege, and the painful delay necessarily arising in consequence, a leading journal observes: "It seems clear that the original garrison must have been joined by forces rendering it greatly superior to the besieging army, according to the principles of calculation in such cases established. The proportion of the besiegers to the besieged ought to be at least as three to one, whereas, it seems not improbable, that the force disposable by Prince Mentschikoff for the defence of Sebastopol, is equal to that under the command of the allied generals. The consequence is, that we are not merely conducting a great siege, but engaged with an army as powerful as our own. In many respects, indeed, the operations of this remarkable enterprise resemble those of field-service generally, rather than those of ordinary sieges. *The place is not completely invested*; on the north side it is perfectly open, and the garrison enjoys therefore the extraordinary privilege of free communication with the adjacent country. It is not protected on the side of the attack by regular fortifications, a breach in which might consummate the struggle, but is defended by large earthworks armed with heavy guns. There is a relieving army at hand, in addition to the garrison; and the forces of both, owing to the incompleteness of the investment, may be combined for any operation either of attack or defence. We may be called upon at any moment to encounter the whole Russian army in the Crimea, either under Prince Mentschikoff in one quarter, or General Liprandi in another." The onward course of events will soon illustrate the truth of these comments.

It is said that on the 23rd the Russian governor sent to Lord Raglan to ask for a day's truce, to afford time for the burial of the dead on both sides, and that his lordship refused to assent, saying, "he had no dead to bury." The delay, if accorded,

would not have been used by the Russians in paying the last duties to those of their countrymen who had perished, but have been devoted to strengthening their defences to a further extent. The usual roar of cannon continued through the 24th, the eighth day of the siege. On that day, a private of the 33rd regiment, named Maguire, performed an act of daring which elicited the notice of the commander-in-chief. Being in advance as a sharpshooter, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, and marched away between two Russian soldiers, a third being in the rear. Seeing his guard for a moment careless and looking in another direction, he suddenly wrenched a loaded musket from one of the men by his side, and discharged it at him. Having done this, he swung round the butt-end, and with it struck the second man to the earth. The third Russian, astonished at the summary way in which his comrades had been disposed of, evidently thought it discreet not to meddle with so formidable an antagonist, and decamped accordingly. Maguire, who was at the time within a hundred yards of the Russian lines, then effected his escape. His own Minié, which had been taken from him, was being carried by one of the two men at his side. This weapon he knew had been discharged, and he therefore, with a foresight very remarkable under the circumstances, snatched from the other soldier the musket which, fortunately, happened to be loaded. The affair was witnessed by a sergeant of the rifle brigade; and in consequence of his report, Lord Raglan presented Maguire with a gratuity of five pounds.

On the afternoon of the same day (the 24th) the roof of the Round Tower fell in, carrying with it the four guns on its summit. This fort is said to have been built at the voluntary expense of one man, who received the especial thanks of the emperor for his enterprise and devotion. It was reduced by the fire of our guns almost to a ruin.

Early on the 25th of October, the heavy clouds, which had poured out their contents upon the earth during the night, began to disperse, and the sun rose faintly on a day the events of which will ever be remembered when men discourse of deeds of almost superhuman courage and godlike endurance. If, it has been said, the exhibition of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry, can afford full consolation for the disaster of that day,

we can have no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

The position of the English, in respect to Balaklava, was regarded as a very strong one. Our lines were formed by natural mountain slopes in the rear, along which the French had made very formidable intrenchments. Below these, and very nearly in a right line across the valley beneath, are four conical hillocks, one rising above the other as they recede from our lines. On the top of each of these hills earthen redoubts had been thrown up, three of which were armed with heavy guns. One English artilleryman was placed in each redoubt to look after these formidable weapons; but the redoubts were defended by Turks, 250 of whom were placed in each. No doubt they had been placed there in consequence of the reputation their countrymen had obtained for the obstinate and heroic defence of Silistria, and because it was generally believed that Turks would fight behind stone walls or earthworks to the last gasp. It must be remembered, however, that these Moslem troops were the poor, enduring, half-starved* creatures, whose sufferings we lately mentioned; and also that they were newly-raised troops—mere novices in the art of war, and most of them past the prime of life;—young soldiers, but old men.

It is well to present, if possible, to the mind's eye of the reader, the scene of the fierce and terrible action we are about to describe. "These hills," says the correspondent of the *Times*, alluding to the ones on which the redoubts had been thrown up, "cross the valley of Balaklava at the distance of about two-and-a-half miles from the town. Supposing the spectator, then, to take his stand on one of the heights forming the rear of our camp before Sebastopol, he would see the town of Balaklava, with its scanty shipping, its narrow strip of water, and its old forts on his right hand; immediately below he would behold the valley and a plain of coarse meadow-land, occupied by our cavalry tents, and stretching from the base of the ridge on which he stood, to the foot of the formidable heights at the other side; he would see the French trenches lined with Zouaves a few feet beneath, and distant from him, on the slope of the hill; a Turkish redoubt lower down;

then another in the valley; then, in a line with it, some angular earthworks; then, in succession, the other two redoubts up to Canrobert's Hill. At the distance of two or two-and-a-half miles across the valley, there is an abrupt rocky mountain-range, of most irregular and picturesque formation, covered with scanty brushwood here and there, or rising into barren pinnacles and *plateaux* of rock. In outline and appearance, this portion of the landscape is wonderfully like the Trosachs. A patch of blue sea is caught in between the overhanging cliffs of Balaklava, as they close in the entrance of the harbour on the right. The camp of the marines, pitched on the hill sides more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, is opposite to you as your back is turned to Sebastopol, and your right side towards Balaklava. On the road leading up the valley, close to the entrance of the town and beneath these hills, is the encampment of the 93rd highlanders.

"The cavalry lines are nearer to you below, and are some way in advance of the highlanders, but nearer to the town than the Turkish redoubts. The valley is crossed here and there by small waves of land. On your left the hills and rocky mountain-ranges gradually close in towards the course of the Tchernaya, till, at three or four miles' distance from Balaklava, the valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rise tiers after tiers of desolate whitish rock, garnished now and then by bits of scanty herbage, and spreading away towards the east and south, where they attain the Alpine dimensions of the Tschatir Dag. It is very easy for an enemy at the Belbek, or in command of the road of Mackenzie's Farm, Inkermann, Simpheropol, or Bakshiserai to debouch through these gorges at any time upon this plain from the neck of the valley, or to march from Sebastopol by the Tchernaya, and to advance along it towards Balaklava, till checked by the Turkish redoubts on the southern side, or by the fire from the French on the northern side, *i.e.*, the side which, in relation to the valley of Balaklava, forms the rear of our position. It was evident that Mentschikoff and Gortschakoff had been feeling their way along this route for several days past, and very probably at night the Cossacks had crept up close to our pickets, which are not always as

* We hardly know whether, in this case, the expression *half-starved* is strictly applicable. These placid descendants of the terrible "bone-breaker"

might, before rations had been allowed them by the English, have inquired with Lampedo, the poor doctor in Tobin's comedy, "Which half of me is fed?"

watchful as might be desired, and had observed the weakness of a position far too extended for our army to defend, and occupied by their despised enemy, the Turks. I say 'despised,' because we hear from prisoners and from other sources that, notwithstanding all the drubbings received on the Danube from the Osmanli, the Russians have the most ineffable contempt for the champions of the Crescent."

Early on the morning of the 25th, a powerful Russian force, consisting of 20,000 infantry, supported by large masses of cavalry and artillery, cautiously approached our position in front of Balaklava. From the description we have given, it will be seen that it fell to the small body of Turks in the redoubts first to oppose the progress of the approaching host. The numbers of the enemy were certainly overwhelming, but the Turks might have kept the Russians at bay with their great guns until portions of the English army had come up to their relief. The general impression seems to be that they acted in the most disgraceful and cowardly manner. It is said that they were seized by a panic upon the advance of the Russians. One writer observes: "An eye-witness in one of the batteries informed me that they (the Turks) seemed instantly to lose all control over themselves; hurrying to and fro in the most pitiable disorder. Their artillery, which was loaded, was levelled at random in a general volley at the foe. Nearly all the pieces were levelled too low, and struck the earth before the Russian troops. No attempt was made to improve the range: the guns were merely loaded and fired quick; and that was all. For the mischief they did, they might as well have been pointed in the air." Another writer from the spot observes: "It was soon evident that no reliance was to be placed on the Turkish infantry or artillerymen. All the stories we had heard about their bravery behind stone walls and earthworks, proved how differently the same or similar people fight under different circumstances. When the Russians advanced, the Turks fired a few rounds at them, got frightened at the distance of their supports in the rear, looked round, received a few shots and shell, and then 'bolted' and fled with an agility quite at variance with common-place notions of Oriental deportment on the battle-field." A third writer from the Crimea states: "This part of the action is completely shrouded in mystery, and the most contradictory statements are current about it. Some assert

that the Turks behaved shamefully, and thought of nothing but their own safety and goods and chattels, in the shape of blankets, pots, and pipes. Others assert that they fought gallantly, but were surprised and overpowered by numbers." It is right to mention, that the despatches from the generals commanding on that day, do not any of them impute cowardice to the Turks. Sir Colin Campbell, one of the bravest of brave men, said, that the Turkish troops persisted as long as they could.

The Russians advanced upon the first redoubt at about half-past eight. They were in six compact squares, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, lance points, and accoutrements. With the first roar of cannon the English cavalry and infantry in the plain beneath the redoubts were roused into activity. The highlanders and rear guards fell into their ranks, almost with the swiftness of thought itself. While our infantry were forming, up galloped Sir Colin Campbell, the Earl of Lucan, and Lord Cardigan. The two brigades of cavalry, light and heavy, got into order in columns of squadrons, with a battery of horse artillery on the flanks of each, and the field-batteries ready for action in advance of the infantry.

Before this was done the Turks gave way. The enemy's skirmishers had been steadily advancing towards the redoubts without firing a shot. When within a hundred yards a dropping fire was opened, which had little effect except to increase the alarm of the Turks. The men began to desert their batteries; and it is said that, before the skirmishers were within sixty yards of the first redoubt, not a Turk remained behind. Directly the Turks fled, the Russians pushed forward and occupied the redoubt. Their horsemen also chased the flying Turks across the space which lay between the first and second redoubts, to which the Mussulmans fled for safety. The Russians turned our own guns in the first redoubt, and with them fired upon the second. The sight of the enemy in such force checked the advance of our troops; and the Turks, feeling themselves unsupported, abandoned the second redoubt, and fled for safety to the third. It was in vain; the third and fourth batteries were soon deserted also, and in the hands of the Russians.

The handful of Turks (for they were but a handful of men, in comparison with the army which had advanced against them) fled in confusion towards the town, and,

while running, fired their muskets at the enemy. The Russian cavalry advanced in skirmishing order, and many a wretched Turk fell quivering upon the earth, cloven to the chin, and even to the breast-belt. The sailors on the heights fired on the Russian cavalry, but the distance was too great for shot to tell upon them. Vainly, also, did the Turkish gunners, in the earthen batteries which were placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fell short of the Russian horsemen, whose glittering sabres dripped with the blood of the miserable Turks. The latter at length found shelter behind the highlanders, where they checked their flight, and formed themselves into companies.

So great were the numbers of the enemy, that it was not a question as to whether we could retake the redoubts, but whether our own centre could maintain their ground until reinforcements came up from the camp. The brilliant conduct of our cavalry on this occasion, we shall relate in the spirited language of the *Times*' correspondent; himself a spectator of the scene he so vividly describes:—

"As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots grays and of their old companions in glory the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th royal Irish, of the 5th dragoon guards, and of the 1st royal dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon-bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians, on their left, drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley

at 800 yards, and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense everyone awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, highlanders! well done,' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets, embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly everyone dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy;



but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the grays and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the grays rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the grays and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the grays and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can, to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already gray horses and red-coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st royals, the 4th dragoon guards, and the 5th dragoon guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps, and shouted

with delight; and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once dispatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-general Searlett, and to say 'well done.' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs (the second will be detailed subsequently.) Major Clarke was slightly wounded, and had a narrow escape from a sabre-cut at the back of his head. Lieutenant-colonel Griffiths retired after the first charge, having been wounded at the back of the head. Cornet Prendergast was wounded in the foot. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

"In the royal horse artillery we had a severe, but I am glad to say a temporary loss. Captain Maude, who directed the service of his guns with his usual devotedness and dauntless courage, was struck in the arm by a shell, which burst at his saddle bow and killed his horse. To the joy of all the army, it is ascertained that he is doing well on board ship. After the charge, Captain the Hon. Arthur Hardinge came galloping up to Lord Raglan with the news of what the cavalry had done. He had been sent with orders to Lord Lucan, and at the moment of the charge he had joined the grays, and dashed with them into the Russian columns. He was an object of envy to all his friends on the staff while he described, in animating language, the glorious events of those brilliant five minutes.

"At ten o'clock the guards and highlanders of the first division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp. The Duke of Cambridge came up to Lord Raglan for orders, and his lordship, ready to give the honour of the day to Sir Colin Campbell, who commands at Balaklava, told his royal highness to place himself under the direction of the brigadier. At twenty minutes to eleven the fourth division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the light cavalry brigade was on the left

flank forward; the heavy cavalry brigade *en echelon* in reserve, with guns on the right; the 4th dragoons, and 5th dragoons, and grays on the left of the brigade; the Enniskillens and 3rd dragoons on the right. The fourth division took up ground in the centre; the guards and highlanders filed off towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked.

"At ten minutes to eleven, General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and Brigadier-general Rose, rode up to Lord Raglan, and the staffs of the two generals and their escorts mingled together in praise of the magnificent charge of our cavalry; while the chiefs, apart, conversed over the operations of the day, which promised to be one of battle. The Russian cavalry, followed by our shot, had retired in confusion, leaving the ground covered with horses and men. In carrying an order early in the day, Mr. Blunt (Lord Lucan's interpreter, and son of our consul in Thessaly) had a narrow escape. His horse was killed; he seized a Russian charger as it galloped past riderless, but the horse carried him almost into the Russian cavalry, and he only saved himself by leaping him into a redoubt among a number of frightened Turks, who were praying to Allah on their bellies. I should mention here that the Turks, who had been collected on the flanks of the 93rd, fled at the approach of the Russians, without firing a shot! At five minutes to eleven, a body of cavalry (the *chasseurs d'Afrique*) passed down to the plain, and were loudly cheered by our men. They took up ground in advance of the ridges on our left."

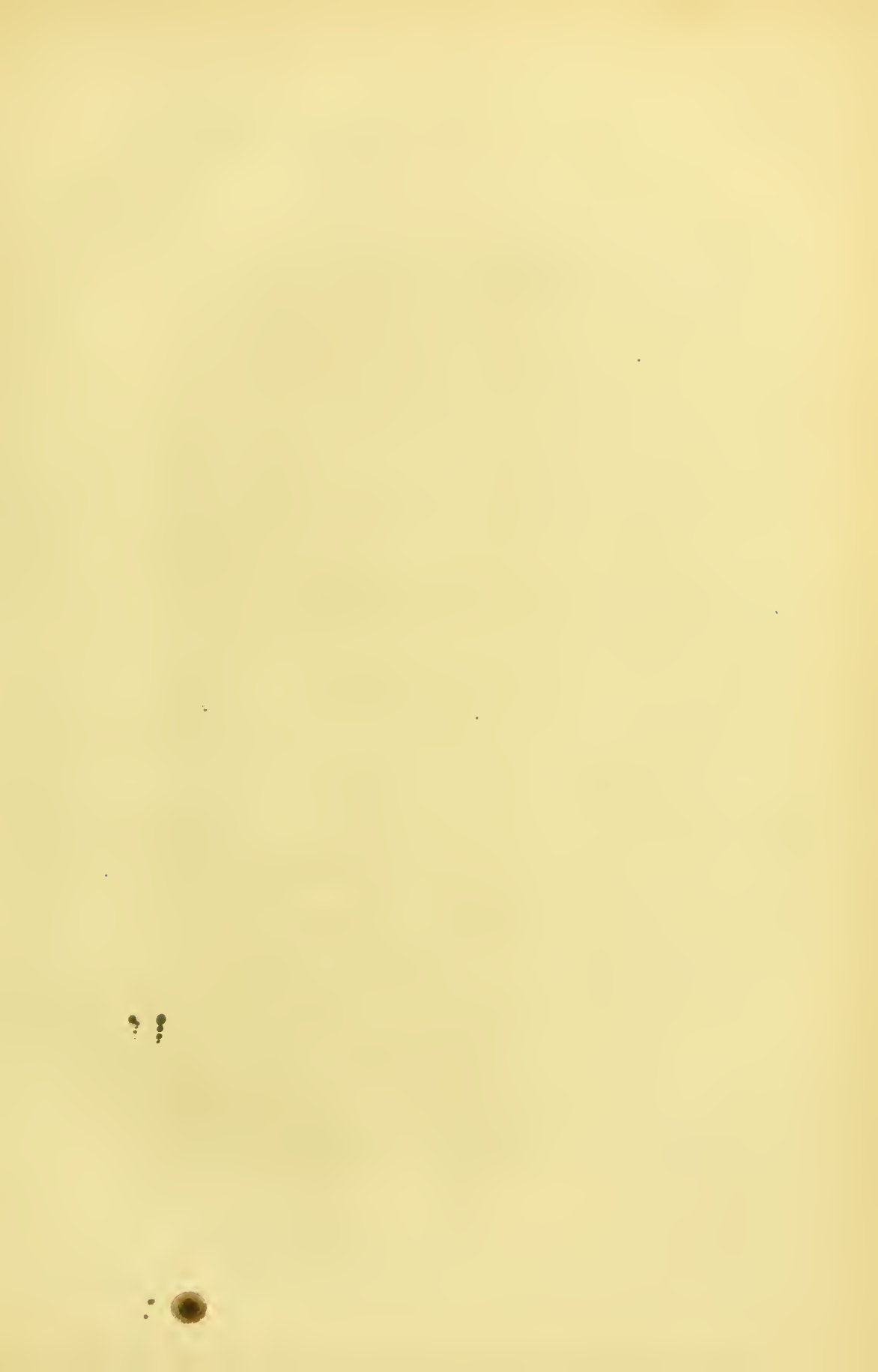
We must now relate a gloomy, yet glorious incident, over the cause of which there hangs a veil of mystery. Up to this day the cavalry had no opportunity to exhibit that brilliant courage which they were soon to afford a fatal proof that they possessed in the highest degree. It had been hinted by those who bore the brunt of the fighting in the battle of the Alma, that the cavalry had scarcely done so much as they might have done; and that, indeed, they were rather a showy than a useful branch of the service. Smarting under this unjust imputation, and eager for glory, the cavalry were prepared for any achievement, even though its daring might merge into desperation.

An order was given, it is said, by the quartermaster-general, Brigadier Airey, to

Captain Nolan, of the 15th hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, *to advance* his cavalry nearer to the enemy. After reading the order, Lord Lucan inquired with astonishment, "Where are we to advance to?" "There are the enemy," rejoined Captain Nolan, pointing with his finger to the Russians, "and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them." Another account of this circumstance, informs us that Lord Raglan sent Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan with a written order instantly "to storm the Russian guns with his light cavalry, if practicable." Captain Nolan was wounded in carrying this despatch, and in the mental confusion which followed such an event, omitted delivering the paper, merely giving a verbal message to Lord Lucan, in which he unfortunately omitted the important words *if practicable*.

That it may be understood how far a successful attack on the Russian position was practicable, we must, in a few words, describe it. When the Russian cavalry retired before ours, they had abandoned the fourth redoubt taken from the Turks, but they retained possession of the other three. Having placed some guns on the heights over their position, their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. To attack an army in such a position with a single regiment was an act of madness; it was indeed sending our men to slaughter.

Still the order had been received, and Lord Lucan reluctantly transmitted it to Lord Cardigan, who is said to have remonstrated against its imprudence, though he instantly prepared for obedience. It is a recognised principle in war that cavalry should never act without a support; that infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns; because, however brilliant the effect produced may be, it is but instantaneous. Our light cavalry, however, were only supported by the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them; the infantry and guns being far in the rear. Soon after eleven o'clock the light cavalry brigade rushed to the front. Their numbers have been differently estimated from 607 sabres to 800. The description of that terrible death-charge we will take from the





THE
BATTLE OF
TEWKESBURY
A.D. 1471
BY
J. H. STUBBS







PUBLIC

W. H. P. 1864

W. H. P. 1864

W. H. P. 1864

W. H. P. 1864

vigorous account of the writer we have just quoted:—

"The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they passed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true; their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcases of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, seat-

tered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns."

Terrible was the result of this heroic devotion to duty! this bravery which scorned death and won eternal honour! Of the number that went into action (600 or 800, be it as it may), but 198 returned! All the missing were not killed, some might perhaps be prisoners, and about eighty afterwards came in separately. The wonder, however, is, not that so many perished, but that a single man escaped. Unless we had, unhappily, too much evidence of the truth of this untoward circumstance, it would seem like a wild and almost incredible romance, that a regiment of cavalry actually threw themselves, sword in hand, before the threatening mouths of a terrific battery, their path also raked by cross fires, and the object of their attack defended by an army.*

In this desperate charge Lord Cardigan

* The special correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* penned the following remarks upon this brilliant but unfortunate charge:—"By an imbecile command, a misconception as to its nature, or by

some mysterious circumstance which will probably never be sifted, the flower of the British army were thus led to certain butchery. It was not an ambush into which they fell, for the three batteries were

had his horse shot under him, and received a slight wound in the right leg from a lance. Captain Nolan, to whose error or indiscretion the misfortune was generally attributed, would, if he had survived, have been tried by court-martial, but he joined the heroic charge, and perished in it. He was a young officer of great promise, and had a perfect passion for the profession of arms which he adopted at the early age of fourteen. He had lately published a book on the *Organisation, Drill, and Manœuvres of Cavalry Corps*; a work which had created some sensation, and in which he maintained that cavalry could be made to do anything when properly managed. He was regarded as one of the finest riders in the army, and he literally died upon horseback. A Russian shell having pierced his heart, he sprang up in his saddle, gave a loud cry, expired on the instant, and his horse turned and galloped back with its dead rider still rigidly fixed in his seat. Mr. Wombwell, an officer of the 17th, had a narrow escape. Being dragged from his horse and taken prisoner by the Cossacks, a Russian officer told him not to be afraid, for although the soldiers were rather rough in their manners, he would be well taken care of. Mr. Womb-

visible to the dumbest eye, and it was to be supposed that supporting the strong line of cavalry beyond were masses of infantry. Never was more wilful murder committed than in ordering an advance against such fearful odds and certain destruction. The popular voice has united in ascribing this great calamity to Captain Nolan. If the latter was indeed to blame, he has paid, poor fellow, the penalty of his impetuous courage. Like many another heroic officer he fell on the field of battle, and in him was buried the finest rider, and one of the noblest spirits in the British service. But what baffles the understanding is, in what respect Captain Nolan, whose position was merely that of aide-de-camp, should thus have proved the unwitting instrument of the light brigade's destruction. Before entering into so fearful a contest, the Earl of Lucan would have naturally awaited written instructions from the commander-in-chief. Either he received these from Lord Raglan—in which case his lordship would risk losing his well-earned reputation for prudence and caution—or he undertook the responsibility of the act himself. If, as it is said, the noble earl was influenced either by the petulance or the eager spirit of Captain Nolan, he was to blame; for a commanding officer is supposed to possess sufficient self-command and certain discretionary powers. Let the fault lay on whom it may, this morning of the 25th of October was a calamitous one for old England. When shall we speedily raise again such dashing hussars and light dragoons—such skilful horsemen—such heroic soldiers? On the day of Alma, when victory had crowned the brave efforts of our infantry, and when the complete rout of the enemy, the loss of his artillery and, perhaps, the fate of

well saved them the trouble, for in the last charge he escaped and got back to his lines.

"The loss of 400 men in killed and wounded," said one of the writers of a leading journal, "is what might easily have occurred in a skirmish of no great significance, in forcing a pass, in covering a retreat, or in repelling a surprise. It hardly exceeds the loss by a day's cholera two months before. But there is something in the pomp and solemnity of this fatal exploit which takes it out of ordinary war, and makes it a *grand national sacrifice*. The Roman citizen hardly rode more gallantly, more deliberately into the fabled gulf in the forum, than those devoted 600 rushed to the place of their glorious doom. They went as fanatics seek the death that is to save them, and as heroes have sought death in the thick of the fight, when they could no longer hope to conquer. But this was something more than individual prowess, or the enthusiasm of a crowd. There was organisation and discipline; there was even experience and military skill—at least enough to enable the chiefs to know the terrible nature of the deed. They saw that in the execution of the order in their hands, they would have to run the gauntlet of batteries,

Sebastopol, hung on a dashing cavalry pursuit, then our force was deemed insufficient; but now, in a miserable skirmish, this very force was dispatched against formidable batteries, a cavalry thrice superior in number, and an unknown force of infantry. Verily, it is heartrending to record this fatal sacrifice. It is a consolation, though a very sad one, that the fame of old England was never sustained with greater valour than on this cruel day. What stout hearts and stout arms could effect was done by the gallant victims, not of steel, but of shot, shell, and grape. French officers, who saw with dismay the madness of the act and the certainty of destruction, express themselves amazed at the invincible spirit displayed by our men. Through a crossed fire of three batteries did they penetrate, entering one of these and cutting down the gunners on their own pieces. The loss inflicted on the Russian cavalry was equal to that sustained by the British army; but then we have no reserves to fall back upon, and the men were of a far different stamp. The nation will share the sorrow of the army at the bitter loss we have had; and truly the brave fellows deserved a better fate. I will not give the names of the officers who fell that day—the *Gazette* will, while ennobling their deeds, also record their lamented names. Some of the survivors of the action escaped almost miraculously. Not one but who lost a horse, or received one or several wounds, more or less severe. Lord Cardigan was magnificent in his cool contempt of danger, and in the gallantry which he exhibited upon this occasion. When everybody behaved heroically, it would certainly be out of place and an act of injustice to particularise individuals, or I might mention many deeds of valour done that day."

ambuscades, reserves, enough for the destruction of an army; but they went with their eyes open, as if under a spell. It was a skilful, murderous, and powerful foe that prepared the path for their destruction; and yet at the challenge they went on and persevered to their doom. This was not war, as the French general said; it was a spectacle, and one worthy of the 'cloud of witnesses' that encompassed the performers. When our first horror and admiration have subsided, one feels a species of mystery in the deed. What is the meaning of a spectacle so strange, so terrific, so disastrous, and yet so grand?"

While the Russian guns were pouring their deadly fire upon our heroic cavalry, a body of French *chasseurs d'Afrique* made a brilliant charge at the battery on the left of the valley, and cut down the gunners who were firing at our men. This generous assistance cost the French a loss of two captains and twenty men, killed and wounded, out of a little force of 200. After sabreing among the Russian skirmishers, the *chasseurs* were compelled to retire.*

After the return of our heroic cavalry, an attempt was made to recover the redoubts which the Turkish troops had abandoned to the Russians. Our infantry made a movement towards the redoubts, and the Russian infantry in advance slowly retired to the gorge. The French cavalry also pushed forward on the Russian right and held it in check, besides pushing out a line of skirmishers, and forcing the enemy to withdraw their guns. The Russians showered shot and shell from our own redoubts upon our infantry with such vigour, that our men (the first division) were ordered to lie down to escape the effect. The fourth division, covered by the rising ground, and two regiments of French infantry, moved onward to operate against the Russian right, already threatened by the French cavalry. The Russians, feeling alarmed at our steady advance, retired successively from three of the redoubts they had taken, but retained the fourth. They blew up the powder magazines in two of them, and succeeded in carrying off seven out of the nine guns contained in these earthworks. Several military manœuvres were executed which it is unnecessary here to relate, as they would pro-

bably be understood only by military readers. The object of the Russians was, by retiring, to draw the allies into the gorge, where they had placed their guns. The latter perceived the snare, and held aloof from it; on the other hand, the Russians would not advance, and at about a quarter past one the cannonade, which for some time had languished, ceased altogether, and the engagement was at an end. Lord Raglan continued watching the enemy until dark, and the last gleam of day lit up the points of the Russian lances in their old position in the valley.

"The advantages of the battle," said the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, "such as they are, most decidedly remain with the enemy, as they succeeded in turning the right of our position; capturing (though not retaining) three Turkish redoubts and twelve pieces of cannon. All this we owe to the cowardice and treachery of our Mohammedan allies—most probably both. As a matter of course, the field on both sides where the cavalry contests had taken place, was a horrible sight; more so from the peculiarly ghastly nature of sabre wounds. In such places the dead and dying horses literally covered the ground. Both ourselves and the enemy appear to have had two horses killed or wounded for one man. This gave the field an unusually sanguinary appearance, very likely to mislead those not on the spot. I have always imagined that split skulls and cloven heads were figures of speech until to-day, when I have indeed been terribly convinced of the reality of such horrors. Some of the dead had their heads as completely cloven as if the operation was performed by a surgeon with a saw. Nearly all the Russians were so killed. Our fellows had been principally slain with lance thrusts. I saw one man with thirteen such wounds through the chest and stomach. Another man had six, which were all mere flesh wounds, and not dangerous. The same man (in the 17th lancers), extraordinary and incredible as it may appear, had two horses killed under him, one or two sabre and bullet wounds in his cap, his sword bent double in its sheath by a Minié bullet, five bullets in his saddle, one in his lance staff, and sword cuts innumerable." One effect of this engagement was,

* A leading journal observed: "The enthusiasm of the moment, and the fellow-feeling of the two armies, almost led the *chasseurs d'Afrique* to follow the British brigade to its doom; but they were wisely

restrained, and did much better service by charging a Russian battery on the flank, and for a time checking its fire." It may be truly said that the French and English were *brothers* in arms.

that Lord Raglan at first resolved to abandon Balaklava and retire to the hills overlooking the town; but, on further consideration, he decided on retaining this important place.

We append Lord Raglan's despatch, containing an account of this engagement, together with enclosures by Lord Lucan and Sir Colin Campbell:—

Before Sebastopol, October 28th.

My Lord Duke,—I have the honour to acquaint your grace that the enemy attacked the position in the front of Balaklava at an early hour on the morning of the 25th instant.

The low range of heights that runs across the plain at the bottom of which the town is placed was protected by four small redoubts hastily constructed. Three of these had guns in them; and on a higher hill, in front of the village of Camara, in advance of our right flank, was established a work of somewhat more importance.

These several redoubts were garrisoned by Turkish troops, no other force being at my disposal for their occupation.

The 93rd highlanders was the only British regiment in the plain, with the exception of a part of a battalion of detachments composed of weakly men, and a battery of artillery belonging to the third division; and on the heights behind our right were placed the marines, obligingly landed from the fleet by Vice-admiral Dundas. All these, including the Turkish troops, were under the immediate orders of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell, whom I had taken from the first division with the 93rd.

As soon as I was apprised of this movement of the enemy, I felt compelled to withdraw from before Sebastopol the first and fourth divisions, commanded by lieutenant-generals his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and bring them down into the plain; and General Canrobert subsequently reinforced these troops with the first division of French infantry and the *chasseurs d'Afrique*.

The enemy commenced their operations by attacking the work on our side of the village of Camara, and after very little resistance carried it.

They likewise got possession of the three others in contiguity to it, being opposed only in one, and that but for a very short space of time.

The furthest of the three they did not retain, but the immediate abandonment of the others enabled them to take possession

of the guns in them, amounting in the whole to seven. Those in the three lesser forts were spiked by the one English artilleryman who was in each.

The Russian cavalry at once advanced, supported by artillery, in very great strength. One portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93rd, and were instantly driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of that distinguished regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie.

The other and larger mass turned towards her majesty's heavy cavalry, and afforded Brigadier-general Scarlett, under the guidance of Lieutenant-general the Earl of Lucan, the opportunity of inflicting upon them a most signal defeat. The ground was very unfavourable for the attack of our dragoons, but no obstacle was sufficient to check their advance, and they charged into the Russian column, which soon sought safety in flight, although far superior in numbers.

The charge of this brigade was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, was never for a moment doubtful, and is in the highest degree creditable to Brigadier-general Scarlett and the officers and men engaged in it.

As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the cavalry, supported by the fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, to move forward, and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and, not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was making to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and try to prevent them from effecting their objects.

In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks.

From some misconception of the instruction to advance, the lieutenant-general considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-general the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the light brigade.

This order was obeyed in the most spirited and gallant manner. Lord Cardigan charged with the utmost vigour, attacked a battery which was firing upon the advancing squadrons, and, having passed beyond it, engaged the Russian cavalry in its rear; but there his troops were assailed by artillery and infantry as well as cavalry, and necessarily retired,

after having committed much havoc upon the enemy.

They effected this movement without haste or confusion; but the loss they have sustained has, I deeply lament, been very severe in officers, men, and horses, only counter-balanced by the brilliancy of the attack and the gallantry, order, and discipline which distinguished it, forming a striking contrast to the conduct of the enemy's cavalry which had previously been engaged with the heavy brigade.

The *chasseurs d'Afrique* advanced on our left and gallantly charged a Russian battery, which checked its fire for a time, and thus rendered the British cavalry an essential service.

I have the honour to enclose copies of Sir Colin Campbell's and the Earl of Lucan's reports.

I beg to draw your grace's attention to the terms in which Sir Colin Campbell speaks of Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of the 93rd, and Captain Barker, of the royal artillery; and also to the praise bestowed by the Earl of Lucan on Major-general the Earl of Cardigan and Brigadier-general Scarlett, which they most fully deserve.

The Earl of Lucan not having sent me the names of the other officers who distinguished themselves, I propose to forward them by the next opportunity.

The enemy made no further movement in advance, and at the close of the day the brigade of guards of the first division and the fourth division returned to their original encampment, as did the French troops, with the exception of one brigade of the first division, which General Canrobert was so good as to leave in support of Sir Colin Campbell.

The remaining regiments of the highland brigade also remained in the valley.

The fourth division had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be reoccupied by the Turks, affording them his support, and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riflemen in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

The means of defending the extensive position which had been occupied by the Turkish troops in the morning having proved wholly inadequate, I deemed it necessary, in concurrence with General Canrobert, to withdraw from the lower range of heights, and to concentrate our force, which will be increased by a considerable body of seamen to be

landed from the ships under the authority of Admiral Dundas, immediately in front of the narrow valley leading into Balaklava, and upon the precipitous heights on our right, thus affording a narrower line of defence.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

(Enclosures.)

Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

My Lord,—I have the honour to report that the cavalry division under my command was seriously engaged with the enemy on the 25th inst., during the greater part of which day it was under a heavy fire; that it made a most triumphant charge against a very superior number of the enemy's cavalry, and an attack upon batteries which, for daring and gallantry, could not be exceeded. The loss, however, in officers, men, and horses, has been most severe.

From half-past six in the morning, when the horse artillery first opened fire, till the enemy had possessed itself of all the different forts, the cavalry, constantly changing their positions, continued giving all the support they could to the Turkish troops, though much exposed to the fire of heavy guns and riflemen, when they took post on the left of the second line of redoubts by an order from your lordship.

The heavy brigade had soon to return to the support of the troops defending Balaklava, and was fortunate enough in being at hand when a large force of Russian cavalry was descending the hill. I immediately ordered Brigadier-general Scarlett to attack with the Scots grays and Fenniskillen dragoons, and had his attack supported in second line by the 5th dragoon guards, and by a flank attack of the 4th dragoon guards.

Under every disadvantage of ground, these eight small squadrons succeeded in defeating and dispersing a body of cavalry estimated at three times their number and more.

The heavy brigade having now joined the light brigade, the division took up a position with a view of supporting an attack upon the heights, when, being instructed to make a rapid advance to our front, to prevent the enemy carrying the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning, I ordered the light brigade to advance in two lines, and supported them with the heavy brigade. This attack of the light cavalry was very brilliant and daring; exposed to a fire from

heavy batteries on their front and two flanks, they advanced unchecked until they reached the batteries of the enemy, and cleared them of their gunners, and only retired when they found themselves engaged with a very superior force of cavalry in the rear. Major-general the Earl of Cardigan led this attack in the most gallant and intrepid manner; and his lordship has expressed himself to me as admiring in the highest degree the courage and zeal of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man who assisted.

The heavy brigade advanced to the support of the attack under a very galling fire from the batteries and infantry in a redoubt, and acted with most perfect steadiness, and in a manner to deserve all praise.

The losses, my lord, it grieves me to state, have been very great indeed, and, I fear, will be much felt by your lordship.

I cannot too strongly recommend to your lordship the two general-officers commanding the brigades, all the officers in command of regiments, as also the divisional and brigade staffs; indeed, the conduct of every individual, of every rank, I feel to be deserving of my entire praise, and, I hope, of your lordship's approbation.

The conduct of the royal horse artillery troop, first under the command of Captain Maude, and, after that officer was severely wounded, of Captain Shakespear, was most meritorious and praiseworthy. I received from those officers every possible assistance during the time they respectively commanded. I have, &c., LUCAN, Lieut.-general commanding cavalry division. His Excellency commander of the forces, &c.

Camp Battery, No. 4, Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that on the morning of the 25th inst., about seven o'clock, the Russian force which has been, as I already reported, for some time among the hills on our right front, debouched into the open ground in front of the redoubts, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, which were occupied by Turkish infantry and artillery, and were armed with seven 12-pounders (iron.) The enemy's forces consisted of eighteen or nineteen battalions of infantry, from thirty to forty guns, and a large body of cavalry. The attack was made against No. 1 redoubt by a cloud of skirmishers, supported by eight battalions of infantry and sixteen guns. The Turkish troops in No. 1 persisted as long as they could, and then retired, and they suffered considerable

loss in their retreat. This attack was followed by the successive abandonment of Nos. 2, 3, and 4 redoubts by the Turks, as well as of the other posts held by them in our front. The guns, however, in Nos. 2, 3, and 4, were spiked. The garrisons of these redoubts retired, and some of them formed on the right, and some on the left flank of the 93rd highlanders, which was posted in front of No. 4. battery and the village of Kadikoi. When the enemy had taken possession of these redoubts, their artillery advanced with a large mass of cavalry, and their guns ranged to the 93rd highlanders, which, with 100 invalids under Lieutenant-colonel Daveney in support, occupied very insufficiently, from the smallness of their numbers, the slightly rising ground in front of No. 4 battery. As I found that round shot and shell began to cause some casualties among the 93rd highlanders and the Turkish battalions on their right and left flank, I made them retire a few paces behind the crest of the hill. During this period our batteries on the hills, manned by the royal marine artillery and the royal marines, made most excellent practice on the enemy's cavalry, which came over the hill ground in front. One body of them, amounting to about 400 men, turned to their left, separating themselves from those who attacked Lord Lucan's division, and charged the 93rd highlanders, who immediately advanced to the crest of the hill, and opened their fire, which forced the Russian cavalry to give way and turn to their left, after which they made an attempt to turn the right flank of the 93rd, having observed the flight of the Turks who were placed there, upon which the grenadiers of the 93rd, under Captain Ross, were wheeled up to their right and fired on the enemy, which manœuvre completely discomfited them.

During the rest of the day the troops under my command received no further molestation from the Russians. I beg to call Lord Raglan's attention to the gallantry and eagerness of the 93rd highlanders, under Lieutenant-colonel Ainslie, of which probably his lordship was an eye-witness; as well as the admirable conduct of Captain Barker, and the officers of the field-battery under his orders, who made most excellent practice against the Russian cavalry and artillery while within range.

I have, &c., COLIN CAMPBELL,
Major-general.

Brigadier-general Estcourt, Adj.-general.

The following despatch was received by the French minister of war from General Canrobert :—

Camp before Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

M. le Maréchal,—We are continuing the construction of fresh batteries, destined to batter the eastern front of the bastion which we are attacking. They are placed on the bare rock, and it is only by the explosion of petards and by means of sand-bags and other laborious expedients that we make our way. Still we shall in a short time be able to multiply our fire against the defences, in repairing which as fast as they are destroyed, the enemy labours with remarkable obstinacy.

This siege will evidently form an epoch among the most laborious operations of the kind.

The town has suffered much from our fire, and we know that the loss of the defenders has been enormous.

The English protect Balaklava, where they disembark their munitions, with a body of marines, a battalion of infantry, and some Turks.

On the morning of the 25th, at break of day, some hills, 2,500 metres distant from the port, defended by some very imperfect redoubts, each manned by about 150 Turks, were carried by a very superior Russian force, which occupied them, having driven out the Turks.

As soon as information of this affair reached Lord Raglan and myself, we proceeded to the heights which border the valley of Balaklava, and form the limits of our position.

The enemy then occupied the hills I have mentioned, covering in masses the woody heights which bound the valley towards the Tchernaya, and displaying a force estimated at 20,000 men, besides those which were hidden from our view by the ravines and thickets.

It was evidently his intention to entice us into deserting our excellent position, and to make us descend towards him into the plain. I contented myself with uniting, at the request of Lord Raglan, my cavalry to the English horse, which occupied a position on the plain before Balaklava, and which had already executed a most brilliant charge against the enemy's cavalry.

Besides this, and while Lord Raglan established two divisions of infantry before the port, I caused all the men that I could spare from my first division to descend to

the foot of the front slopes of our position.

Things were in this state, and the day already far spent, when the English light cavalry, 700 strong, led away by too much ardour, charged vigorously the whole mass of the Russian army.

This impetuous charge, executed under a cross-fire of musketry and artillery, produced at first great confusion among the enemy's ranks, but this troop, hurried away too far from us, suffered considerable loss. After having sabred the gunners of two batteries it was forced to return, weakened by the loss of 150 men.

During this time my brigade of *chasseurs d'Afrique*, which was in the plain on the left of the English cavalry, was eager to get to its assistance, and did so by a bold manœuvre, which was much spoken of, and which consisted in attacking on the left a battery of guns and some battalions of infantry, which it forced to retreat, and thus stopped a murderous fire which had been kept up on the English. In this affair we lost about twenty men killed and wounded, two of whom were officers. The loss on the enemy's side was considerable, and he suffered our chasseurs to effect their retreat in good order and without molestation.

The night supervened to put an end to the combat.

The day after the Russians made a sortie from the place, and towards Inkermann attacked the division of Sir De Laey Evans, which covered the siege works. Received by a crushing fire, and with that solidity which is peculiar to our allies, the Russians left on the ground more than 300 dead, and found themselves chased to the outskirts of the town, losing in their flight about 100 prisoners.

This short and smart affair was most brilliant, and has certainly compensated for the painful incidents of the day before.

The judgments of history should be impartial; to this end the representations of both sides should be considered. We append, therefore, the Russian account, or the report of Lieutenant-general Liprandi, chief of the twelfth division of infantry, to Aide-de-camp General Prince Mentschikoff, dated October 26th :—

According to the orders of your highness, the troops of the division intrusted to my command and those attached to it executed,

on the 25th of October, a general movement in advance from the village of Tchorgoum, and attacked the fortifications of the heights forming the valley of Kadikoi.

Conformably with the arrangement which I had made on the evening of that day, all the troops of the detachment left, at five o'clock in the morning, the village of Tchorgoum by two defiles. A regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine, under the command of Major-general Lévousky, marched by the principal defile leading from Tchorgoum to Kadikoi, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4, and six guns of the light battery No. 7. These troops advanced with precision, and, on approaching the heights of Kadikoi, opened their fire upon the redoubts Nos. 1 and 2. After them the Azoff infantry regiment, the 4th battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper, with four guns of the battery of position No. 4 and six guns of the light battery No. 6, moved on under the command of Major-general Semiakine. By the second defile, leading to the valley of Baidar, an advance was made under the command of Major-general Gribbe, of the first three battalions of the infantry regiment of the Dnieper, with six guns of the light battery No. 6, four pieces of the battery of position No. 4, a detachment of the regiment No. 53 of Cossacks of the Don, and a squadron of the combined regiment of the lancers. Major-general Gribbe, who had marched in advance, occupied the village of Kamary, after having dispatched the detachment of Cossacks in the direction of the valley of Baidar. Simultaneously with this movement Major-general Semiakine in taking up his position to the left of the regiment of the Ukraine, covered by the fire of the artillery and a chain of riflemen, formed by the second company of the battalion of riflemen with the carabineers of the infantry regiment of Azoff, advanced rapidly with the latter regiment in two lines by columns of companies, there not being a space of more than 100 paces between the two lines, and in third line the first battalion of the regiment of Azoff and the 4th battalion of the regiment of Dnieper, by columns of attack. After having approached in this order to the distance of not more than 100 paces from the fortified height of the enemy, Major-general Semiakine gave orders for the assault. The companies made a rapid movement in advance, and at half-past seven o'clock the regiment of Azoff had hoisted its flags upon the fortifications. The tro-

phies gained upon this point were three rampart guns and a camp. In this redoubt the loss of the enemy in dead only was more than 170 men.

At the same time the enemy, from the rapidity with which the principal height had been occupied, and in consequence of his seeing the advance of the regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine, abandoned the redoubts Nos. 2 and 3 (the former armed with two guns and the latter with three), which were immediately occupied by our troops. The regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, with the light battery No. 7, under the command of Colonel de Scudari, advanced to the redoubt No. 4; but the enemy, terrified upon this point also, did not wait for our attack, and abandoned the redoubt, in which there were three guns. Besides this, in each of the redoubts the enemy had left his tents, and his powder magazines, and engineering tools.

Immediately after the occupation of the redoubts, I ordered the troops to establish themselves there. I immediately ordered the redoubt No. 4 to be razed, as it was too much advanced, and I ordered its guns to be spiked, and their wheels and carriages to be broken, and the fragments to be thrown down the mountain. When these orders had been executed, the troops who had occupied the redoubt joined the general line of the other corps.

The brigade of hussars of the sixth division of light cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-general Ryjoff, who accompanied the detachment, was posted at the right wing of our general line of battle, with the light horse battery No. 12, and the Cossack battery of position No. 3. During the movement of the troops in advance, the artillery of the Don moved rapidly forwards, and, having placed itself in position, contributed by its well-directed fire to the success of the general attack.

When all the redoubts had been occupied, I ordered the advance of the cavalry, with the regiment No. 1 of the Cossacks of the Oural and three detachments of the regiment No. 53 of Cossacks of the Don, upon the enemy's camp, situated upon the other side of the mountains. Our cavalry advanced rapidly, even to the camp; but, attacked in flank by the fire of the enemy's riflemen, and in front by the English cavalry, it was compelled to halt, and afterwards resumed its first position at the right wing of the general order of battle, being so

placed that its front did not present a right line, the direction of one of its wings forming an angle with that of the centre.

At this time Major-general Jabrokritsky, with a detachment of the infantry regiment of Vladimir (three battalions) and that of Souzdal, ten guns of the battery of position No. 1, four guns of the light battery No. 2 of the 16th brigade of artillery, two companies of the battalion of riflemen No. 6, two squadrons of the regiment of hussars of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and two detachments of the regiment No. 60 of Cossacks (of Popoff), advanced upon the heights to the left of our cavalry, and occupied them. Our cavalry hardly had time to form in order of battle beyond the right flank of our infantry, when, from the other side of the mountain, where the redoubt No. 4 was raised, the English cavalry appeared, more than 2,000 strong. Its impetuous attack induced Lieutenant-general Ryjoff to turn back upon the route to Tchorgoum to draw the enemy. At the same time I ordered to advance towards my right wing the combined regiment of lancers, under the command of Colonel Yeropkine, which came from Baidar to join the detachment of Major-general Gribbe, and I ordered that regiment to post itself behind the infantry in a concealed position. The enemy made a most obstinate charge, and, notwithstanding the well-directed fire of grape from six guns of the light battery No. 7, and that of the men armed with carbines of the regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, and of a company of the 4th battalion of riflemen at the right wing, as well as the fire of a part of the artillery of the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky, he rushed upon our cavalry; but at this moment three squadrons of the combined regiment of lancers attacked him in flank. This unexpected charge, executed with precision and vigour, was attended with brilliant success. The whole of the enemy's cavalry in disorder precipitated itself in retreat, pursued by our lancers and by the fire from our batteries. In this attack the enemy had more than 400 men killed and sixty wounded, who were picked up on the field of battle, and we made twenty-two prisoners, one of whom was a superior officer.

A French squadron of African horse chasseurs rushed upon the detachment of Major-general Jabrokritsky. Having turned the left flank of the battery of position, it reached the chain of riflemen and began

to put the artillery to the sword. Two other squadrons followed. Upon this, two battalions of the regiment of Vladimir, under the command of Major-general Jabrokritsky in person, precipitated themselves in advance at the point of the bayonet, and induced the enemy's cavalry to retreat, and it was pursued as far as the foot of the mountain by the well-directed fire of the foot Cossacks of the Black Sea, armed with carbines, and that of the riflemen. More than ten bodies and several horses remained upon the spot; three prisoners were taken, and the officer who commanded the attack made by the enemy was killed.

Remarking that the enemy again brought up fresh troops to his left wing, I reinforced my right wing, and disposed all the troops of the detachment in the following order:—

A battalion of the regiment of the Dnieper occupied the village of Kamary; the regiment of infantry of Azoff and the 1st battalion of that of the Dnieper were ordered to defend the redoubt No. 1; a battalion of the regiment of chasseurs of the Ukraine was left in the redoubt No. 2; and another battalion of the same regiment in redoubt No. 3, near which were also placed the whole regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, two battalions of a regiment of the Dnieper, and a battalion of that of the chasseurs of the Ukraine. All the artillery was ranged on advantageous positions; the cavalry, as before, remained on the right flank of the infantry. However, the enemy did not make any fresh attack, and ceased his fire at four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the taking by assault of such a strong position, I consider our loss in infantry as very insignificant. That of the cavalry was more important. Subjoined is a list, rapidly drawn up, in reference to this point. (This list includes six superior and subaltern officers and 232 men killed; one general, nineteen superior and subaltern officers, and 292 wounded.) I owe the success of the day to the zeal and excellent arrangements of the respective chiefs, and the courage and ardour of all the troops; more particularly Major-general Semiakine, chief of the 1st brigade of the division intrusted to my command, and under his orders Colonel de Krudener, in command of the regiment of infantry of Azoff, who were ordered to attack the strongest redoubt, No. 1, situated upon a very steep height, personally exhibited an example of courage and judicious arrangements. The attack of the regiment of in-

fantry of Azoff was executed with boldness, celerity, and decision. The 2nd company of the 4th battalion of riflemen, under the command of Second-captain Kalakoutsky, six guns of the light battery No. 6, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Afanasieff, and four guns of the battery of position No. 4, commanded by Lieutenant Posnikoff, who accompanied that column, acted with precision and celerity, and thus facilitated the capture of the height.

When the enemy's cavalry charged, and while it was being repulsed, eight guns of the light battery No. 7, which were stationed near the regiment of chasseurs of Odessa, directed by Captain Bojanoff, did the most injury to the enemy's cavalry by the precision of their fire of grapeshot.

All the operations of the artillery of the 12th brigade of that arm, directed by Colonel Nemoff, commandant of that brigade, were crowned with brilliant success. Staff-major Gnersivanoff, and the aide-de-camp of your highness, captain of corvette Baron Willebrandt, whom your highness sent to me, and who was at my side during the whole of the combat, rendered me very useful assistance, transmitting, with the most strict exactness, all my orders to the troops in the first line.

With the present report I have the honour to present to your highness the flag and the Turkish standard taken in the redoubt No. 1.

There was great rejoicing within the walls of Sebastopol on the evening of the 25th, when the English cannon captured from the redoubts was carried triumphantly into the city. The Russians proclaimed that they had achieved a great victory; and after firing a salvo of artillery in celebration of what they deemed their triumph, they opened a tremendous cannonade against the English lines—happily without much effect. Encouraged by their partial success, the Russians renewed the contest on the 26th by making a sortie from Sebastopol. About noon a body of troops, variously reported as consisting of 4,000 or 9,000 men, and attended by a numerous artillery, issued from the fortress and ventured an attack on the right flank of the British lines. They advanced in three large columns, along a ravine which ran to the extreme right of the British position. Sir De Lacy Evans' division instantly stood to arms, and waited until the enemy should

reveal his intentions. The enemy advanced with confidence, but no sooner had he come within the range of our guns, than the command was given to fire, and a shower of shot and shell checked his approach. "Re-load!" was the word, and soon a second roar and a second deadly storm of missiles from the mouths of our cannon, caused the Russians to wheel round and retire. One Lancaster gun, in Captain Peel's battery, did terrible execution, mowing down about twenty of the Russians at every discharge. Confusion and retreat followed, and the latter was soon converted into an utter rout.

Sir De Lacy Evans ordered his division to advance and follow up the retreating enemy. This was done with enthusiasm by the officers and men, who longed to settle scores with the enemy for many a night of false alarms. Regiment after regiment dashed forward after the fleeing foe. The officers endeavoured to preserve the dignity of a British charge, but, for once, in vain. Their "Steady, boys!" and "Keep in line," were scarcely listened to in the general eagerness to come up with the enemy. A mass of brushwood soon interfered with the line movement, and the men pursued skirmishing. The Russians were overtaken at the crest of the hill, and a heavy musketry fire was exchanged; they then continued their flight, and sought for safety within the walls of Sebastopol. It is said that General Gortschakoff commanded in this sortie, and that he was wounded in the hip. About eighty prisoners were taken, including three officers; one of the latter was a man of gigantic stature, and in appearance the very model of a soldier. We had nine men killed, and four officers and fifty-eight men wounded. Colonel Conolly, who was in command of a picket, was severely wounded, after having behaved in the most gallant manner. This young officer, at the head of a few men, held their ground against a host until relief arrived. Just as the support came up, he was seen, sword in hand, engaged with four of the enemy, one of whom finding that he would not be taken prisoner, shot him through the breast. The ball passed quite through his body, but did not prove fatal. The Russian loss, in killed and wounded, was estimated at between five and six hundred. More than 200 were found dead upon the ground.

The following is Sir De Lacy Evans' report of this sortie, addressed to the commander-in-chief:—

Second division, heights of the Tehernaya, October 27th.

My Lord,—Yesterday the enemy attacked this division with several columns of infantry, supported by artillery. Their cavalry did not come to the front. Their masses, covered by large bodies of skirmishers, advanced with much apparent confidence. The division immediately formed line in advance of our camp, the left under Major-general Pennefather, the right under Brigadier-general Adams. Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer and the captains of batteries (Turner and Yates) promptly posted their guns and opened fire upon the enemy.

Immediately on the cannonade being heard, the Duke of Cambridge brought up to our support the brigade of guards under Major-general Bentinck, with a battery under Lieutenant-colonel Dacres. His royal highness took post in advance of our right to secure that flank, and rendered me throughout the most effective and important assistance. General Bosquet, with similar promptitude, and from a greater distance, approached our position with five French battalions. Sir G. Cathcart hastened to us with a regiment of rifles, and Sir G. Brown pushed forward two guns in co-operation by our left.

The enemy came on at first rapidly, assisted by their guns on the Mound Hill. Our pickets, then chiefly of the 49th and 30th regiments, resisted them with very remarkable determination and firmness. Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, greatly distinguished himself, as did Captain Bayly, of the 30th, and Captain Acherley, all of whom, I regret to say, were very severely wounded. Sergeant Sullivan also displayed at this point great bravery.

In the meantime our eighteen guns in position, including those of the first division, were served with the utmost energy. In half-an-hour they forced the enemy's artillery to abandon the field. Our batteries were then directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th regiments over the ridges, and down towards the head of the bay. So eager was the pursuit that it was with difficulty Major-general Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men. These regiments and the pickets were led gallantly by Major Mauleverer, Major Champion, Major Eman, and Major Hume. The Russians were

similarly pursued further towards our right by four companies of the 41st, led gallantly by Lieutenant-colonel the Hon. P. Herbert, A.Q.M.G. The 47th also contributed. The 55th were held in reserve.

Above eighty prisoners fell into our hands, and about 130 of the enemy's dead were left within or near our position. It is computed that their total loss could scarcely be less than 600.

Our loss, I am sorry to say, has been above eighty, of whom twelve officers are killed, and five wounded. I am happy to say hopes are entertained that Lieutenant Conolly will recover, but his wound is dangerous.

I shall have the honour of transmitting to your lordship a list of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates whose conduct attracted special notice. That of the pickets excited general admiration.

To Major-general Pennefather and Brigadier-general Adams I was, as usual, greatly indebted. To Lieutenant-colonel Dacres, Lieutenant-colonel Fitzmayer, captains Turner, Yates, Woodham, and Hemlin, and the whole of the royal artillery, we are under the greatest obligation.

Lieutenant-colonel Herbert, A.Q.M.G., rendered the division, as he always does, highly distinguished and energetic services. Lieutenant-colonel Wilbraham, A.A.G., while serving most actively, I regret to say, had a very severe fall from his horse. I beg leave also to recommend to your lordship's favourable consideration the excellent services of captains Glazbrook and Thompson, of the Quartermaster-general's department, the brigade-majors captains Armstrong and Thackwell, and my personal staff, captains Allix, Gubbins, and the Hon. W. Boyle.

I have, &c.,

DE LACY EVANS, Lieutenant-general.
The Right Hon. Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

This report was forwarded by Lord Raglan to the minister of war, enclosed in the following despatch, giving some account of the progress of the siege, which at this point was flagging, while the harassed French and English were almost worn out. With it we will close this chapter:—

Before Sebastopol, October 28th.

My Lord Duke,—I have nothing particular to report to your grace respecting the operations of the siege since I wrote to you on the 23rd instant. The fire has been somewhat less constant, and our casualties have been fewer though I regret to say that Captain

Childers, a very promising officer of the royal artillery, was killed on the evening of the 23rd, and I have just heard that Major Dalton, of the 49th, of whom Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans entertained a very high opinion, was killed in the trenches last night.

The enemy moved out of Sebastopol on the 26th with a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery—amounting, it is said, to 6,000 or 7,000 men—and attacked the left of the second division, commanded by Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans, who speedily and energetically repulsed them, assisted by one of the batteries of the first division and some guns of the light division, and supported by the brigade of guards and by several regiments of the fourth division, and in rear by the French division commanded by General Bosquet, who was most eager in his desire to give him every aid.

I have the honour to transmit a copy of Sir De Lacy Evans' report, which I am sure your grace will read with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to recommend the

officers whom he particularly mentions to your protection.

Captain Bayly, of the 30th, Captain Atchley, of the same regiment, and Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, all of whom are severely wounded, appear to have greatly distinguished themselves.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the manner in which Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans met this very serious attack. I had not the good fortune to witness it myself, being in front of Balaklava at the time it commenced, and having only reached his position as the affair ceased, but I am certain I speak the sentiments of all who witnessed the operation in saying that nothing could have been better managed, and that the greatest credit is due to the Lieutenant-general, whose services and conduct I have before had to bring under your grace's notice.

I enclose the return of the losses the army has sustained since the 22nd.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

REFLECTIONS ON WAR; A COLLECTION OF LETTERS CONCERNING CAMP LIFE, THE SIEGE, AND THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

LET us pause, and reflect a little upon this history of carnage and horror! We would fain that such gigantic calamities should yield some good to humanity, some lessons to the world. If seas and mountains have their meaning, and with a silent yet sublime eloquence, which is felt, not heard, impress on the beholder elevating and gentle thoughts; if the hoarse murmur or shrill scream of the bleak wind through the dense dim forests has a voice to those who listen in the spirit of the seer; if stones, and trees, and running brooks preach mute sermons to the philosophic mind; if the mysterious and silent stars sing in their course like millions of radiant angels, and shed an inspiration on the rapt beholder;—if these things are so (and in a metaphorical sense they are), then surely WAR, in all its ghastly and fiendish majesty,—WAR, with its regal preparations, with its pomp, its gold, its scarlet, and its grand swelling strains of

music,—WAR, with its roarings and its thunders, with its terrific lightnings, which more than rival those of heaven; with its cataraets of fire, hurling from ten thousand iron mouths the deadly messengers whose shocks are as if some infernal deity had smote the staggering earth until the mountains reeled and the astonished sea stood still,—WAR, the stupendous destroyer, who sows in wantonness and reaps in blood, whose dreadful harvests are the gory fields covered with mangled corpses, with blood-bespattered faces, and sightless glaring eyes, fixed on the blue vault of heaven, as if vainly appealing to that merciful God, who seems for a time to have abandoned his creation, and have given it over to be the grim sport of fiends;—surely this dreadful power has its teachings, if we could glean them!

Alas! for man; alas! for the promised millennium of peace, and joy, and charity;

alas! for the poetie dream of universal brotherhood, when nations are to dwell together in a sublime anity, when kings shall be the parents of their peoples, when wise governments shall have removed the chief causes of crime, and each man shall grasp with fellowship the hand of his neighbour! Glorious visions! your time is not yet; may the unbegotten future reveal your realisation. In this age it must be recorded that the greatest efforts of the most civilised nations of the earth were devoted—muscle, nerve, heart, brain, soul, and sense—to the science and labour of destruction. It must be recorded that WAR, like an inscrutable fatalism, demands all, and yields nothing—nothing that if the world were wise, if the spirit of destruction did not burn in the hearts and in the bones of men, but that could be obtained without its aid. The teachings of war are indeed small, and consist chiefly of spectral warnings to avoid all injustice and aggression that may lead to it. As the sickness of the air leads to plagues, and the sickness of the earth to convulsive quakings and vomitings of fire, so, in like manner, the sickness of society results in war. War is, indeed, sometimes the herald of civilisation; but it civilises after the fashion in which the knife and saw of the surgeon heals. Well, it is useless to mourn over these things; they are the destiny of the age, the impenetrable and mysterious necessity of either an evil nature in our race, or a sickly and imperfect civilisation.

Leaving these reflections, let us, before we proceed with our narrative, take another glance or so from different points of view of the scenes we have just gone through. Let us compose another chapter of the obscure literature of the war, and glean together a few letters from men of all ranks engaged in the great struggle;—letters which, in many instances, have sprung up like wild-flowers in uncultivated soil, but which, to continue the metaphor, will be found to possess both honey and fragrance. In other words, we mean that the letters thus selected and woven into a whole—though often the work of untutored minds, of private soldiers—will be found to contain much genuineness of feeling and simplicity of diction. If, indeed, they are at times a little confused in expression, let us remember that they contain descriptive fragments scarcely to be found in the despatches of generals, or in the full and well-turned periods of historians.

The following letter, dated the 28th of October, and written from the camp before Sebastopol, was received from a French officer of rank:—

The following is the state of affairs with us since my last letters. The batteries, which are constructed in the parallel of 300 metres from the point of attack, are in course of completion. The work does not go on with such rapidity as we desire, in spite of the unexampled efforts each of us is making to arrive at the result, because the ground is decidedly unfavourable; there is little earth, but a great deal of stone and rock, which we are obliged to blow up with gunpowder, in order to establish our platforms. These batteries, destined to receive about forty pieces, will open their fire all at the same time, and from them we expect the best result. We hope they will commence acting to-morrow morning, and the assault some days after. I have mentioned the works executed on the side where the French attack. As for the English, they have made a parallel at 400 metres in advance of their left battery. This parallel is destined to receive the infantry, which has been already there for the last two or three days. A battery will not be established, because the nature and the configuration of the ground do not permit it; and, moreover, it would not produce more effect than the batteries which are 400 metres in the rear. General Sir J. Burgoyne is just going to find out General Bizot, and come to an understanding with him as to whether the English could not co-operate in the establishment of some batteries on the French side. There is no possibility of carrying on other works on the attacking side of the English. The Russians offer a most vigorous resistance. They labour with great energy for the re-establishment of their works, and for the construction of new batteries; but whenever the struggle comes *corps à corps*, they will have to abandon the ground.

We have been, since the 25th, in presence of the army of Mentschikoff, which has come down from the heights into the valley of the Tchernaya. It wished to make, on that day, an attempt on Balaklava, the port of which is so important for the English. That attempt has failed. This is how it occurred:—About twenty Russian battalions, accompanied by several batteries of artillery and a numerous cavalry, appeared at break of day. The Russian artillery soon

opened its fire against the works in front of Balaklava. The Turks who occupied them retreated before the masses of the enemy. The Russians dashed down, and at the same time pushed their cavalry on to Balaklava; but they were destined to find far different enemies before them. The gallant Scotch waited till they were at point blank range from the head of the column before they fired a shot; when they did, the cavalry fell back in the greatest disorder. The squadrons that were at the tail of the column turned obliquely to the right, to avoid the fugitives, and then went in the direction of the English cavalry, which was coming up. The noble regiment of Scots grays then executed an admirable charge against the Russian cavalry, pierced them through and through, and completely scattered them. The Russian cavalry, thus beaten, fell back, and threw into confusion their infantry, which was in turn forced to retreat. The English infantry retook two of the works on the left; and the Russian army, being completely routed, was about to abandon the two on the right, when another charge from the light brigade of the English cavalry—but as untoward as could well be, though the execution was heroic—all of a sudden changed the state of affairs. The Russians, when retiring from the two works on the right, were, perhaps, going to carry off the seven guns they found there, when Lord Raglan sent to the officer commanding the cavalry the order to advance and follow the retreat of the Russians, in order to retake the guns. The officer who was the bearer of the order, and who was killed in the charge of which I am about to speak, told Lord Lucan to charge the Russian batteries, in order to take the guns. Lord Cardigan, commanding the light brigade, to whom the order was transmitted, observed that the battery which he was thus ordered to charge was flanked by two other batteries which crossed their fire on the ground he was to pass over; that the distance was enormous; that the infantry was about to unite its fire with that of the artillery; and that the Russian cavalry would also act in its turn. The order, however, was emphatically given, such as it was believed to have been given by the general-in-chief. Lord Cardigan dashed on with his 800 men, who behaved like heroes. They advanced under the fire of artillery and musketry. Those whom the fire did not bring down in their course reached the battery, which many of them penetrated;

but the horses were completely blown. They had to retire and again pass over the ground, which was ploughed up with the enemy's bullets. Four hundred horses remained on the field; 160 men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The rest succeeded in returning; and that gallant charge produced such an effect on the Russians, that they did not dare to pursue them. Recovering, however, from their surprise, they arrested their retrograde movement, while preserving the two works on the right, and the seven guns which they contained.

We remained under arms, in expectation of being attacked by the Russians, until nightfall; but they did not think proper to leave the position they occupied on the 25th. We have been told that the Russians have chanted a *Te Deum* in Sebastopol for the affair of the 25th! They, no doubt, will sing many others. Their joy, however, was of short duration. The next day (the 26th) they resolved to attack the right of the English besieging corps, and advanced, to the number of seven or eight thousand men, with eight pieces of artillery, in the direction of Inkermann. General De Lacy Evans was ready to receive them. The engagement only lasted a few moments. The Russians were put to flight, leaving on the ground 700 killed and wounded, while the English only lost sixteen killed and forty wounded. General Bosquet advanced, in all haste, to the assistance of our allies, with several French battalions; but, to his great regret, he arrived when all was over. Lord Raglan warmly thanked him on the occasion, and congratulated the troops on the promptitude with which they had hastened to the relief of the English. We are informed that the British government has five or six thousand men ready to embark. These troops might be sent to Marseilles by railway and down the Rhone, and steamers could proceed from this to take them on board. Yesterday several English steamers left for Varna and Bourgas, to convey to the Crimea 430 French dragoons and 600 artillery horses. We are under great obligations to our allies for the readiness with which they place at our disposal the vessels necessary for the conveyance of our reinforcements. They are, to be sure, as interested as ourselves in their arrival; but there exists, in all our relations, an understanding and a cordiality worthy of remark. The *entente* between the general-in-chief is, if I may use the expression, more

than perfect. Lord Raglan entertains the highest esteem for General Canrobert, and feels for him a real affection. They had together, some days ago, a long conversation, after which Lord Raglan manifested to me his satisfaction at concurring, in many respects, in the opinions of General Canrobert, particularly with regard to our emperor. This perfect understanding between the two generals-in-chief is, I need not add, a most important point. I do not consider the trial of the 25th as decisive for the Turks, who have behaved so well on other occasions. I hope they will soon find an opportunity of retrieving their character. I was forgetting to mention a brilliant charge effected by our *chasseurs d'Afrique* on one of the batteries which decimated the English cavalry. Six troops of that brave corps rushed upon that battery, cut down the men at their guns, and were preparing to carry off the latter, when three Russian battalions formed into hollow squares, opened their fire upon them, and obliged them to retreat. Our brave chasseurs lost two officers and about twenty killed and wounded.

The following letter was received from a young officer on board the English fleet:—
Off Katcha Bay, Saturday, Oct. 28th.

I am sorry to say that Sebastopol is not ours yet. We received the news a short while since from the reports of a French officer who was taken prisoner, but managed to escape, that, in addition to our killing the Russians, they are killing themselves. He says: "When I came to the market-place (or what used to be the market-place), I saw a pair of gallows erected, and 300 Poles and Russians led out to be hung." This they do if any refuse to work the guns, or if they utter a word in objection. The others the officers keep to their guns with the point of the bayonet. A few days ago a Russian officer, of the rank of captain, deserted; and he said that the Poles would come on our side, against the Russians, as soon as we stormed the place. I suppose you heard that a blue-jacket of the —, two royal artillerymen, and one royal marine artilleryman, deserted and joined the Russians. The captain, on hearing this, had the magazine shifted immediately; and it was lucky he did, for on the next day the shot and shell came pitebng on the place where the magazine had been, like so many hailstones. I am happy to say that the fellow was a Yankee. By this time he has

got his deserts, I think; for, two days ago, he ventured out at the head of a party of Russians, as leader, and, when these were driven back, he was taken by us. When captured he was in Russian uniform, cross-belted and all. The 46th regiment and 20,000 French are coming out here. Two thousand French troops are already at Constantinople. They say they are waiting for them to come up before they storm the place. We got the news to-day, that yesterday about 800 of our cavalry attacked 2,000 Russian cavalry. So bloodthirsty were the Russians, that they would not allow the two cavalry regiments to fight it out fairly, but their artillery and infantry opened fire right in among the two. They did not care how many of their own men they killed, so long as they killed one of ours. We lost 400 out of the 800; but, owing to the Russian artillery and infantry opening fire among the two indiscriminately, the Russians lost about twice as many as they otherwise would have done. The Scotch fusileers came up at the head of the engagement, and cut up the Russians frightfully. We have about three or four thousand Russians so hemmed in near Balaklava, that they must either surrender or fight their way out. Our fellows are so much exasperated, that they say they will allow them no quarter whatever, but will kill every man they possibly can. We hear that, when the southern forts are taken, six ships are to go in to attack and destroy the forts facing the sea. I hope that my ship will be one of the six. Lord Incan's aide-de-camp is dead. It is reported that it was owing to a mistake that we lost the 400 men I have spoken of, and that Lord Raglan told him to order Lord Lucan to act on the defensive. The aide-de-camp understood offensive, and told Lord Lucan; consequently, he at once ordered them to the charge. Such, at all events, is the report.

The following letter, from on board her majesty's ship *Himalaya*, is dated Balaklava Bay, October 27th:—

Since my last we have brought up from Constantinople 550 troops of different regiments convalescent, arriving here on the morning of the 24th, also a quantity of charcoal for the troops. As we approached the land we could see and hear heavy firing about Sebastopol. Among the officers who came up with us were Captain Dickson, of the 30th, and Captain Warden, of the 19th. Both

these gentlemen had been wounded at Alma, and sent to Scutari hospital, with leave to proceed home; but they thought themselves sufficiently recovered to be again of service to her majesty's arms, and, with more zeal than I think discretion, have marched up and rejoined their respective corps. When we see cases such as these of devotion to the service, one cannot wonder at the general success of the British forces. I shall now give you an account of what I have either witnessed myself or heard from those actually engaged in it.

Oct. 25th.—At daylight heard very sharp and heavy firing towards Sebastopol, and also near Balaklava, increasing towards nine o'clock, and from that time incessant. Could see occasionally shells bursting over the high hills by which the bay is surrounded; so as soon as possible I went on shore, and found that a very heavy cavalry action, with artillery, was going on, the Russians having driven the Turks completely out of three batteries which had been erected and armed with our guns, and the Turks placed to man them. However, they got panic-stricken and fled, and down came the Cossacks and Russian cavalry (imperial guard) to attack ours, and a most bloody fight ensued, our light cavalry—viz., 4th dragoons, 8th and 11th hussars, and 17th lancers—being dreadfully cut up, having charged a battery of guns numbering thirty. They were supported by the grays, who have again distinguished themselves beyond praise, suffering, however, severely in the affair. They charged right through the Russian cavalry, who numbered about five to one; got surrounded by them, made another charge, and cut themselves out by sheer fighting. Colonel Griffith got shot in the head, Brevet-major Clarke a sabre cut at the back of his neck, Cornet Prendergast shot right through the foot, Cornet Handley stabbed in the side and arm, being at one time surrounded by four Cossacks, three of whom he shot with his revolver, and the fourth was cut down by his sergeant. I saw this young gallant fellow a few hours after, and he was then getting ready to rejoin his regiment from the temporary hospital, not finding his two wounds of sufficient consequence to keep him from his post. The colonel did the same, after getting his head dressed. Major Clarke did not, I believe, leave the field. I also saw Lieutenant Elliot, 5th dragoon guards, riding into Balaklava, his face so covered with blood and his head bound up that we could not recognise him. The gallant Captain White,

too, of the 17th lancers, was lying on his back when we came up to him, with a round shot right through his leg, with Sir W. Gordon, dreadfully cut about the head, both receiving, however, every attention and care from Surgeon Kendall, who was formerly at Southampton with Mr. Ward, surgeon of that town. In this garden and temporary hospital could be seen men with every description of wound, from the sabre cut to the grape and canister shot. One poor fellow's leg was taken off while we were there, nor can one easily forget the shocking scenes, the result of such a day's fighting. The surgeons (Brush and his assistant, Chapple) of the grays were working away with their sleeves turned up, arms bloody, faces the same, looking more like butchers than surgeons, so hard had they worked all day.

During the afternoon, subsequently to the Russians being repulsed with heavy loss, their object evidently being to take Balaklava, they retreated to the brow of a hill on the right, and formed themselves round the battery they had driven our allies, the Turks, out of; and our troops, with the rifles in front, were formed in line of battle, not more than three-quarters to one mile from them, occasionally trying the effect of the shells from the artillery guns; and the precision with which these missiles are directed is truly astonishing. Poor Captain Maude, of the horse artillery, than whom I believe it is universally admitted a more gallant or more efficient officer does not hold a commission in her majesty's service, was severely wounded early in the day by a shell, which, bursting near, hit him in three places. The loss of his services will be severely felt, and he is universally regretted. He was carried into the harbour, and placed on board ship. I cannot conceive a more splendid sight than was witnessed during this afternoon, the two armies, the Russians being enormously strong, and our own, waiting for one or the other to advance, with an occasional shell by way of invitation or challenge. But for several hours there they stood, as if content with what had already taken place, and we so near the two, that with the aid of my glass, a good Dollond, I could distinctly see the colour of their uniform (gray), and their standard, with an eagle on the top of it; I could also plainly see the dead, both men and horses, on the scene of the late encounter. I observed one horse stand fully an hour by the side of his dead rider, while others were wildly galloping about, not knowing which way to turn their

ridersless course. One of the most wonderful things, I think, is to see the way in which our riflemen go about in small detached parties, crawling along on the ground up the side of a hill, till they appear to be within 300 yards of the enemy, and thus they lie on their bellies till a chance offers, when crack goes a Minié, and down falls a Russian. I was informed most credibly that one of these brave fellows a few days since thought he would go and do a little business on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a hill, lay on his back and loaded, and turned over and fired, when, after killing eleven men, a party rushed out, and he took to his heels, but, sad to say, a volley, fired after him by this party, levelled him with the earth, and he was subsequently picked up with thirty-two balls in his body. A party of Russian sharpshooters made a sort of attempt to come up to the battery manned by the marines, but a few well-directed shots from that gallant little body sent them back again, having taken nothing by their motion. Lieutenant Maxse, aide-de-camp to Lord Cardigan, was severely shot in the foot and ankle, and was carried on board his lordship's yacht the *Dryad*. He was close to the unfortunate Captain Nolan, of the 15th hussars, who was shot in the breast while cheering and gallantly charging the enemy, and who, after getting off his horse, made two or three staggers forward, and fell dead.

Whenever during the day you saw any of

* We have already said that the reported cowardice of the Turks is not an indisputable and established fact. It is scarcely just to slander and abuse these poor creatures because they did not exhibit as much heroism as would have been shown by French or English troops. On this point we insert a portion of a letter which appeared in one of the morning journals, entitled *Justice to the Turks*:—"Sir,—Perceiving that the Turkish troops have been severely animadverted on for prematurely abandoning their guns in front of Balaklava on the 25th ult., and even hooted by women in our camp as cowards, I think it unjust to allow a stigma of this nature to remain on any portion of our allies without offering a few words in their defence. I would therefore ask those who are so ready to condemn on *ex parte* statements, if it would have been possible for a few hundred Turks, recently landed in the Crimea, and thus placed in front of our position, and even of our cavalry in charge of guns, without any available support, successfully to resist an attack of 20,000 Russian troops of all arms, or, without horses, to carry off the guns thus placed under their care from redoubts described in the despatches of Lord Raglan and General Canrobert as imperfect and hastily constructed? As official despatches, sir, ought to be considered the best evidence before the bar of public opinion in cases of this nature, I may also refer

to the Turkish soldiers, you saw the people hooting them and calling them cowards and runaways. I witnessed two Irish women actually driving four of these chivalrous gentry before them, making them carry some things for them, probably to their own wounded husbands, and saying, "Eh! ye cowardly divils; this is all you're fit for, to be our servants; sure, you are afraid to fight;" and on our return I saw a young middy drawn up before some fifty of them, abusing them most heartily for their having run away.* One of them made a sign as if he was going to draw his sword, when master middy sang out, "Oh," said he, "I'm not afraid of you, such a set of cowards as you are," set his arms a-kimbo, and then stood, the picture of a young lion, and, I should say, about as brave. Lord Raglan, after the grays' charge, sent a message down to be told to the men, that he had never seen anything more brilliant, or more gallantly executed.

Had our Turkish friends only spiked the guns before deserting them, it would have been less disastrous; but that our own guns should be made use of, with our own ammunition against us, and that through the cowardly conduct of these men, for whom we are sacrificing England's best blood and treasure, is too provoking and discreditable to write about; and I am sorry to say that, not content with deserting their post, they plundered everything they could lay their hands on, even to the very breakfasts which some men of the grays were preparing for

to that of the Russian commander, General Liprandi, who reported that in the first of these imperfectly constructed redoubts, the Turks maintained their post until 170 of them were killed, which does not look much like a premature abandonment or cowardice. Your own correspondent, another eye witness, in his interesting description of the deeds of that day, says that after this overwhelming attack, 'the Turks fled in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy until they were lapped by the Russian cavalry. Steel flashed in the air, and down go the poor Moslem, quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin. There was no support for them. It was evident the Russians had been too quick for us.' I will now ask, sir, what would an equal number of British or French troops have done if placed in a similar position? They might have been made prisoners, which must have been the inevitable result had they remained, and it is possible their lives might have been spared; but the Turks, expecting no quarter from their inveterate foes, and seeing no support moving to their aid from their faithful allies, had no alternative but that of seeking safety by flight. Are they, then, the only parties to be blamed? Are they to be unjustly assailed by those allies for having been thus exposed as *enfants perdus* to be overpowered by their foes?"

their officers, who were then out in face of the enemy. The universal feeling is, that a very severe example should be made of this flagrant act of cowardice, the probable results of which will be another hard-fought battle, with a possibility of evacuating Balaklava!

The charge of the light brigade of cavalry on the batteries of the enemy, some thirty guns strong, though brilliantly and bravely done, was most disastrous in its consequences to that gallant and devoted band, for it seems that out of 700 who went into the fray only 130 answered their roll when it was over; and it appears to have been done under a misapprehension of an order from the commander-in-chief. Lord Cardigan pointed out to his superior officer the immense difficulty of charging a battery, flanked by another, into a sort of *cul de sac*, with the hills lined with rifles and guns; but, receiving the positive order to charge, at it he and his splendid brigade went, and as they approached within a few hundred yards of the big battery a shell burst close to him, and struck Captain Nolan in the chest, which caused the poor fellow to scream awfully, and his horse turned and galloped to the rear, when his gallant but impetuous rider was found lying dead. The light brigade still kept sweeping on till they were right in front of them, when a 32-pounder went off within two feet of Lord Cardigan's horse, quite lifting him off the ground, but he got in among them, and was, where he always will be when it comes to the point, in the first rank. It seems they rode right through the guns and turned, after killing the men who were serving them. His lordship's extra aide-de-camp, it is supposed, was wounded and taken prisoner, for he has not since been heard of. Mr. Wombwell, of the 17th lancers, had a most extraordinary escape, showing a monstrous deal of pluck. His horse was—it is said two were—shot under him, and he was taken prisoner, but while being marched off he saw an opportunity, mounted a Russian's horse, and galloped back, rejoining some of his brigade who had re-formed, and charging again without sword or pistol. Mr. Cook, of the 11th, also had a regular run for his life of a mile and a-half, pursued by the Russian cavalry, to avoid whom he ran under range of the guns of one of their batteries, and finally escaped. Major Clarke, of the grays, in addition to a bad cut in the neck, had his horse's tail almost cut off by a sabre cut; and I hear the gallant

Adjutant Miller, an unusually powerful man, did extraordinary execution when he got to close quarters with them.

Lord Cardigan was attacked by two Cossacks, who with their lances gave him several pricks, and rather staggered him in his saddle; but his lordship being well mounted, and a good cross-country rider, and, moreover, as cool as brave men ever are in real danger, parried their thrusts, and escaped with the aforesaid lance pricks in his leg.

Oct. 26th.—To-day a number of wounded were sent on board different ships in Balaklava harbour, and a most mournful sight it was to see the poor fellows carried down on stretchers, some minus a leg, others an arm; one with his face battered to pieces, another with a sabre cut at the back of his head. To-day the Russians were hovering round in large force, and it was fully expected that an attack would be made on Balaklava. I went to the top of the hills, near our marine battery, and could distinctly see them bringing guns up to a village about a mile off, while numerous Cossacks kept wandering about, keeping a sharp look-out for stragglers, the main body of the Russians being round the battery which they took yesterday, but they did not during the day make any attack. However, a very smart sortie was made upon Sir De Lacy Evans' brigade from Sebastopol, which was, in half-an-hour, sent flying back, with a loss of some 300 killed and wounded. Most of the transports were got out of the harbour to-day; and on the morning of the 27th, the *Sanspareil*, *Tribune*, *Sphinx*, and *Arrow* came round from the fleet to go in and protect the town, should the Russians succeed in forcing the position now occupied by our marines, the 93rd, &c. The men-of-war, by being placed across the harbour, can command the whole of the valley, and effectually prevent any approach of cavalry. Lieutenant-commander Jolliffe has been for some time in his gun-boat, the *Arrow*, at Eupatoria, which place is kept constantly on the alert by the Cossacks who hover round; a large party of them were pointed out to the *Arrow*, and, though they considered themselves well out of range, Lieutenant Jolliffe managed to plump a shot at 3,400 yards right in among them, killing, as they were informed next day by a Turk, some sixteen, and so astonishing the rest as to cause them to bolt from the proximity of such terribly long shots.

The *Himalaya* is just ordered off to Varna for stores and troops, and to return to the

fleet. Verily, this noble ship is kept well up to her work.

From an artillery officer :—

In front of Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

The partial success of the Russians at Balaklava on the 25th, emboldened them yesterday to make an attack on our front (that of the second division), on the extreme right of the allied position. At about twelve o'clock we were ordered up to the front, and it soon appeared that the Russians were advancing in force—in masses of columns, as they always move. Our field-battery got up into position on the brow of the hill opposite to that over which the Russians were advancing. We were just in the nick of time, and peppered them most thoroughly. They brought up a field-battery, which opened on us, and fired about twenty rounds, after which the battery seemed to find our fire too hot, and limbered up and retired. We continued to fire on the enemy's columns as long as they were within range ; but they could not face it long, and our infantry went in at them in splendid style, and finished them off. We took a good many prisoners, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was considerable, though I have not heard from any authentic source what it was. The loss of the second division was sixty-five (perhaps this number is correctly stated, and the official return of eighty-two includes the losses in the first division, which came to the support of the second) in killed and wounded. The *on dit* is, that the sortie was headed by Prince Mentsehikoff himself. I met our chief, Sir De Lacy Evans, as I was taking our battery back to the camp. This affair is a slight set-off against that of Balaklava of the day before.

We are now getting fresh meat again, which is a great boon, and we all feel much better for the change. I have had my pack-horse and kit all through the campaign. In this respect, and in being always able to carry their tents, the artillery have a great pull over other corps.

I cannot say much in favour of my stud as to condition, though in numbers it is very flourishing. I have got three ponies and an Arab ; but, except the Arabs, which keep their condition wonderfully, all the nags are looking more like greyhounds than horses. One of my ponies is a Russian, captured at Balaklava ; another, my government pack pony ; and the third I picked up for £1 at a

sale in Bulgaria. The Arab that I originally had fell lame of ringbone, and I have now got a very good beast, an iron-gray, very good-looking, standing only fourteen hands two inches, and compactly built. He makes an admirable charger, and is as steady as a rock under fire, which is everything to me now. I have been out on picket all day with a demi-battery, and, having to turn out again at two in the morning, it is now high time for me to turn in.

From a soldier of the 68th :—

Heights above Sebastopol, Oct. 24th.

We are now encamped on the heights overlooking Sebastopol, and have been firing shot, shell, and rockets into it as fast as we can, but with very little result ; for it is a very strong place, with a very powerful army and numberless guns, which are played upon us night and day, though, thank God, they have done us very little harm, but I have no doubt that before it is taken there will be a great many lives lost ; and, besides so strong a garrison in front, we have to contend with a numerous army behind, the remnant of that army defeated at the Alma on the 20th of September, of which you have heard a more correct statement than what I have time to give you, through the medium of the newspapers. On the 25th instant we had to turn out in all haste, for the Russians in our rear had attacked and taken two of the batteries belonging to the sleepy Turks, and they retired from their works, leaving their guns loaded, to be spiked by the Russians without firing a single shot. We, of course, work and retake the batteries, but with a very severe loss of our brave cavalry, for we lost about 700 men and a great number of horses, but very few infantry ; the artillery suffered very much, and the cavalry regiments are very nearly all cut up. It is a very easy thing to talk of war, but it is a very different thing to take a part in it, or to view the field after it is all over—to see the mangled bodies lying in all directions, their limbs torn and broken to pieces, and some of them obliged to remain in the fields for some days before they can be attended to. But in all these affairs the Russians have suffered by far the most ; and on the 26th, a party of from 6,000 to 8,000 endeavoured to make their escape from Sebastopol, but were soon found out and a great many killed, with about 800 prisoners, and the rest made good their retreat. But I can assure you it is a very hard duty, for

we have not been undressed for more than two months, nor can we take off our boots; and we were a very long time without tents, so that we had to sleep in the open air without any covering but one blanket and a great-coat, and we are very often for four or five nights together without any sleep, and at very hard work in the trenches, or watching the enemy while others work. The weather has been very favourable to our cause ever since we landed in Russia. If the winter or wet season sets in it will very soon thin our ranks, and we must abandon the enterprise. But I must leave off talking about war, and turn to something else. I hear that the division of the army to which our regiment belongs, after the war is over, is to proceed to England; if so, and I should survive, I shall endeavour to come home once more, and shall hope, by God's blessing, to see you all well again, when I am free from the din of war and the roar of cannon; for, while I am writing these few lines, which I am obliged to do while sitting on the ground, the Russians are throwing shot and shell at us as fast as they can, and also on our men, and no signs of a finish. But I must request you to remember me kindly to all my friends—perhaps for the last time; but I trust in God to see you all again.

From a dragoon of the heavy brigade:—
Camp, Balaklava, near Sebastopol, Oct. 27th.

You say you hear nothing of our regiment; well, I will tell you something about it. In the first place, in coming from Varna across the Black Sea, we were overtaken by a most awful storm and gale of wind. Our vessel, the *Wilson Kennedy*, went on her beam ends, and the stabling gave way, all the horses were thrown over to one side of the ship, and, in one horrid night, 100 of them kicked and worried each other to death; and there we were for two nights and days fastened down with 100 dead and dying horses; we only saved eleven out of our ship, and on the third day we threw 101 overboard. We were eight days all but a wreck, beating about the Black Sea, and had to go back to Constantinople after all, at which place they put us on board a steamer, and landed us in the Crimea; and now, indeed, our work has begun. We are protecting the rear, while the besiegers are attacking the town. The whole of the cavalry are encamped on an open plain surrounded by hills and mountains, and we have, indeed,

plenty cut out for us. Over these hills there are thousands of Cossacks and a large Russian army who are trying to get up to Sebastopol, and it is our duty to keep them back; they are constantly coming down upon us, and we have had some severe struggles, but they have not the "pluck" of Englishmen; for, though we are far inferior in numbers, we always beat them back. We are in the saddle night and day. I can't tell how long it is since I was undressed; I only know that it has been so long that I have forgotten it. The worst affair we had was the day before yesterday. At daybreak the enemy appeared and advanced, and in such numbers that they took from the Turks two of their batteries, and turned the guns upon us. We were obliged to retreat out of range of the guns; and this so elated the enemy that they actually had courage enough to come into the open field with us. Three regiments of their cavalry tried to gain possession of the highlanders' (93rd) position, and charged them, but they had not time to repent, for they went down like cut corn; what was left of them turned and fled, and we pursued them over their own hills; here they were reinforced by three more regiments of cavalry, including Nicholas's crack imperial guards. There were the grays and first royals up at this time, and we charged them—they had nothing else for it, so they charged at the same time. Oh God! I cannot describe it; they were so superior in numbers that they "outflanked" us, and we were in the middle of them. I never certainly felt less fear in my life than I did at that time, and I hope God will forgive me, for I felt more like a devil than a man. We fought our way out of them as only Englishmen can fight; and the 4th, 5th, and 6th were there up with us. I escaped without a scratch, thank God, though I was covered with blood; my horse was not even wounded; but, oh! the work of slaughter that then began—'twas truly awful; but I suppose it was necessary: we cut them down like sheep, and they did not seem to have power to resist. The plain is covered with dead Russians, and of course we left some of our poor comrades on the field. We only lost two, and about seven wounded. Well, when we had finished this lot, we thought of going home to breakfast; but, no; they (the enemy) had some guns over the hills that Lord Raglan sent word were to be charged and captured at any cost. So off we went again. They received us very

quietly into their ground—Lord Lucan leading the heavies, and Lord Cardigan the light brigade. The light charged first this time, took the guns, cut down the gunners, and then, when they thought all was right, they were met by thousands of Cossacks, who had been in ambush. The royals, the grays, the 4th, 5th, and 6th now charged again. The butchering was repeated; when suddenly a cross front and rear fire opened upon us from the hills—cannons, rifles, and file firing. I cannot attempt to describe to you the scene that ensued—balls, shells, and rockets whizzing about our ears. The men on the right and left of me were both killed on the spot. We hacked our way out of it as well as we could, but were obliged to leave the guns. Colonel Yorke had his leg broken, and all the officers in the front rank were wounded. The heavy brigade have not lost many men, but, sad to tell, out of about 800 of the light brigade that went into the field, only 400 came out; but this is nothing to what the enemy suffered.

The following is said to be from an officer of distinction :—

Camp, near Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

You will be glad to hear I am alive after our tremendous affair of the 25th. We were ordered to charge some Russian batteries and cavalry, and the light brigade went down, the 17th and 13th leading in line; the 11th were ordered to hang a little back as a support, and the 4th and 8th followed, in a sort of third line. We all knew that the thing was desperate before we started, and it was even worse than we thought. In our front, about a mile and a-half off, were several lines of Russian cavalry and nine guns; to get at which we had to pass along a wide valley, with the ground a little falling, and in itself favourable enough for a charge of cavalry; but the sloping hills on each side gave the enemy an opportunity (which they used) of placing guns on both our flanks as we advanced; and not only guns, but infantry, with Minié rifles.

However, there was no hesitation; down our fellows went at the gallop, through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man flinched in the whole brigade, though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns (the Rus-

sians worked the guns till we were within ten yards of them); went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks and blown horses could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge our rear with fresh men. We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet through the cross-fire of artillery and Minié rifles back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which had made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action, and lost some men from the artillery.

There is no concealing the thing—the light brigade was greatly damaged, and for nothing; for, though we killed the gunners and the horses of nine 12-pounders, we could not bring them away. Nolan (who brought the order) is dead. The first shell that burst hit him in the breast. He gave a loud cry, his horse turned, trotted back (with him still in the saddle) between the first and second squadrons of the 13th, and carried him so for some way, when he fell dead. He was hit in the heart. In the two leading regiments, including Lord Cardigan (who led in person) and his staff, we had nineteen officers. Only three came out of action untouched both man and horse; all the others were killed, wounded, or prisoners, or had their horses hurt. The 17th had no field-officers, but five captains. They came out of action commanded by the junior captain, I believe. Morris is severely wounded; Winter is supposed to be killed; Webb is shot through the thigh; White through the leg; Thompson is supposed to be killed, &c. One of Lord Cardigan's aides-de-camp is wounded—Maxse; the other, Lockwood, is missing, and supposed to be killed. We have lost about 335 horses (exclusive of officers' horses), out of a little more than 600 which we (the light brigade) had in the field. Besides that, a great number are wounded with gunshot wounds, and about twenty-five have already been destroyed, and more will. . . . It was a bitter moment after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading in the smoke, had diverged and scarcely filled the ground. We went on,

however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep instead, I knew it was "all up," and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us; for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did. As we could not hold our ground, all our dead and badly wounded were left behind, and we know not who are dead or who are prisoners. All this makes me miserable, even to write; but it is the naked truth. Our loss in men is not so great as that in horses; for men whose horses were shot in the advance got back on foot. I hear from a man who dined with Lord Raglan to-day that they do us justice at head-quarters, and say that our attack was an unheard-of feat at arms, and that Lord Raglan says that the moral effect has been wonderful. The Russian prisoners, since taken at Sebastopol, say that the Russians were petrified at the audacity of the attack, and the energy that could, after such a fire, break through their lines. These prisoners were taken in a very successful affair by Sir De Laey Evans, who is a first-rate division leader.

The following letter was received from a young man, once a member of the choir of singers at Rye church, and, at the date of this communication, with a medical gentleman in the Crimea:—

Camp, near Sebastopol, Oct. 22nd, 1854.

Dear Father and Mother,—I received your kind letter (the date of which I have quite forgotten, but no matter), and am very much obliged to you for it, although I had to pay 1s. 4d. for it. There being two blue stamps on it there must have been some mistake; the address was quite right, and the same as before, but it is of no consequence. I dare say you are anxious about my safety after this famous battle. Thank God I am safe and sound, though I have had to rough it most deuced hard, sometimes marching all day with nothing but a bit of dry biscuit and a little water, sleeping in the open air with only my blanket. We were not allowed to carry anything but what we stood upright in, and a blanket; but I am not going to pester you with my hardships till I come home, which I hope will not be long first. I dare say you have

read all about the battle of the Alma; it was a fearful sight—it made me tremble I can tell you; I was close to it, so close that I was obliged to retreat; the balls came whizzing about pretty thick. I dare say you and mother have been scolding, and thinking it very unkind of me not writing; but the fact is I have no paper, nor should I have any now, if Ned's friend (Mr. Roe) had not come out. Please to tell Ned he sends his kind respects to him, but he is very unwell. One of the four that came out from the Tower, by the name of Smith, died of the cholera shortly after his arrival. I have suffered many privations and much fatigue; but, never mind, a clear conscience, and keep the Cossacks away, and I can sleep on the turf as well as any of them. I have had a pretty rough specimen of it, but stay till I get into that great arm-chair of yours, with a long pipe, and a little of that which I have been so long a stranger to, and I shall have a yarn to spin that will surprise you. What a treat a piece of pudding would be, or a piece of white bread that I used to grumble at sometimes. I have given a shilling for a twopenny loaf because I should not lose the taste of it. Tell mother I shall want a stunning beef-pudding, with all the vegetables in season. This is the seventh day of the siege of Sebastopol. It is a fearfully strong place. You recollect taking me to see a review at Woolwich one time. Well, just fancy fifty of them together, and you will then have some idea of the bombardment of Sebastopol. I am quite sick and tired of the continual roar from morning to night, day after day. I shall be glad when it is over. There is a tremendous lot of Russians lying dead about the fort in a putrefied state; it's an awful stench; still they keep battering away. Very few of ours got wounded. Tuesday, 24th.—This is the eighth day. Last night the town was on fire with our red-hot shot in three places, and is burning now. They expect in a day or two, if they do not give in, we shall take it at the point of the bayonet, which I hope they will do, for it is pretty near time it was over. I heard to-day there was a mail in, so I hope there is a letter for me. Harry was saying he had got a piece of a bomb-shell. He should come out here; he might pick up shot, shell, grape, and canister enough to mend the roads from Whitechapel to Stratford church. Wednesday, 25th, ninth day of the siege.—Last night we had a very rough night, wind and rain very

heavy. To-day we were alarmed by the enemy coming in our rear, a tremendous lot of them. All our troops that can be spared, the duke and all, are gone down to Balaklava. The enemy have been trying to get that place. They are not come back yet, so I do not know the result. Ten o'clock, A.M.—They have had a serious attack; there were about 24,000 of them, but they were driven back with considerable loss, and we have lost a great many cavalry and horses. 26th. This afternoon there has been another battle fought in another direction; they came out of Sebastopol, but they caught a Tartar, for there was an awful slaughter; above 1,000 of them killed, besides their wounded; so you see we are attacked on all sides; but we do not care, they generally get a dressing. They begin to get sick of this job, always getting the worst of it. I went among them and got a pair of boots belonging to an officer, and a little silver locket with two saints inside, and one with the Virgin Mary and our Saviour, and a little cross made of wood, all three tied together with a bit of string—rather a common affair, but I shall bring them home; also a steel watch-key, the same as they wear upon an Albert chain; it fits my watch capitally; the boots are for wearing over the trowsers—jack-boots; they come over my knees. This is the tenth day of the bombardment, and yet some of the papers say this town has fallen; they know more than I do who am within gunshot of it, so you may contradict it.

From an officer of the 1st royals to the editor of the *Times*:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 2nd.

I read an article in your paper of the 13th of October, relative to the sick and wounded men of this army. What you stated there was all true, but not half the truth. Hundreds of our disabled soldiers died of their wounds for want of medical aid, not because they were neglected here, but because there was not in the battle-field half the number of surgeons required for the work. They were cutting, and carving, and amputating all night, yet could not attend to all. Riding over the battle-field on the 21st, I met with an old sergeant lying behind a wall at the village, and asked him how he was getting on, and if he had been much hurt? "Yes, sir (he said), I am badly wounded, and have been here for twenty-three hours, waiting my turn to be

dressed." I might mention many cases of this kind—not to throw reflection on any of our medical men, but to point out the necessity, in a great war like this, of having that part of our army more efficient. As it is, I must complain, in humanity, that it is not only defective, but all hospital comforts are most miserably limited. Everyone here knows well how many poor fellows died on board ship, on their way to Scutari, for want of aid in this way, and how they were cast overboard in scores every day like sand-bags, and how they were put into pits by dozens when they got there. It is impossible for one medical officer to attend, on an average, to 250 sick and wounded daily. These gentlemen performed their melancholy duties with zeal, humanity, and perseverance; but their numbers were twenty-five per cent. below the multitude of patients. Sebastopol has yet to be taken, and there will be many casualties. It is a fortress notorious for its strength, as it will be for its defence; and where is the increased medical department to come from? Scutari hospitals, crowded still, cannot spare any. At that station, I am just told by a staff-officer come up here that they are crowded, and that the offensive smell inside and outside is most disgusting, and would sicken the heart of any one not acquainted with such scenes. No man at the head of an army could be more kind and considerate in the sense of every duty and attention to his troops than Lord Raglan, but he cannot supply this medical deficiency. Time flies, and the siege progresses slowly, but surely, and the weather gets bitterly cold, such weather as in England would be welcome in November; but in England there are fires and light, and houses to live in, and clubs and dinner parties, where people talk of the Crimea as a land of milk and honey; so far as we know and have seen, and have experienced, it is a bleak, barren, stony, hill country, with not a single feature to recommend it, a cold north piercing wind blowing into our canvas dwellings day and night, the great city in our front, and a Russian army of 25,000 or 30,000 men three miles in our rear, so that we are ever on the alert, and seldom indeed do our men get one whole night under their blankets. There is a great scarcity of fuel, nothing, indeed, of the kind but what the men can grub up of roots and twigs from stunted oak, to boil their kettles, and green bushes make but a sorry fire. Yet there is no complaint, ex-

cepting, indeed, that they do swear at their ration of green coffee, the raw berry, to roast and grind as best they can! Tea is always most acceptable, and they like it next to their rum, which ration is liberal, and keeps up the heart and spirit in the long nights of out-post duty in the trenches. The officers are no better off; they live on their rations, and complain of nothing but "that rascally double income-tax," which prevents many from indulging in some few luxuries that may be obtained at times from the ships, but at a price beyond their means. "What did you get in Balaklava?" I asked an old officer to-day. "Nothing," he said, quietly; "I don't consider myself justified in paying those sharks 100 per cent. profit for their good things while I have my family at home, two boys at school, and labouring here with a double income-tax on my back, where a man's life is not worth a day's purchase!" His remark was unanswerable. The cavalry tournament which came off on the 25th of last month in the valley of Balaklava was a brilliant affair as regards the valour and power of our horse over the Cossacks; our charge was irresistible; our dragoons were more than a match for five times their number. But what cavalry could stand against a cross-fire of two batteries? At one battery the Russians were cut down at their guns, but our people were too dashing, and never ought to have advanced without support. All this occurred in consequence of the Turks abandoning their post and flying from their guns. Our dragoons—officers and men—fought bravely, nobly. Many a Cossack's head was cleft in two by the British sabre, and many a bridle-arm hung by the bloody sleeve, never to draw another sword in any cause; and many who wore the hussar blue embroidered jacket of the czar lay in a bath of his own blood on the gray, cold, sod; never was a sight more grand than, from the brow of this great arena, to look down and see this bloody charge. Our loss was great, and much to be lamented; that of the enemy was five times more. On the following day their infantry and guns attacked our right, but they were repulsed with heavy loss on their side, retiring whence they came minus, in killed and wounded, some 600 men in an hour or two.

The French are working well on our left. They have got a fine battery within 400 yards of the town, and two parallels still in advance to 150 yards, full of sharpshooters.

They have been pounding at us now for thirty-five days, and we have been whacking at them for seventeen days in return for their ineivility, and it may be another fortnight before we gain the city. Have it we must, but they are very strong, and full of resources; they open some new battery every day; and it is impossible to get at their ships. Indeed, the whole place is so strong, so full of deep ravines, and batteries, and obstacles, it requires great judgment and caution. There is no rest for any one, day or night. They opened such a fire at three o'clock this morning as few people ever heard, and kept blazing away till daylight, expecting, no doubt, that we were about to assault the place; but we are not ready.

From a non-commissioned officer in the 1st royals:—

Camp, Balaklava, Oct. 26th.

Through God's mercy I have been saved from one of the most horrible engagements that ever British soldiers were sent into. But, before I proceed further, let me acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 7th inst., which I received this morning. I have not as yet received the newspaper, but I dare say I shall get it to-morrow, as it takes a long time to sort them. Well, to proceed. I informed you in my last that we were mounted and under arms every morning a little after three, as we were constantly expecting an attack from the Russians, who have been largely reinforced; so yesterday morning we were, as usual, drawn up opposite our encampment, while the general went to reconnoitre. About half-past six, the guns (which had been placed by us at commanding points at the end of the plain which extends about three miles from Balaklava, and near the village of Camara) began to open fire upon the enemy, who were advancing in great numbers. These guns were held by the Turks. We advanced to the end of the plain and within range of the Russian guns, which began to play upon us in a very rapid manner. A large 32-pound shot passed through our squadron, breaking the legs of two horses, and we soon began to think it was time to move off, as in another minute a ball struck a man right in the head, and, of course, killed him instantly. Several other casualties took place in the right squadron, but I was too busily engaged with my own lot to take notice of all that passed. I am sorry to say that the Turks gave way

very soon, and the Russians sent up vast columns, took the heights, drove the Turks away, and, of course, captured all the guns which had been placed there in the earth-works. Our light field-guns were no match for the immense artillery which the enemy brought against us; besides, our artillery began to suffer severely in men and horses. As we were not supported by British infantry, of course we were obliged to retire, which we did for about four miles, or about one mile in the rear of our camp, having ridden over all our tents and their contents. There was half a regiment of highlanders stationed near our camp on the left of several thousand Turks, commanding the road into the village of Balaklava. As we expected, the Russians advanced in great force, the Cossacks skirmishing, and after them about 2,000 regular cavalry. They drove in the whole of the Turks, but, seeing a body of infantry standing firm in line, advanced in capital order to charge. They advanced to within 300 yards of them, when the highlanders poured in such a fire upon them, that some dozens of saddles were soon empty. It was now our turn; the Russians increased in great numbers, when we advanced. The grays and part of the Enniskillens were the first to meet them, and, to do the enemy justice, they advanced in much better order than we did; but they could not stand a moment the charge of the British cavalry, for one squadron of the grays upset a whole regiment of them. We were soon at the support, and the enemy retired, but not in confusion. I fully expected we should follow and charge them again, as I am confident we could have taken the whole of them prisoners, but, marvellous to say, the order was given to retire, and a more confused rabble was never seen. However, the Russians retired beyond the heights which they had won, and very soon after our infantry began to arrive, as the news had reached Lord Raglan of our perilous state, and he sent the first and fourth divisions to our aid, and I felt quite comfortable as the guards and highlanders came in. I never was so vexed in my life to think that 3,000 Russian cavalry were within the grasp of our small force, and our commander allowing them to retire unmolested.

Oct. 27th.—I could not write any more yesterday, as we were constantly on the look-out, expecting the enemy to attack us. I will now go on with my horrible narrative

of the doings of the eventful 25th of October. As our infantry began to arrive at noon, we again advanced to the heights which the Russians had won, and which the Turks had so shamefully abandoned. We could see them bringing up immense reinforcements, and their artillery quite outmatched our light pieces. We advanced to the heights, and got on the edge of a plain (or I may call it a gorge), on the other side of the heights, and there we rested, waiting for orders, or for an opportunity to get at them again, but the chance was lost. Now comes the dreadful news. About two o'clock Captain Nolan, who was one of Lord Raglan's aides-de-camp, came galloping down from Sebastopol, his horse quite blown, and, as he rode past, he inquired for Lord Lucan, who was close by. He said: "It is Lord Raglan's order that you force the enemy to retire; there they are—charge them." Lord Cardigan was immediately ordered to charge with the light brigade, who took them up in gallant style, in two lines. They had to gallop, I should say, upwards of a mile and a-half. We were the next support, the grays on the right of us, and the other heavy regiments in our rear. The light brigade went so rapidly, that we almost lost sight of them, for a more horrible fire was never heard than what was opened upon us. We were actually under a cross-fire of thirty guns in our front, and ten on each flank from the heights. Just as we got under the cross-fire I could see the remains of the light brigade returning, scarcely a mounted man, and dozens of poor fellows crawling along on foot to the rear. Lord Lucan saw that a great error had been committed, as we were now under the fire of fifty heavy guns, and just within range of the Russian riflemen, who poured in their shot like hailstones. We were, I should say, steady under this horrible fire for upwards of half a minute, and how a single man of us escaped is quite a mystery. I cannot tell you all the casualties, but, just as we were about to return, Colonel Y—— got his leg shattered by a shell; Captain E——, Captain C——, and Mr. H—— got severe musket-wounds. I have every reason to be thankful to God Almighty for my safe deliverance from such a horrible scene. R——'s horse was shot dead just on my right; little trumpeter S—— was severely shot on my left; and a young lad, named A——, had his arm blown off by a cannon-shot just in front of me.

In fact, the shot and shell from fifty pieces of cannon, and supported by some tens of thousands of infantry, and several thousand cavalry, was too much for 1,200 cavalry. So we were obliged to retire, which we did without the least confusion, till we got just out of range of their guns. But I should here observe, a regiment of French cavalry had opportunely arrived, and charged the batteries on the left heights, and forced the Russians to take their guns from that point, so that the poor royals were saved the loss of many other poor fellows. I cannot tell you the number of killed men or wounded, either in our own or any other regiment; but no doubt a complete list will be published in due time: but this I can say, that, after that fatal charge, the light brigade did not bring 100 men out of action, who went upwards of 800 into action. They behaved most gallantly; they charged through the immense battery of thirty guns in front, cut down every gunner, and took nearly the whole of the guns, but they were then exposed to the fire of several immense squares of infantry, and were, I may say, almost totally destroyed. I never saw poor Lord Cardigan in such a way in my life; he only obeyed orders, and how he escaped, God alone knows. Poor Captain Nolan, who brought the fatal order to advance, was immediately afterwards killed by a large shell striking him in the breast. Our loss has been immense; and I could not attempt, nor would I wish, to describe the horrible sights which I saw on the field that day; but if it should please God to spare me to return to you, many a long tale of horror I shall be able to describe. We retired just out of range of their guns, and we then dismounted, as some of our infantry had advanced, with the rifles in front, and a reinforcement of French at the same time arrived on our left. It was now getting towards nightfall, and neither men nor horses had tasted food or water the whole day. Little W——, just at this time, came up from our camp with a load of corn for the horses and some biscuit and rum for the men, which refreshed them very much; and, as it was now getting dark, L—— and I made a fire and boiled a drop of water in a mess tin and made some tea, which much refreshed us. T—— and L—— escaped. N—— had his horse shot from under him, and he has gone to Scutari, as his health has been very bad for some time past. About nine o'clock we made immense fires to deceive the enemy,

and, after posting a strong picket, we retired to our lines, but not to rest, as we had to get up our picket poles, pack up our baggage, and retire about another mile nearer to Sebastopol, and it was twelve o'clock before we could lie down that night, having been under arms and mounted nearly twenty-one hours.

From a soldier of the 4th dragoons:—

Camp, near Sebastopol, Oct. 26th.

My dear Parents,—I take the pleasure (having stolen a few moments) to write these few lines to inform you that I am, God be thanked for it, enjoying good health, after having been engaged in a hard-fought battle with the Russians on the 25th of October. I am, however, sorry to say that a great many of my poor comrades met with their death-wounds, but in an heroic manner. The light dragoon regiments got a dreadful cutting up, among which was my regiment (the 4th light dragoons), the 17th lancers, the 8th hussars, the 13th light dragoons, and the 11th hussars. Of the five regiments just mentioned we can scarcely muster what would complete our regiment. My regiment (the 4th light dragoons) came from England 300 strong, and now we have not more than 100 left from deaths, from sickness, and killed in battle. However, what are left of us are all very thankful that we have been so fortunate, after the great hardships we have undergone since we left old England. Oh! how thankful I am! Dear parents, I am sorry I have not much time now, as we expect every moment to go and attack the enemy, who are in sight of us. We gave them a great slaughtering yesterday, and at daybreak this morning our big guns are at work slaughtering at Sebastopol, which has been the case for the last twelve days. A great many of the Russian artillery soldiers, together with many of the townspeople, have been killed, and the town set on fire. Dear mother, do not alarm yourself about me; I have a good opinion I shall see you again. I shall never forget the 25th of October—shells, bullets, cannon-balls, and swords kept flying all around us. I escaped them all, except a slight scar on my nose from the bursting of a shell, and a slight touch on the shoulder from a cannon-ball, after it had killed one of our horses; but, God be thanked, it did not disable me. The Russians fight hard and well, but we will make them yield yet. Dear mother, every time I think of my poor

comrades it makes my blood run cold, to think how we had to gallop over the poor wounded fellows lying on the field of battle, with anxious looks for assistance—what a sickening scene! In one part of the battle I lost my horse, owing to the one in front of me being shot dead, and my poor horse fell over it, and I was unhorsed; in getting up my horse took fright and got from me; but, fortunately for me, I saw another that some poor fellow of the 8th hussars had been killed from; I mounted it in a moment and was in the rank again. On our return from the charge I got my own horse again; he had galloped to the camp, and, dear parents, I was as glad when I saw him there as if I had got half the world given to me. Dear mother, after the battle of the Alma I wrote to ——. I hope she got the letter. Give my kindest love to her, as also to Mr. Greenbank and poor Agnes, grandfather, &c. I have not time to say more, as things look rather queer, and as if we will soon be engaged again with the enemy. I hope to hear from you soon, and when I return to old England, if God spare me, I will tell you all. Corrie, from Pooley-bridge, and Bob Mitchell, of Penrith Town-head, are both well. I often think of you, and I am sure you daily pray for my safe return. Tell — to write to me. I will write again, but it is hard work to get stamps and paper. When I wrote to —, after the battle of the Alma, we had only lost two men; but in this battle we have lost the better half. But I keep in good heart. We have hitherto thrashed the Russians, and we shall do so again.

The following letter is from a corporal in the 5th dragoon guards, one of the regiments engaged in the battle of the 25th:—

Balaklava, Oct. 27th.

Dear Father and Mother,—I am glad to tell you that we had an engagement with the Russians on the 25th of this month. We turn out in marching order every morning at four o'clock; it is quite dark then, so we stand to our horses till about one hour after daylight, because we expected an attack before this, as they have been gathering their army about three miles from our camp this last fortnight. They had before the action 34,000 men. Well, on the morning of the 25th, just as daylight was breaking, the cannon commenced firing from our batteries on the hills, and about seven o'clock we advanced just opposite our batteries under

the hill. We could not see our enemies; but they kept firing at our artillery, and shell was flying over our heads and dropping all around us. Our artillery had to retire, as they had no more ammunition; so after awhile the Turks started, left the batteries, and ran down the hill as hard as ever they could. Well, the enemy got possession of our batteries, and we could see them bringing their guns up the hill, and in a few minutes the shot and shell were coming pretty fast; they were firing 6-pounders at us, and we could see the balls coming; we shouted out, "Look out, boys!" They came with such force against the ground that they would rise and go for half-a-mile before they would touch the ground again. Us and the grays lost some horses there. We had to retire out of the range of the guns. We had no infantry up at the time, except the highlanders, for the Turks had all run away, so their cavalry came galloping over the hills. Some of them went to attack the highlanders, who formed squares, and popped them off nicely; so they retired from them. In the meantime another lot of cavalry came to attack us. I suppose they thought we should run. At first we thought they were our light brigade till they got about twenty yards from us; then we saw the difference. We wheeled into line. They stood still, and did not know what to do. The charge sounded, and away we went into the midst of them. Such cutting and slashing for about a minute, it was dreadful to see; the rally sounded, but it was no use—none of us would come away until the enemy retreated; then our fellows cheered as loud as ever they could. When we were in the midst of them my horse was shot; he fell, and got up again, and I was entangled in the saddle; my head and one leg were on the ground. He tried to gallop on with the rest, but fell again, and I managed to get loose. While I was in that predicament a Russian lancer was going to run me through, and I could not help myself. Macnamara came up at the time, and nearly severed his head from his body; so, thank God, I did not get a scratch. I got up, and ran to where I saw a lot of loose horses; I got one belonging to one of the Enniskillens, and soon was along with the regiment again. When I had mounted again I saw a Russian who had strayed from the rest; he rode up to try to stop me from joining the regiment again. As it happened, I had observed a pistol in the holster-pipe, so I

took it out, and shot him in the arm; he dropped his sword, then I immediately rode up to him and ran him through the body, and the poor fellow dropped to the ground. Lord Lucan said, when we charged, that we were into them and the devil could not get us away from them. Lord Raglan sent his compliments to General Scarlett, and said that the heavy brigade behaved gallantly. We had two men killed—Corporal Taylor was one, and Ealing was the other—and fourteen wounded. In the evening they wanted to give the light division a chance, and sent them to retake the guns. The poor fellows went, and not half of them came back. The Donalys are safe. We expected an attack this morning, but they did not advance. We expect to be engaged to-morrow, but we don't care a pin about them as long as we have plenty of our infantry. That day there was none there but cavalry and artillery. I have no more to say this time.

I remain, your affectionate son,

T. GOUEN, 5th light dragoons.

The quaint orthography and simple language of the following letter may, perhaps, provoke a smile from the reader; but, with sensitive minds, the touching pathos of the latter part of it may also excite a tear:—

Camp in front Sebastopol, Oct. 28th, 1854.

Dear Mother,—With great pleasure I answer your most kind and welcome, but troubled letter. Dear Mother, the news you heard about Sebastopol being taken is all false, it was only the battle of Alma that we fought, and we had to cross a river up to our Arms while we were fighting; the English lost about 1,500 killed and wounded altogether, and the French the same; but the Russians lost about 8,000. It took us five days to bury their dead. Dear Mother, I am sorry to tell you that poor George* got shot in the leg above the knee, and was forced to have his leg off at the thigh, and his being so very weak from the hardships that we have to go through it caused his death in two days, but I was with him all the time; he died very happy, and wished me to let you know that he died a honour to his Country; he felt that he was quite prepared to die, and told me to bid you all his last farewell until we'll meet in the Next world, which I hope we will altogether. Dear Mother, I hope you will not fret any more than you can help about it, for you

* A brother in the Scots Fusileer Guards.

have two Brave Sons in the Army yet, and will take satisfaction for their poor Brother's Death, if pleas God spairs their lives, which I hope will. Dear Mother, I would have wrote to you before about it, only I thought that Sebastopol would have been taken before. Know we have been twelve days trying to take it, and we cannot take it at present, but I don't know much longer it will last. Our regiment was in front of the town on 25th of this month; we were lying down behind bushes when about 3,000 Russians come out on the top of us. The 30th Regiment was just behind us, and they come up to help us, and such a thrashing they never got in their lives before as they got then; out of the 3,000 that came out they had only 500 whent back. We killed about 900 and wounded about 1,100, and took 500 prisoners, witch we got great praise for. The 30th regiment lost five men killed and fifteen wounded, and, thank God! there was not a man in our Regiment touched. Dear Mother, it would take me a week to explain all the little battles that we have, but our regiment is very lucky. We lost 101 in the Battle of Alma, and that was on the 20th of September, and we have been fighting every day since, and our Regiment have not lost a man, since which I pray to God for his Assistance to us, and being on our side, which I think He is. Before you get this letter I think that Sebastopol will be blown up in the hair, for they have it all laid with powder ready; but we don't know the day it will be. Shallto sends his kind love to you all as well as me, and he says you will stair to see him come home soon with metals on his breast, what some men that have been twenty-one years in the service cannot show. Dear Mother, you must excuse the writing, for I have the knapsacks for my table and the ground for my Chair. I hope that you will answer this letter as soon as you can, and by that time I think that we will be in quarters somewhere, for the weather is getting to Cold in this Country for lying on the Camp, and if we are settled in quarters I will send you all the news I can about the war, witch will make you stare to think how men can go through it, and thank God we have plenty to eat and drink. Poor George's last words was: "Arthur, my dear Brother, be sure and write to poor Mother, and tell her I die quite happy, and be sure to always write to her to let her know how you are getting on." He shook hands with us both and kissed me for you, and my

Brother Shallto for his Brothers, and then he went off quite easy. I saw him buried and everything. . . . When you writes please to send me a few Envelopes, as there is none in this country, so I must couclude with both our kind loves to you and All the family, and still we remain, your most affectionate and well-wishing sons,
 Corp. ARTHUR and Private SHALLTO DUFF,
 55th Regiment of Foot.

The following, from a sergeant, was published in the *Sunderland Times*:—

British Camp, Crimea, Oct. 27th.

My dear Mother,—The siege of Sebastopol is now going on. We opened fire at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 17th of this month, and I am happy and proud in stating that I had the extreme pleasure of firing the first shot at the enemy's works from our land batteries, being in command of No. 1 gun, a 24-pounder, on the right of the left attack. I first received the order to fire, when bang went an iron messenger, of twenty-four pound weight, right into the enemy's works, and after it nearly forty more, from the guns in our battery; and then, by the "powers," did not the Russians send their shot and shell into us! Ay, as thick as hail they flew over us; and what from the thundering of the guns—all very large ones—and the whistling of the shot and shell, as well as the explosion of the latter, which threw their broken contents whistling into the air, believe me, it was perfectly deafening; my ears whistled and sang for days after, and at times I could not speak for it. Well, although they served us out with a plentiful supply of iron hail, we gave them as good a supply back again, with much better effect, as every shot we fired told upon their fortifications or the town. . . . About ten o'clock we had silenced several of their guns. We have been most fortunate in killed and wounded, only having lost one captain, who had the top part of his head taken away by a round shot, and two gunners, who died of their wounds. There are three or four broken arms, and a few cuts and bruises, but all very trifling. On the right attack they have had about forty killed and wounded. The first day, from our battery, 3,400 shot and shell were fired into the Russian works. We are beating them on all sides, and it is expected that the fortress of Sebastopol will soon be ours. The English and French fleets bombarded the forts on the first day,

but they have done nothing since. A Russian army of about thirty or thirty-five thousand men, marched over the heights to the relief of Sebastopol, but they were met by our troops and beaten. Great numbers were killed and wounded on both sides, but the Russians about ten to our one. The fighting is now going on, only about one mile distant from our camp. I am going over to-day to see what I can of the field of battle on the 25th inst. It is stated by the people who got out of the town of Sebastopol, that both men, women, and children are lying in the streets, killed by our bombarding it. We have set the town on fire several times with red-hot shot. One of our guns burst, the other day, while firing hot shot—there were two killed and four wounded. We have blown up several of the Russian magazines. Upon the whole, the Russians are very good artillerymen, but they cannot come up to us. The whole army is looking up to the siege artillery, and as they pass us they say, "Go at her, my lads, and good luck to you! Pepper into them, and we will soon take the town." Fighting is nothing when you get used to it. I think nothing of it. We go to the guns with the same indifference as if we were going to practice. Please God I will be at home before long, and tell you more; and you may rest assured that, before this letter reaches you, we will be masters of Sebastopol, and levelled it to the ground. The fire is going on now from both sides, although it is nearly dark.

The following wild and dashing production, the letter of a thorough soldier, one who seems to love fighting for fighting's sake, will be read with interest. It is from a captain in the Enniskillen dragoons:—

Camp, near Balaklava, Nov. 2nd, 1854.

Dear Jack,— . . . I am, you see, alive at this date, but God knows for how long after. You have, I presume, devoured all the accounts which have been sent home as to our glorious charge. Oh, such a charge! Never think of the gallop and trot which you have often witnessed in the Phoenix-park when you desire to form a notion of a genuine blood-hot, all mad charge, such as that I have come out of—with a few lance prods, minus some gold lace, a helmet chain and brown Bill's (the charger's) right ear. From the moment we dashed at the enemy, whose position, and so forth, you doubtless know as much about as I can tell you, I knew

nothing, but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows talk of it being "demoniac." I know this, that it was such as made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference as to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. It would do your Celtic heart good to hear the most magnificent cheer with which we dashed into what P——W—— calls "the gully serimage." Forward—dash—bang—clank, and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer and clatter, as never before stunned a mortal's ear. It was glorious! Down, one by one, eye, two by two, fell the thick-skulled and over-numerous Cossacks and other lads of the tribe of Old Nick. Down, too, alas! fell many a hero with a warm Celtic heart, and more than one fell screaming loud for victory. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike and down, down, down they went. Twice I was unhorsed, and more than once I had to grip my sword tighter, the blood of foes streaming down over the hilt, and running up my very sleeve. Our old Waterloo comrades, the grays, and ourselves, were the only fellows who flung headlong first into the very heart of the Muscoves. Now we were lost in their ranks—now in little bands battling—now in good order together—now in and now out, until the whole "levies" on the spot plunged into a forming body of the enemy and helped us to end the fight by compelling the foe to fly. Never did men run so vehemently—but all this you have read in the papers.

I cannot depict my feelings when we returned. I sat down completely exhausted and unable to eat, though deadly hungry. All my uniform, my hands, my very face were bespattered with blood. It was that of the enemy! Grand idea! But my feelings—they were full of that exultation which it is impossible to describe. At least twelve Russians were sent wholly out of the "way of the war" by my good steel alone, and at least as many more put on the passage to that peaceful exit by the same excellent weapon. So also can others say. What a thing to reflect on! I have almost grown a soldier philosopher, and most probably

will one of these days, if the bullets which are flying about so abundantly give me time to brush up.

My dear fellow, our countrymen have not tarnished their fame in the Crimea. Gallantry and glory will never abandon the march of Celtic bands—never! Oh, that I could have patience to write you of such deeds of individual heroism as have come within my notice! Fictionists are shabby judges of true bravery. No novel ever had a sham hero who comes up to the realities I have witnessed. One of my troop, for instance, had his horse shot under him in the *melée*. "Bloody wars," he roared, "this won't do," and right at a Russian he ran, pulled him from his horse by the sword-hand in the most extraordinary manner; then deliberately cutting off his head as he came down, vaulted into the saddle, and turning the Russian charger against its late friends, fought his way. This took less time to do than I to tell it. I saw another of our fellows unhorsed and wounded, creep under a Russian charger and run the sword up his belly. The animal plunged and fell on his slayer, crushing him to pieces. . . . We must take this doomed place, even, as O'Grady says, if we be doomed who take it. Any one of our fellows is a match for three Russians. . . . The light cavalry charge was a desperate but a grand affair. Lord Raglan is blamed. The general belief is, that Nolan gave his orders *literally*. Lucan is a regular fire-ball, but not mad enough to have done that without strict commands. . . . We want reinforcements very badly; without them we cannot continue to contend against fearful odds.

We close this chapter with the following account, from a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, of the new-comers in the Crimea:—

"It is curious to trace these fresh men through the phases of their acclimatisation to the campaign. I had the good fortune of meeting two of them the other day, just as, covered with dust and perspiration after a long day's hard ride, I was galloping over the road from Kadikoi to Balaklava. They stopped me, but if they had not done so I should certainly have stopped them. They were worth looking at; it made me feel at home, and I had a great mind to ask them for the whereabouts of an omnibus, or the starting of the last Woolwich train. They looked for all the world as if somebody had

packed them carefully in a box, with plenty of wadding and tissue-paper, and sent them down to St. Katherine's wharf, with directions of 'This side up,' and 'Fragile—not to be roughly handled.' The men had fancy whips too, slight whalebone affairs, whose ephemeral existence half-an-hour's ride on a Cossack horse would most assuredly terminate. And their bright silver spurs had actually round rowels—good-natured in-offensive rowels, that reminded one of park nags and a decent canter across Dulwich-common. And the men's faces were round and jolly, red and white, and their chins as smooth as a real young lady's on her first coming out. While humbly replying to their stern questions, I looked at these men with undisguised astonishment, while they with a well-bred indifference, which it did my heart good to see, scanned and marked down my tarnished gold lace, rusty sword, and unblackened boots, and slightly smiled at the haversack which dangled at my side,

and the rough Cossack pony which shook its long mane in their smooth faces. That was some days ago. I have seen the men since with half their shine taken out of them by a couple of nights under canvas and a few meals on (not at) our camp mess-table, the ground. Their blue and velvet bore traces of dust, their metal sheaths had suspicious spots about them, and their chins were darkened with a beard of two days' growth. They rode rough Cossack ponies, and groaned under the weight of heavy haversacks, and, what is worse, their faces somewhat pale and jaundiced, gave indications of that terrible 'seediness' which affects new comers, which, if neglected, sends them either home on sick leave, or to some shunned spot outside the camp, where the turf is broken and the brown earth heaped in little hillocks, where the weary of the army take their long rest, whither no bugle call reaches, and no alarm gun sends its booming sounds."

CHAPTER XXII.

ATTACK ON EUPATORIA, AND REPULSE OF THE RUSSIANS; INVASION OF THE ALLIED CAMPS BY TROOPS OF RIDERLESS HORSES; PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL; SINGULAR INSTANCE OF RUSSIAN AUDACITY; THE VACILLATION OF AUSTRIA, IN CHECKING THE ADVANCE OF THE TURKS, ALLOWS THE CZAR TO TRANSPORT TROOPS FROM BESSARABIA TO THE CRIMEA; IMPOSING RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP; THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN; DESPATCHES DESCRIBING IT; ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT OF PETROPAULOVSKY, IN KAMSCHIATKA, AND REPULSE OF AN ALLIED SQUADRON.

It will be remembered by our readers that the allies had at first intended to land on the Crimea at Eupatoria. That intention being abandoned, we mentioned (*see* p. 221) that Eupatoria was taken and garrisoned by a body of marines under Captain Brock, who received the title of governor of the town. The favourable disposition of the native inhabitants, who readily brought in large supplies of cattle, speedily made the place one of great importance and value. In order to give Captain Brock the means of resisting any attack that might be made upon the town, her majesty's ships *Leander*, *Firebrand*, *Megara*, and one French and two Turkish line-of-battle ships were detached from the allied fleet. These, together with the marines (750 in number), under Captain Brock's command, and the

earthworks thrown up around the town, it was considered would be sufficient for its defence. It was to be supposed that the Russians would not suffer the allies to hold Eupatoria without a struggle; an attack upon it was expected, and for some time rumours were in circulation that a large force of the imperial cavalry had been seen in the neighbourhood. By the 11th of October, this rumour was converted into a certainty by the appearance on the steppe of large bodies of horse, who threatened the town on the land side.

At the request of Captain Brock, some trifling reinforcements and one field-piece were landed from the ships. The gun was placed in a commanding position at the back of the town, where it adjoins the steppe. A small redoubt was also thrown

up, and a party of sailors stationed in it. In the course of the morning Captain Brock, accompanied by Captain King, together with one of the marine officers and the field-piece, made a *reconnaissance* on the steppe. Suddenly a body of Russian cavalry, amounting to about 600, made their appearance, and advanced within 500 yards. Their opening ranks revealed four guns, some of which fell within the town. Captain Brock boldly replied with his single field-piece, and a shell from it which burst among the enemy's ranks, killed or wounded fifteen. So unequal a contest, however, could not be continued; and Captain Brock, being unsupported by small arms, ordered his party to retreat within the town. In this retreat they were compelled to abandon the gun, though not before it had been spiked and taken to pieces.

The firing had given the alarm within the town, and the whole of the blue-jackets and marines belonging to the *Leander* and *Megara*, and headed by lieutenants Hamilton and Campbell, together with the Rev. Stuart Robson and Mr. Irvine, advanced under arms towards the steppe, to support the field-piece. On their arrival at the scene of action they discovered that the enemy had retired. The gun was therefore unspiked, remounted, and escorted back to its position. The crews of the *Leander* and *Megara* remained at or in the neighbourhood of the redoubt during the day and night; and about three o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the midshipman on watch with the field-piece, observed a body of the enemy's cavalry advancing towards the redoubt by a road which led to it from the steppe. He immediately fired upon them; and the officers, seamen, and marines, rushing from a house close at hand, where they had been quartered, lined the redoubt and barricades on its right.

A sharp contest began. The gun was fired, reloaded, and fired again with incessant rapidity; and a shower of bullets from the muskets was poured upon the enemy. After a time the latter retired, finding the redoubt was not to be taken by surprise, nor readily captured. Our little force was then strengthened by the arrival of Lieutenant Pym, of her majesty's ship *Firebrand*, with a party of thirty-five men, another field-piece, and a rocket tube. Another redoubt was soon thrown up for their reception, and the first one strengthened by hav-

ing its ditch widened and deepened, and the breastwork made more substantial.

The enemy made another advance on the 15th, burning the villages and carrying off corn and cattle in every direction on the north side of the town. They were, however, dispersed with considerable loss by the *Firebrand* and the *Arrow* gun-boat, which approached the shore and fired shells among them. Another body of 300 Russian cavalry, who had advanced to the southern entrance of the town, with the intention of cutting off the herds of cattle which had been driven in from the steppe for safety, were dispersed by the *Leander*. On the 19th the enemy, taking advantage of a thick fog, pushed forward a body of cavalry towards the windmills outside the town, in which Lieutenant Hood, of the *Arethusa*, had stationed himself with a party of blue-jackets. The tars succeeded in driving the Russians back, but not before several of our poor Tartar allies were killed or wounded. Every day this kind of skirmishing took place, and as the videttes of the enemy were within three miles, and their numbers were supposed to amount to 3,000 or 4,000, Captain Brock and his garrison were kept perpetually on the alert. They strengthened the defences of the town, erected several strong redoubts, armed with field-pieces and rockets, at the back of it, and stationed a large proportion of the force in the immediate neighbourhood. They closed the streets which debouched upon the steppe with strong barricades, and felt something like confidence that they could bid defiance to any number of cavalry who might venture to force an entrance.

We will now take up our narrative from the close of Chapter XX., and proceed to describe the progress of the celebrated and terrible siege of Sebastopol. We have detailed the brilliant charge of our light cavalry on the 25th, with its fatal result, and the repulse of the Russian sortie on the 26th. On the 27th the fire on both sides was very feeble, and nothing of importance took place. During the night, or rather at about four o'clock the following morning, a singular incident occurred. The sharp sound of musketry was heard from several directions along the right flank, both from the French and our own pickets. The sentries in advance were startled by the hurried tramp of horses, and perceived through the darkness what appeared to be a body of cavalry charging down upon

them. Notwithstanding the fire with which they were greeted, the supposed troopers still rushed onward, but without any regularity, in small detached parties. Soon they passed close by the pickets, and were found to be a body of riderless horses, but fully equipped and accoutred; saddled, bridled, and all. They were recognised as belonging to Russian dragoons. It was supposed that the horses, ready for mounting, probably for a sortie, were frightened by some shells exploding amongst them, and breaking from their pickets, took the direction of our lines. Nearly 200 were caught between the French and English. Many of those taken by the latter were grays of good height and in excellent condition. They were therefore sent to make up deficiencies in the ranks of the Scots grays.

Shortly after the engagement at Balaklava (on the 27th or 28th), Captain Fellowes, an aide-de-camp, was sent with a flag of truce to the Russian camp on the Tebernaya. His object was to ascertain the particulars of our loss, to request permission to communicate with our wounded and captive officers, and to obtain leave to bury such of our dead as might have fallen in front of the Russian lines. This message was scarcely a judicious one, at least the latter part of it; for a request for permission to bury the dead is usually the plea of the vanquished to the victors.

As Captain Fellowes, attended by an interpreter and a trumpeter, approached the Russian lines, two officers, accompanied by two Cossack lancers, rode forward to meet them. The Russians inquired, in French, what was the object of the flag of truce. Captain Fellowes made known his errand; upon which one of the Russians remarked, "You will be good enough to turn round, for you cannot approach our camp so near. This is an affair for the general to deal with, and I shall communicate with him." The officer rode away, and the English party were compelled to turn round so as to have their backs to the Russian camp.

Shortly afterwards, an elderly officer, supposed to have been Prince Gortschakoff, attended by a small staff and by the Russian who had gone to seek him, rode towards them, and said in a gruff harsh voice—"Je suis le g'n'ral en chef ici; que voulez vous de moi Messieurs?" Captain Fellowes again explained the object of his mission, and when he desired permission for burying the dead, the Russian general

exclaimed indignantly, "*We have buried the dead. Tell my Lord Raglan that we are Christians, and though we make war, we perform all the duties of Christians! The dead are buried. The wounded are taken care of.*" Captain Fellowes then handed to the Russian chief two letters, with which he had been charged by two Russian officers who were prisoners of the English. Having received the letters, the general declared that he was unacquainted with the names of the officers in the hands of his troops, but said, that if Captain Fellowes returned the next day he would ascertain their names, and have any letters they might wish to transmit conveyed to him for delivery. Finally, he became more courteous, and said, as Captain Fellowes retired, "*Vous m'excuserez si je vous dise que votre attaque de 25me était une attaque bête, parlant selon la loi militaire.*"

When Captain Fellowes returned to the enemy's camp, on the 29th, he was informed that there were only two British officers in the hands of the Russians, both of whom were wounded, though not seriously. They were Lieutenant Clowes, of the 8th hussars, and Cornet Chadwick, of the 17th lancers. He learnt, however, that fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates belonging to our noble cavalry were captives. Of these only fifteen were not wounded. The Russians brought letters from Lieutenant Clowes and Cornet Chadwick, in which they stated they were provided with medical attendance, and were exceedingly well treated, but that they were in want of some clothing and money. The Russian officer expressed his opinion that our cavalry attack on the 25th was a "*charge des fous.*" On that occasion the Russian lancers were seen killing and stripping the wounded as they lay on the ground. The rich trappings of our light cavalry were, in some cases, the cause of their wearer's death. The Cossacks knew that they would not be allowed to take the clothes of those who were living, and therefore they dispatched the poor wounded men who lay in agony at their feet. "Do you see that?" exclaimed a Russian officer to an English one, as he pointed to the gold cord of a shako; "I can tell you one of our Cossacks would ride a hundred miles to get hold of such a pretty-looking thing."

The 29th passed away without the occurrence of any event of moment. The fire from the Russian batteries blazed away

as usual, and it seemed as if the stores of warlike *matériel* within Sebastopol were inexhaustible. The firing of the allies was rather feeble. The arrival of the *Times* newspaper in the camp, containing a copy of Lord Raglan's despatches relating to the battle of Alma, created much excitement.*

On the 30th, that brave old veteran, Sir De Lacy Evans, who had been suffering severely from illness, had a fall from his horse. He was so much shaken by it that he was compelled to resign his command to Brigadier-general Pennefather, and go on board the *Simoom*, to get more attention and nursing than it was possible that he could receive in our ill-provided camp. The accident eventually compelled the old war-

* The special correspondent of the *Times*, to whose admirable letters we were much indebted for our description of the glorious events of the 20th of September, says, when writing from the camp on October 29th;—"On looking at my own account of the battle of the Alma, which was written literally on the field—part of it while exposed to a broiling sun, the morning after the action, on the grass, in the open air (for tents were rare coverings then, and all that were on the heights were crowded)—part while exposed to an incessant fire of small-talk in a tent full of excited and garrulous officers, I find I have made mistakes which I confess without a blush, and which, I trust, are excusable under the circumstances in which I was placed, especially when it is considered that the undertaking, under the most favourable conditions, is not an easy one. For instance, Lord Raglan and staff did not cross the stream by the bridge. It had been destroyed by the enemy, and was impassable till repaired by the exertions of Captain Montagu and his sappers. Nor did the highlanders 'take' the battery which dealt such destruction upon us. As I saw their advance, their bonnets mingled with the bearskins of the Russians, they *appeared* to have got into the guards' battery, but the fact is, their line was considerably to the left of the line of the guards, and the left of the guards extended beyond the front of the battery, so as to turn its right flank. The march of the highlanders took place up the other slope of the hill, and it was their firm appearance, together with the tremendous volleys the three regiments poured into the Russian infantry on their flank, which produced such an effect on the Russians. The highlanders, as will be seen by the returns, were exposed to very little fire; scarcely any of the enemy's guns bore upon them, and their advance was too rapid to allow the Russians 'to take their measure' for practice. There is no doubt the light division, the 7th, 23rd, 33rd, and 19th first carried the battery opposed to them. A man of the 7th rushed in and bayoneted two men inside the earthworks, when the regiment was obliged to re-form. Colonel Yea made him a sergeant on the spot. A man of the 33rd chalked the number of his regiment on one of the guns which was subsequently taken by the grenadier guards, and I understand the gun has been given up to the former regiment. Men of the 7th, 33rd, 23rd, and 55th were all inside the battery at one time or other ere the Russians were finally broken. Major-general

rior to return to England—but we are anticipating: before his return he appeared once more upon the battle-field, under circumstances which stamp him as a noble rival of those heroes of classic times who have for centuries enjoyed the homage of the world.

During the 31st the siege went on without advancing. It was reckoned that the Russians fired two shots to every one of ours. "The weather," said the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, "has changed for the worse permanently. All our araba drivers and interpreters say that the winter here is fast setting in; and, indeed, it requires no prophet to convince us of the fact. The wind and cold during the day may be

Codrington, who led his brigade of the light division in a manner beyond all praise, was twice within the earthwork of the battery. *Ergo*, he must at one time have been driven back along with his men. Indeed, I saw the Russians coming out of the battery and actually charging the light division, which was broken up into clumps of men firing independently on the enemy, and huddled together round their officers; but they never crossed bayonets, except perhaps in one or two instances, when some of them closed with the 55th, and they all dearly repented their temerity. At one time an order was actually given to halt or to fall back and re-form. I am assured Colonel Yea declared he would not go back an inch, and that he remained with a portion of his regiment (the 7th) firing away till the supports came up. It was not the Scots fusiliers—it was the grenadier guards who got first into the battery or redoubt; the Scots fusiliers were broken and disordered by the tremendous fire to which they were exposed and by the men of the light division, who were retiring to re-form, and who passed through the files of the regiment. It was while they were in this state so many of their officers were marked out and wounded by the enemy. Lieutenant Nixon and three men of the rifle brigade went skirmishing up the hill in front of the Coldstream guards. The riflemen were all dispersed in little groups, and advanced, led by their officers, along the front of all our line, so that they were often exposed to two fires. The 30th, 55th, and 95th did their duty equally well; no officers or men ever behaved better, and it was perhaps erroneous to have said that the 19th, that Brigadier-general Codrington's brigade of the light division, or that Brigadier-general Pennefather's brigade of the second division ever 'retired,' as it is asserted that there were some men of the regiments forming these brigades who never receded a step. They certainly *never turned their backs* on the enemy—not one of them faced about. If they were driven by an overwhelming fire to draw back to re-form, they drew back with their front to the foe, and never ceased their fire. I have said so much on this point because I find some most excellent soldiers and estimable men have rather taken it to heart that I should have stated their regiments were driven back; nor are they even contented with Lord Raglan's statement that the first brigade of the light division, having carried a redoubt, was 'obliged partially to relinquish its hold.'"



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avoided by exertion, but it becomes unendurable in the night, when we lie on the ground in our tents, shivering and thinking of the happy times when we took off our clothes and went to bed under a more stable covering than an ordnance umbrella, as the tents are called. But, seriously speaking, the change in the weather during the last few days has shown to all concerned the importance of bringing the present struggle to a speedy conclusion. In fact, the cold and damp have now become so intense, that any attempt to remain under canvas for another week will put half the allies in hospital. 'Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home,' &c., can have no idea of the positive suffering which is entailed upon all who, in this weather, live under canvas, and sleep in their clothes on the damp ground. For the last three nights I have been compelled to rise nearly every two hours and run about outside my tent literally to keep myself from freezing, and on no occasion have I thus hurried forth into the raw keen moonlight without finding hundreds of others similarly engaged. The actual cold one might contrive to keep out, but the wind and dew penetrate through everything."

The same writer gives the following account of the way in which Russian officers endeavour to transform their soldiers into wild beasts:—"I have conversed with many of the Russian prisoners, and they have all informed me of circumstances which I could hardly credit, but that they were repeated from so many different sources. For certain, three days after the battle of the Alma the Russian regiments were addressed by their different commanding officers, who, in terms of deep regret, informed them that events had come to their knowledge which showed that the Russian prisoners and wounded who fell into our hands were treated with the most barbarous cruelty; the injuries of the wounded were never dressed, the prisoners were flogged, tasked, and starved, until death terminated their sufferings. These facts, which the officers stated they knew on the very best authority, were publicly promulgated through Sebastopol at the time when the Russian lists of killed, wounded, and prisoners were also issued from the government office. They said the sensation which these statements excited in Sebastopol (where all had a friend or relative to deplore among the killed and wounded) was indescribable. The most in-

tense and deadly hatred was felt towards the allies, coupled with a determination to resist them to the very last extremity. The common soldiers among themselves made a vow never to be taken alive. The reasons which the Russian commanders had for circulating these atrocious calumnies will, of course, be apparent. Under the idea that he was defending his life, they gave the Russian soldier a desperate courage which patriotism and duty were unable to call forth. Before the battle of the Alma every Russian soldier received a treble allowance of spirits, and since then those who are fighting in the earthworks against our trenches, receive four times the usual quantity."

During the night of the 31st, there was an "alert" which roused the French troops. A body of Russian troops, in the valley beneath the heights of Balaklava, were occupied for more than an hour in firing at an imaginary enemy before them. After that they returned to their head-quarters, but what their object was is unknown. It must have arisen from mistake; and some persons even said that the Russians fired by accident at their own troops. A correspondent from the camp says (writing on the 2nd of November)—"We hear the distressing intelligence, that 3,000 workmen are building huts at Constantinople for the army to winter in, and that they also are fabricating sheds for horses. A winter here is a truly dismal prospect. All that has been written about the beauty of this district, and of its fertility, is utter rubbish. There are magnificent mountain-ranges over Balaklava, but the country between that town and Sebastopol is a waste, covered with thistles and stones, and intersected by rocky ravines, once full of stumpy brushwood, now full of stumps only." The same writer describes the condition of the poor Turks, from fever and want of attention, as wretched in the extreme. They died in swarms, and the sick were seen staggering along the lanes, or lying in the streets of Balaklava, with no one but their own miserable companions to mitigate their sufferings.

On the 2nd of November three English soldiers deserted to the enemy. All of them had been flogged the day before for some offences. Whatever censure we might feel disposed to pass upon the conduct of these men, this fact compels us to withhold. Their desertion must be attributed to the barbarous system which had degraded them.

To make the soldier regard himself as a man of honour, he must be treated as such. Dogs only and not men can caress the hand that scourges them. The shame of the lash makes a soldier forget his country. Put the erring soldier to death, if it is necessary for the sake of discipline, but do not put him to shame.

The particulars of each day occupied in the siege would, in some cases, be merely a repetition of what has been already related. We shall not, therefore, dwell upon every trifling incident, but hasten forward to the almost sublime exhibition of heroism, daring, and endurance we shall speedily have to relate. We must first, however, refer to some despatches forwarded by Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle. One stated that the majority of the wounded in the hospitals were making a satisfactory progress towards recovery, although, it added, "there is too much reason to apprehend, that among such a number of severe and dangerous injuries, a certain proportion of casualties must occur." Two others contain references to, and lists of, the officers who had distinguished themselves on the memorable 25th of October. The last gives an account of the progress of the siege up to the date it bears:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 3rd.

My Lord Duke,—Since I wrote to your grace on the 28th ult., the enemy have considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya, both in artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and have extended to their left, not only occupying the village of Camara, but the heights beyond it, and pushing forward pickets and even guns towards our extreme right; and these yesterday fired a few shots, apparently to try the range, which fell somewhat short.

These movements have induced me to place as strong a force as I can dispose of on the precipitous ridge in that direction, in order to prevent any attempt to get round to Balaklava by the sea; and the whole line is strengthened by a breastwork which has been thrown up by the highland brigade, the royal marines, and the Turkish troops, thus circumscribing that part of the position, while immediately in front of the gorge leading into the town a strong redoubt is in course of being completed, which is to be garrisoned by the 93rd regiment and armed with several guns, and on the high ground behind and to the left is a battery manned by seamen, which terminates the

position to be defended by the troops under the command of Major-general Sir Colin Campbell.

Further to the left, and in a more elevated position, is the brigade of the first French division, commanded by General Vinois, ready to move to the assistance of any of the British force that may be assailed, and maintaining the connexion between the troops in the valley and those on the ridge on which the main armies are posted.

The harbour of Balaklava is under the charge of Captain Daeres, of the *Sanspareil*, and Rear-admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is in the roadstead outside, and is in daily communication with me.

Thus, every possible step has been taken to secure this important point; but I will not conceal from your grace that I should be more satisfied if I could have occupied the position in considerably greater strength.

With reference to the operations of the combined armies engaged in the attack on Sebastopol, I have the honour to state that there is no material diminution in the enemy's fire, and yesterday morning, two hours before daylight, the cannonade from all parts of the south front was heavy in the extreme, both on the French and British lines, and it occasioned, I deeply regret to say, some loss, but less than might have been expected under the circumstances.

In the meanwhile the French, who have before them the town and real body of the place, have taken advantage of the more favourable ground, and are carrying on approaches systematically on the most salient and commanding part of the enemy's lines; and they have constructed and opened batteries, the precision of the fire from which has most materially damaged the Russian works, although, as yet, they have not succeeded in silencing their guns.

The weather is still fine, but it has become extremely cold, and there was a severe frost last night.

I beg to submit to your grace the nominal returns of casualties among the non-commissioned officers and rank and file from the 22nd of October to the 1st of November, both days inclusive, and a list of officers killed and wounded between the 27th of October and the 1st of November.

Captain Maude, of the horse artillery, an excellent officer, is, I am assured, doing well.

I likewise enclose the naval return of casualties.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

A strange instance of Russian craft and cool audacity occurred on the day when the above despatch was written. A French officer—or rather a man in the uniform of one—sauntered into the English lines, entered into conversation with those whom he met, smoked, talked and laughed; and, at length, got into a sort of disquisition about the strength or weakness of their position in the rear towards Balaklava. Our officers, believing they were talking to an ally, expressed themselves with more freedom than wisdom, and referred very frankly to the weak points and difficulties of our position. An officer of the 79th was at length struck by the strange accent and curious idiom of the supposed Frenchman, whom he suspected to be no other than a Russian spy. Fearful lest in seizing the man he might be insulting one of our brave allies, and not having any device ready in his mind to test the truth, he sent a messenger to convey his suspicions to Sir Colin Campbell. The quick eye of the stranger observed the movement, and he gradually drew off from our lines towards the valley, but in so unembarrassed and natural a way, as to perplex those to whom the officer had communicated his misgivings. Shortly afterwards he quickened his pace into a run, and actually got away into the Russian lines, leaving his late companions staring after him in astonishment. The cool resolution necessary for such an adventure may be guessed, when we mention that, had he been captured, he would have been hanged as a spy.

This circumstance was not without its significance, and ought still further to have sharpened the vigilance of the allies. Preparations were making, on the part of the Russians, for a tremendous and decisive blow; such a one as should crush the invaders on their soil, or sweep them back into the sea. On Saturday, the 4th of

November, the Russian army to the rear of the allies received enormous reinforcements from Bessarabia. For this circumstance we have to thank the Austrians, whose forces in the Danubian principalities checked the advance of Omar Pasha from Bucharest into Bessarabia. The Austrians said they could not sanction the invasion of Russia; they represented it would look like aggression on their part; and the Turkish general was not strong enough to act in defiance of them. The advance into Bessarabia was therefore abandoned, and the czar thus permitted to transfer his troops from that locality to the Crimea. Metaphorically speaking, it was a miracle—a miracle which excited the wonder and admiration of Europe—that the enormous numbers of the czar's troops did not successfully carry out his intention. The adamant firmness of the English troops, and the dashing heroism of the French, drove back the torrent of barbaric power, but at a sad and fatal cost—at the cost of a sea of blood, with the sacrifice of hecatombs of heroes. Such were among the early fruits of our Austrian alliance. We may be mistaken; Austria may have been honest, and this result an accidental one. Still it was the result of our Austrian connexion. Bitter, we fear, must be that tree—a very Upas tree, breathing forth seductive but deadly odours—that yields such delusive fruit; fruit which, like the beautiful apples of Sodom, delighted the eye, but turned to ashes on the lips. Once again the warlike words of the eloquent Hungarian intrude themselves into our memory: “You have been taught, by superficial professors in your schools, that it was the generals Frost and Famine which defeated Napoleon [spoken in allusion to his invasion of Moscow.] *No: he was defeated by having taken Austria and Prussia for allies.*”*

The reinforcements from Bessarabia, sometimes exhibited in the columns of that mighty European organ, still it must be admitted that the *Times* does occasionally print a leading article of a sophistical, superficial, and even silly character; and never, we think, did any more sophistical, superficial, and silly article disfigure its pages, than that in which this oration of M. Kossuth was pretended to be reviewed. With respect to England's policy towards Austria, the orator spoke as follows:—“England has bent her mind on bringing Austria over to herself; she has sacrificed to this one aim everything—numerous millions spent in vain, the life-blood of the flower of England spilt in vain, principles, political reputation, the liberal character of the war, and the very issue of the war—everything. And has your government gained Austria? Has it gained that Austria to whom it has sacrificed everything—that Austria of whom

* See page 127. We have there said that we do not endorse M. Kossuth's views; but we also said, and we here reiterate, that, combined with some errors, there is much truth and wisdom in them; much of that prescience which must ever be the characteristic of the great statesman. He returned to this subject in an eloquent oration delivered at St. Martin's Hall on the evening of the 29th of November, the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1830. Our readers will not, we think, quarrel with us for here selecting a passage or two from that oration,—delivered, it should be premised, after the glorious struggle we are just about to describe. We are aware that the *Times* has done its utmost to cast discredit, and even ridicule, upon the views of M. Kossuth; but although we most willingly acknowledge the extraordinary talent, and even genius,

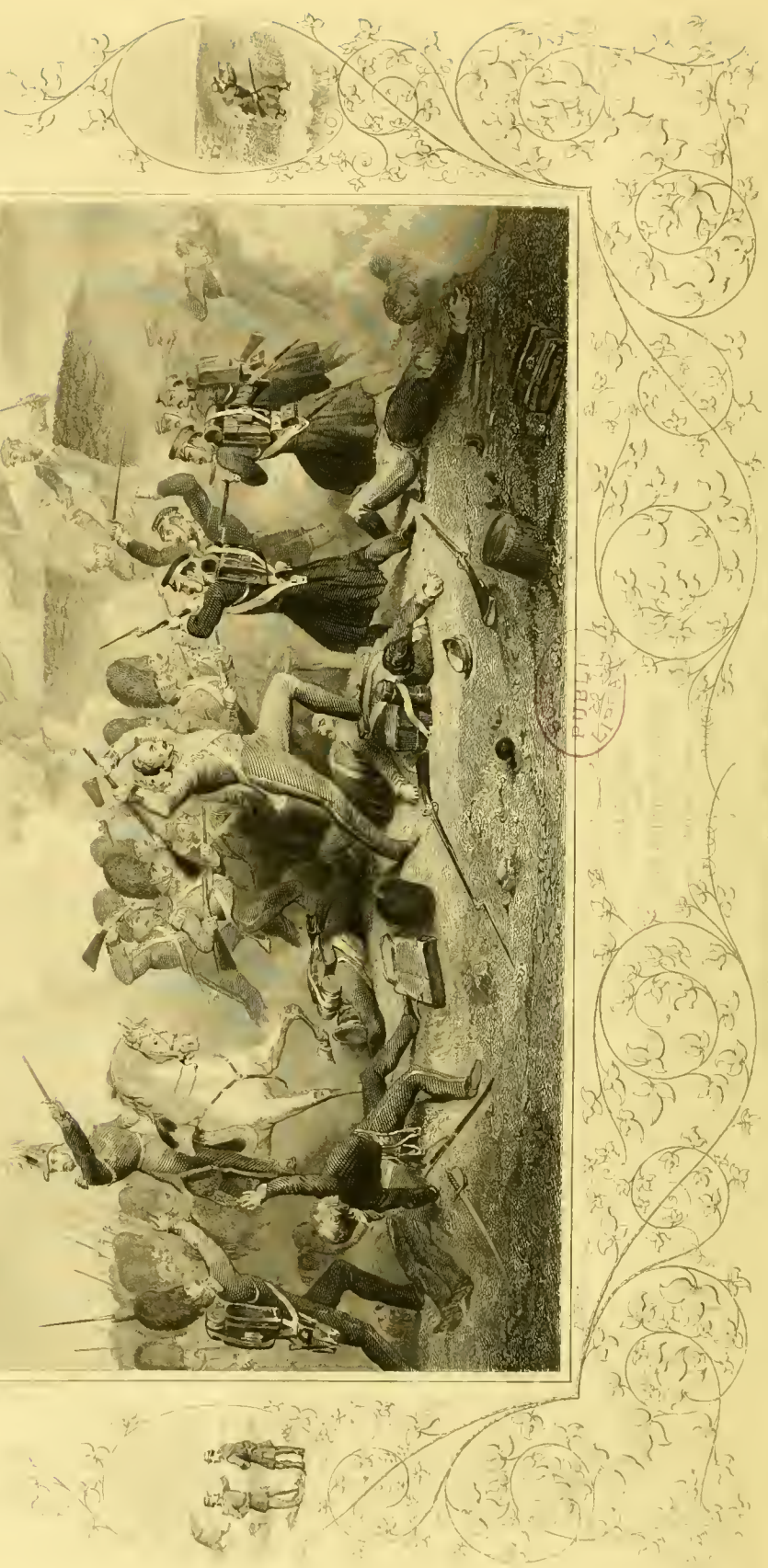
which joined the Russian army on the 4th of November, are said to have amounted

even the *Times* is bound at last to acknowledge that 'You are fighting her battle more than your own?' What a proud sneering there was in official quarters when I, months ago, told the good people of England that they believe they pay and bleed for freedom, when in reality they are made to fight for Austria. Now, it comes out at last. Truth will come out, like murder will. Well, has your government gained Austria? Go and read the well-founded lamentations in the organs—even the ministerial organs—of publicity about the treacherous attitude and the overbearing insolence of that Austria which your government persisted in courting with so much submission, and which in return facilitates the enterprises of Russia, insults your allies, and counteracts your combinations. It is not only that you have not gained over Austria, but you have the Turks arrested in the midst of their victorious course; and the fruit of their heroic struggle, poor Wallachia, played over into the treacherous hands of despotic Austria. There is the Turkish army paralysed on the one hand, and there is on the other hand the czar made and left free to throw overpowering numbers upon the flank and rear of your gallant ranks in the Crimea. There you have the spirits of the Turkish army, high-flowing as they were by the victories at Silistria and Giurgevo, now depressed; there you have the spirits of the Russian army, depressed as they were, now restored. And, oh! I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army, and what it is to give time to a demoralised enemy to resume its spirits and to take breath. One such moment's neglect in a war, and it is not battles, gentlemen, not battles, but empires that may be lost by it. And last, alas! not least, there is Sebastopol. Every British heart has watched the great bloody drama there with intense anxiety. I am not wanted to tell you the tale of your heart. I am not wanted to describe how your braves have found there an entrenched camp, with an army, instead of a fortress with a garrison (as your government appears to have anticipated), how new armies are pouring upon your shattered ranks, as your government does not appear to have anticipated, or else it would be more than error to act as the government did. All I am wanted to do is to quote from public reports these words:—'The question is no longer whether we shall take Sebastopol or not. The siege of Sebastopol, though not raised, may be regarded as at a stand-still. We are reduced to the defensive.' Such is the situation. 'The tables have turned; Russia is the besieger, you are the besieged.' And at what price has this situation been purchased? Gentlemen, on the 5th of July, ten weeks before England embarked on that expedition, ill-advised as well as ill-prepared, I, in a speech, the contents of which would have been well for Great Britain to mind, spoke these words at Glasgow:—'Not one out of five of your braves will see Albion again.' Of course, I used the number figuratively, as indicative of a great loss. Now, it is a sad tale; number your dead, your wounded, and your disabled—more than 20,000 men out of 30,000 are already lost. My sad anticipations are literally fulfilled! And here at home? Why, here the number of widows and orphans applying for support to patriotic charity amounts to 11,000! Such is the position, gentlemen. Now, with that position thus

to 45,000 men, under the command of General Dannenberg and the grand-dukes

analysed, I call on contemporary age and on history to say whether I was exaggerating or too harsh in saying that England's policy has been wrong, that it has been successful nowhere, but inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous everywhere. But you are told for all consolation that 'no human foresight could have fully anticipated the extraordinary position which you find yourselves in.' Now, as to this, I must say it is not true. Many a man must have anticipated that position. I, for one, have foretold it fact by fact, and word by word. And I certainly claim not the slightest credit for perspicacity on that account. I wonder how any thinking men could do otherwise than know all this. Yet, if such there were, they could have used the modest light of my poor oil lamp. It is true the people of Great Britain gave me tremendous cheers in return, and went home to toil on, and then to sleep. It is as if I would have been mendicating favours for myself, whereas it was England's honour, dignity, interest, and success that I held up before their eyes. They went to toil and to sleep, and the flower of your nation went to die; and now, after my disregarded words have proved true, some of them (the Scottish press) say—'The words he spoke read like the inspiration of a seer, or a picture drawn from history.' Others, the *Times*, say—'No human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position in which England finds herself.' Extraordinary! Why, what is there extraordinary in the inexorable logic of concatenation between cause and effect? Is it extraordinary that Sebastopol is found to be an entrenched camp with a numerous army in it? Is it extraordinary that the czar is pouring whole fresh armies to its defence? The czar has been left perfectly free, and with ample time afforded to do it; nay, in fact, he has been invited to do it by the Turco-Austrian treaty, negotiated under England's auspices. The extraordinary in the matter is not that he has sent reinforcements to Sebastopol, but that he has not sent double the number, and a month earlier. * *

* * * * * To have a radical cure you must penetrate to the seat of the evil. The real source of all your difficulties is Austria. Every child knows this. *Either England fears Austria too much, or loves her more than she ought.* This is the evil. Don't fear Austria, throw her overboard, and you are safe; if not, not. Referring to what I was saying about the comparative barrenness of a success at Sebastopol—a success, besides, sure to come at a later period—I really believe even now it would be better for you to shift the theatre of the war, provided it be not too late. Men who, 14,000 strong, have beaten 60,000 Russians, can gain no more glory by the barren laurels gathered on the ruins of Sebastopol than they have, and can nothing lose in their reputation by being dispatched to triumph on a better field, richer in results. And, oh! what could be done with men like these on the right spot. To engage in a wrong direction may be an error—to persist in a wrong direction and sacrifice life (and such life!) may look like a crime, the retribution of which may yet fall heavily on your heads. Shift the theatre of the war; insist peremptorily on Austria's evacuating the principalities, and on siding with or against you; advise the sultan to grant independence to the Roumains and arm them; enlist the Polish emigration—not in Turkey, but here; mind where the weak



Michael and Nicholas. They had been brought to the Crimea, in carts and wagons, with singular rapidity, and their arrival increased the number of the Russian army in our rear to about 70,000 men! The arrival of such a force gave fresh hopes to the garrison of Sebastopol, and roused the enthusiasm of the Russian troops almost to madness. They longed to encounter the invaders of their territory, and resolved that a sortie from the fortress should accompany the attack from without that was to be made upon the allies.

During the 4th an imposing religious celebration took place in the Russian camp. A mass was solemnly chanted, and, at its conclusion, the troops were assembled and addressed by one of two bishops who had arrived with the archdukes. The particulars of the address were received by a correspondent of the French press, from a Russian officer who was afterwards taken prisoner. The prelate reminded the soldiers of their duty to the czar and to their country, and told them that the two archdukes had come to share with them their dangers and their glory. He explained away the defeat of the Russians at the Alma, and gave such an oblique description of the events of that great contest, as was calculated to flatter the self-love and to elevate the courage of the imperial army. The English were, he said, but poor soldiers; destitute of all energy, and hostile to the cause of God. His allusion to the French were not of a more flattering character, being merely an echo of the proclamation of the czar at Moscow, in the year 1812. For solemn and unblushing falsehood and profane assurance, the conclusion of this episcopal address perhaps stands alone. It was as follows:—"If you are conquerors, great joy is in preparation for you. We know from unimpeachable sources that these English heretics have in their camp an enormous sum, which God will give into your hands. This sum amounts to thirty millions of rubles. The emperor makes you a present of the third part of this tremendous sum. The second third is reserved for the purpose of rebuilding Sebastopol, which you are on the point of relieving. The remainder will point of Russia is, and strike there. And wherever a government is playing false to you, call on the nations it oppresses. These are your radical remedies; but remember that while in matters of internal progress you may say, by-and-by we shall come to that, in a war everything depends on moments. Opportunity lost is a campaign lost—may be even more. Poland

be divided amongst the princes and officers who will to-morrow be your commanders in the battle. Every one of you, soldiers, will receive 580 rubles. To the wounded the emperor promises a month's pay and rations. As to those of you chosen by God for a glorious death, your emperor will permit you to dispose of your share in the booty by will. Whatever may be the wishes of any one of you, they will be solemnly respected." The speech terminated with an appeal to the God of armies to bless the soldiers of Russia; and it was followed by a distribution of medals and coronets. Not only were the Russian soldiers thus spiritually intoxicated, but a quantity of spirits was dealt out to each man, to madden and brutalise still further the ferocious passions of those ignorant instruments of despotism.

The night of the 4th of November was a very miserable one. An incessant rain had continued to fall for four-and-twenty hours, and, towards morning, a heavy fog settled upon the heights and the valley of the Inkermann. Such was the weather, from fog and drifting rain, that it was difficult for any one to see two yards before him. Our pickets and men on outlying posts were drenched and chilled, and their arms wet. At four o'clock the church bells within Sebastopol could be heard ringing drearily through the murky air; but that had been frequent lately, and excited no attention.

At five o'clock a fancied sense of security prevailed in the camps of the allies. This was speedily dissipated by the rattling of musketry from the pickets of the second division. An immense army of Russians had stealthily approached, and were advancing upon the English camp. Their gray great-coats rendered them difficult to be seen through the fog, even when close at hand. Our pickets behaved with that resolute bravery which is the usual characteristic of English troops. When forced to retreat by the musketry of the enemy, they retired slowly towards the brow of the hill, defending every inch of the ground against the overwhelming numbers of their assailants. The pickets of the light division were soon after driven in and compelled to is your surest remedy even to-day, but how much surer and easier would it have been six months ago. I do not speak from even patriotic egotism. This war—such as it is—and may it be carried on, or arranged, in the worst possible manner—is manifestly an indication of retributive justice, slow, but sure in its decrees."

fall back on their main body. Indeed it was evident that a powerful attack had been made upon the right of the position of the allied armies, with the intention of forcing them to raise the siege, and, if possible, of driving them headlong into the sea.

The second division,* under Major-general Pennefather, was first marched up to repel the attack; then the light division, under Sir George Brown, was brought to the front; and, finally, part of every regiment (except the third division, who were in reserve, and the highland brigade, who were at Balaklava) were included in the battle. The struggle began about seven in the morning, when our troops were subjected to a tremendous fire from an advancing but unseen enemy. The battle of the Inkermann,† prominently as it will ever stand in the military history of England, is one that almost defies, or rather eludes, description. The darkness that prevailed, the confusion of that terrific struggle, and the woody nature of the ground on which it was fought, rendered it a matter of extreme difficulty, even to those who were present, to convey a clear account of it; how much more so, then, must it be to us who write at a distance from the theatre of that heroic struggle. We will not run the risk of giving a feeble account of it ourselves, but quote that written by the special correspondent of the *Times*, which, though from uncontrollable difficulties necessarily imperfect, is nevertheless a brilliant, spirited, and chivalrous description. His preliminary account over, he thus continues:—

“And now commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. We have been prone to believe that no foe could ever withstand the British soldier wielding his favourite weapon, and that at Maida alone did the enemy ever cross bayonets with him; but at the battle of Inker-

mann not only did we charge in vain—not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone—but we were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged us with incredible fury and determination. The battle of Inkermann admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the ezar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France. No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day, for the vapours, fog, and drizzling mist obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of a few yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkermann, where the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one under the most favourable circumstances seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below. It was six o'clock when all the head-quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field guns. Lord Raglan was soon informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven o'clock he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier-general Strangways, R.A., and several aides-de-camp. As they approached the volume of sound, the steady, unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket told that the engagement was at its height. The shells of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side. One of

* The command of this division belonged to the noble old veteran Sir de Laey Evans, who (as we have related) was compelled by illness and the effects of a fall from his horse to resign it to his junior, Brigadier-general Pennefather. On hearing the firing, the old soldier proceeded to the point of attack, and remained there until the termination of the struggle, but he generously declined to take the command of the division from General Pennefather,

whom he considered to be acting with great judgment.

† Inkermann is a village and seaport of the Crimea. It was once a celebrated city, the *Doros* of the Greeks, and has numerous caverns cut in the rock, supposed to be the work of the monks in the middle ages. The place received its name of Inkermann from the Turks, from “In” (cavern) and “Kermann” (fortress.)

the first things the Russians did, when a break in the fog enabled them to see the camp of the second division, was to open fire on the tents with round shot and large shell, and tent after tent was blown down, torn to pieces, or sent into the air, while the men engaged in camp duties and the unhappy horses tethered up in the lines were killed or mutilated. Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (18-pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which our light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty, and was exerting himself with Captain D'Aguilar to urge them forward, Colonel Gambier was severely but not dangerously wounded, and was obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, and the conduct of that officer in directing the fire of those two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, was such as to elicit the admiration of the army, and as to deserve the thanks of every man engaged in that bloody fray. But long ere these guns had been brought up there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy loss of our own men. Our generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, nor where they were coming to. In darkness, gloom, and rain they had to lead our lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke our ranks and irritated the men, while every pace was marked by a corpse or man wounded by an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry and the rush of ball and shell.

"Sir George Cathcart, seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged to rally them. He perceived at the same time that the Russians had actually gained possession of a portion of the hill in rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, 'Have you not got your bayonets?' As he led on his men it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly

volley was poured into our scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill with diminished ranks and the loss of near 500 men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head and three bayonet wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Colonel Swyny, of the 63rd, a most gallant officer, Lieutenant Dowling (20th), Major Wynne (68th), and other officers, whose names will be found in the *Gazette*, met their death, and Brigadier Goldie (of the 57th regiment) received the wounds of which he has since died. The conflict on the right was equally uncertain and equally bloody. In the light division, the 88th got so far into the front that they were surrounded and put into utter confusion, when four companies of the 77th, under Major Straton, charged the Russians, broke them, and relieved their comrades. The fight had not long commenced before it was evident that the Russians had received orders to fire at all mounted officers. Sir George Brown was hit by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, as his body was borne by me on a litter early in the day, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day. Further to the right a contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, was going on between the guards and dense columns of Russian infantry of five times their number. The guards had charged them and driven them back, when they perceived that the Russians had outflanked them. They were out of ammunition too. They were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, and they were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on their right far in their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry. The guards were broken; they had lost fourteen officers, who fell in the field; they had left one-half of

their number on the ground, and they retired along the lower road of the valley. They were soon reinforced, however, and speedily avenged their loss. The French advanced about ten o'clock, and turned the flank of the enemy.

"The second division, in the centre of the line, were hardly pressed. The 41st regiment, in particular, were exposed to a terrible fire, and the 95th were in the middle of such disorganising volleys that they only mustered sixty-four men when paraded at two o'clock. In fact, the whole of the division numbered only 300 men when assembled by Major Eman in rear of their camp after the fight was over. The regiments did not take their colours into the battle, but the officers nevertheless were picked off wherever they went, and it did not require the colour-staff to indicate their presence. Our ambulances were soon filled, and ere nine o'clock they were busily engaged in carrying loads of men, all covered with blood, and groaning, to the rear of the line.

"About half-past nine o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff were assembled on a knoll, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the battle which was raging below them. Here General Strangways was mortally wounded, and I am told that he met his death in the following way:—A shell came right in among the staff—it exploded in Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tore off the leather overalls of Captain Somerset's trowsers; it then struck down Captain Gordon's horse, and killed him at once; and then blew away General Strangways' leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh and a bit of cloth from the skin. The poor old general never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely, in a gentle voice, 'Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?' He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life-blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man of the army.

"The fight about the battery to which I have alluded in a former part of my letter was most sanguinary. It was found that there was no *banquette* to stand upon, and that the men inside could not fire upon the enemy. The Russians advanced mass after mass of infantry. As fast as one column

was broken and repulsed, another took its place. For three long hours about 8,500 British infantry contended against at least four times their number. No wonder that, at times, they were compelled to retire. But they came to the charge again. The admirable devotion of the officers, who knew they were special objects of attack, can never be too highly praised. Nor can the courage and steadiness of the few men who were left to follow them in this sanguinary assault on the enemy be sufficiently admired. At one time the Russians succeeded in getting up close to the guns of Captain Wodehouse's and of Captain Turner's batteries in the gloom of the morning. Uncertain whether they were friends or foes, our artillerymen hesitated to fire. The Russians charged them suddenly, bore all resistance down before them, drove away or bayoneted the gunners, and succeeded in spiking some of the guns. Their columns gained the hill, and for a few moments the fate of the day trembled in the balance; but Adams's brigade, Pennefather's brigade, and the light division, made another desperate charge, while Dickson's guns swept their columns, and the guards, with undiminished valour and steadiness, though with a sadly decreased front, pushed on again to meet their bitter enemies. The rolling of musketry, the crash of steel, the pounding of the guns were deafening, and the Russians, as they charged up the heights, yelled like demons. They advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but the *Minié* is the king of weapons—Inkermann proved it. The regiments of the fourth division and the marines, armed with the old and much-belauded brown Bess, could do nothing, with their thin line of fire, against the massive multitudes of the Muscovite infantry; but the volleys of the *Minié* cleft them like the hand of the destroying angel, and they fell like leaves in autumn before them. About ten o'clock, a body of French infantry appeared on our right—a joyful sight to our struggling regiments. The Zouaves came on at the *pas de charge*. The French artillery had already begun to play with deadly effect on the right wing of the Russians. Three battalions of the *chasseurs d'Orleans* (I believe they had No. 6 on their buttons) rushed by, the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of *chasseurs indigènes*—the Arab sepoys of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded

above the din of battle, and when we watched their eager advance right on the flank of the enemy, we knew the day was won. Assailed in front by our men—broken in several places by the impetuosity of our charge, renewed again and again—attacked by the French infantry on the right, and by artillery all along the line, the Russians began to retire, and at twelve o'clock they were driven pell-mell down the hill towards the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were all covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them. Long ere they fled, the *chasseurs d'Afrique* charged them most brilliantly over the ground, difficult and broken as it was, and inflicted great loss on them, while the effect of this rapid attack, aided by the advance of our troops, secured our guns, which were only spiked with wood, and were soon rendered fit for service. Our own cavalry, the remnant of the light brigade, were moved into a position where it was hoped they might be of service, but they were too few to attempt anything, and while they were drawn up they lost several horses and some men. One officer, Cornet Cleveland, was struck by a piece of shell in the side, and has since expired. There are now only two officers left with the fragment of the 17th lancers—Captain Godfrey Morgan and Cornet George Wombwell. At twelve o'clock the battle of Inkermann seemed to have been won, but the day, which had cleared up for an hour previously so as to enable us to see the enemy and meet him, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in, and as we could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, we had formed in front of our lines, and were holding the battle-field so stoutly contested, when the enemy, taking advantage of our quietude, again advanced, while their guns pushed forward and opened a tremendous fire upon us.

"General Canrobert, who never quitted Lord Raglan for much of the early part of the day, at once directed the French to advance and outflank the enemy. In his efforts he was most ably seconded by General Bosquet, whose devotion was noble. Nearly all his mounted escort were down beside and behind him. General Canrobert was slightly wounded. His immediate attendants suffered severely. The renewed assault was so admirably repulsed, that the Russians sullenly retired, still protected by their crushing artillery.

"The Russians, about ten, made a sortie on the French lines, and traversed two parallels before they could be resisted. They were driven back at last with great loss, and as they retired they blew up some mines inside the flagstaff fort, evidently afraid that the French would enter pell-mell after them.

"At one o'clock the Russians were again retiring. At twenty minutes to two Dickson's two guns smashed their artillery, and they limbered up, leaving five tumbrils and one gun-carriage on the field."

This great battle, which commenced at seven in the morning, was not entirely over until three in the afternoon; the terrible struggle having thus lasted eight hours. The loss of the allies (especially the British) was terrible; but they succeeded in driving back the enormous masses of Russians that were hurled upon them, and in securing a bloody victory. The Russian army was variously estimated at from 45,000 to 60,000 men. Its object was to crush the allies, and, by one terrible and desperate effort, terminate the struggle. To accomplish this the Russian soldiers fought with an obstinate and furious bravery they had never displayed before. But what was the result?—an ever glorious one for England and her brother, France. An army of not more than 8,000 English and 6,000 French (for no greater number could be spared from the conduct of the siege) arrested the progress of the Russian columns, hewed them down by sheer strength of muscle and adamant resolution, and finally swept them reeling back, bleeding, decimated, and dispirited. The battle, however, was one of a negative character; it was rather a gigantic instance of heroism, by which we saved ourselves from impending destruction, than a victory over the enemy. The Russians were repulsed, and repulsed with a terrible loss; but it could scarcely be said they were defeated. Their loss was at first said to be about 9,000 in killed and wounded. Lord Raglan subsequently said that they left near 5,000 dead upon the field, and that their casualties altogether amounted to not less than 15,000. Prince Mentschikoff speaks thus indefinitely upon this subject:—"Our loss in dead is *not exactly known*, but the number of wounded extends to 3,500 men and 109 officers." The much greater amount of slaughter amongst the Russians than that which took place in the allied army, is partly accounted for by the fact

that our mere handful of men, broken up into skirmishing parties, did not present the same mark to the artillery of the enemy as their massive columns did to ours.

The loss of the English was very severe. Four generals—Cathcart, Strangways, Goldie, and Torrens—were killed; and four others—Brown, Bentinck, Buller, and Adams—were wounded. Of the officers, forty-three were killed and 102 wounded, besides thirty-two sergeants killed and 121 wounded. As a whole, the English loss amounted to 462 killed, 1,952 wounded, and 198 missing: making a total of 2,612! That, too, out of a force of only 8,000 men! The French had 1,726 killed or wounded. At the lowest estimate of the Russian army, it was three times as numerous as that of the allies; at the highest, more than four times. Verily, with all its losses, terrible as they were, and notwithstanding its equivocal victory, England and France had more cause to be proud of the battle of Inkermann than of any other exploit achieved by either of these great nations. It was a soldier's battle, in which we were saved by the muscle, nerve, and courage of our men. At the same time, it must be admitted that the English exhibited a want of caution, or they would not have been surprised as they were by so vast a force. The point of attack was known to be the weak part of our position, and there were no supports near. Both our flanks were nearly turned; and the Russians might have succeeded in their intention of annihilating us but for the heroism and resolute hardihood of our officers and men. We owe the victory, such as it was, to strength, not to superior intelligence and foresight. The Russians behaved with great barbarity to the wounded, dispatching with their bayonets all who fell. An English officer, being slightly wounded, was unable to join his men as they retired for a time overwhelmed by numbers. On recovering the ground, they found their officer stabbed all over and stripped. A wounded Russian officer was seen to limp about the field, actually employed in stabbing the fallen with his sword. Being taken prisoner by an orderly of the Duke of Cambridge, his royal highness promised the wretch that he would do his best to have him shot for his inhumanity.

A military man gave the following account of the appearance of the field after the battle:—"On our ridge, where were our batteries, the ground was covered with

dead, principally Russians, their bodies fearfully shattered. They fought desperately, and at one time were nearly outflanking us and carrying the ridge. One Russian, or rather his remains, lay on the parapet of the breastwork; had it not been for his clothes, he would have dropped to pieces. He had literally been blown from the muzzle of a gun while in the act of climbing over the breastwork. I then went to the ridge and knoll where our advanced pickets had been, and which were occupied for a time by the Russian artillery. There there were not so many bodies, for the Russians had doubtless carried them off; but there were gun-carriages smashed (the guns had been carried back by the Russians), and numbers of horses killed and wounded by cannon-balls, many disembowelled, and others horribly mutilated and still alive; some still standing with one leg shattered. I then crossed the road which runs over the field of action, where our right had been. A little in advance is a battery for two guns, which had been erected for the purpose of silencing a Russian battery on the other side of the Inkermann valley. This having been done, the guns had been long since removed. Here the fight had been fiercest, and the sight exceeded all description. For a great distance the ground was absolutely covered with dead—Russians, Zouaves, Frenchmen of the line, English guardsmen and linesmen, lay heaped together. Here was the greatest slaughter, but everywhere where any fighting had been, there was no want of bodies; and I am certain, judging from three visits to the ground, that for every Englishman or Frenchman there were eight or ten Russians. The wounds were frightful; some unfortunate creatures were ripped open with shot or shell; some had their legs blown off; others were headless; and the brains of many had actually dripped out of the immense holes made by the Minié bullets, leaving the skull empty."

On the 7th the sad business of the burial of the dead was commenced. Large pits were dug and the bodies laid in crosswise, head and feet alternately. The English and French were laid together, but the Russians were buried separately. Such was the dislike that the French and English soldiers had to their barbarous foes, that they had a repugnance to placing even a dead Russian in the same cart with the corpses of their own countrymen. So laborious was this dreary work of burial, that the multitudes of dead

horses which lay about on the scene of carnage were not put underground, but merely dragged to a distance from the camp, to prevent them from creating a pestilence amongst the troops.

The despatches in reference to this brilliant battle will possess far more than ordinary interest. They are documents which the historian will preserve and dwell upon with powerful emotions of patriotic ardour. We first give a copy of that addressed by Lord Raglan to the English war minister:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th.

My Lord Duke,—I have the honour to report to your grace, that the army under my command, powerfully aided by the corps of observation of the French army, under the command of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet, effectually repulsed and defeated a most vigorous and determined attack of the enemy on our position overlooking the ruins of Inkermann, on the morning of the 5th instant.

In my letter to your grace of the 3rd, I informed you that the enemy had considerably increased their force in the valley of the Tchernaya. The following day this augmentation was still further apparent, and large masses of troops had evidently arrived from the northward, and on two several occasions persons of distinguished rank were observed to have joined the Russian camp.

I have subsequently learnt that the fourth *corps d'armée*, conveyed in carriages of the country, and in the lightest possible order, had been brought from Moldavia, and were to be immediately followed by the third corps.

It was therefore to be expected that an extensive movement would not be long deferred.

Accordingly, shortly before daylight on the 5th, strong columns of the enemy came upon the advanced pickets covering the right of the position. These pickets behaved with admirable gallantry, defending the ground, foot by foot, against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, until the second division, under Major-general Pennefather, with its field guns, which had immediately been got under arms, was placed in position.

The light division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, was also brought to the front without loss of time; the 1st brigade, under Major-general Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards

Sebastopol, and protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side; and the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Buller, forming on the left of the second division, with the 88th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance.

The brigade of guards, under his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major-general Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right on the alignment of the second division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the second division.

The fourth division, under Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack; the 1st brigade, under Brigadier-general Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkermann-road; the 2nd brigade, under Brigadier-general Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya.

The third division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, occupied in part the ground vacated by the fourth division, and supported the light division by two regiments under Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell, while Brigadier-general Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches.

The morning was extremely dark, with a drizzling rain, rendering it almost impossible to discover anything beyond the flash and smoke of artillery and heavy musketry fire.

It, however, soon became evident that the enemy, under cover of a vast cloud of skirmishers, supported by dense columns of infantry, had advanced numerous batteries of large calibre to the high ground to the left and front of the second division, while powerful columns of infantry attacked with great vigour the brigade of guards.

Additional batteries of heavy artillery were also placed by the enemy on the slopes to our left; the guns in the field amounting in the whole to ninety pieces, independently, however, of the ship guns and those in the works of Sebastopol.

Protected by a tremendous fire of shot, shell, and grape, the Russian columns advanced in great force, requiring every effort of gallantry on the part of our troops to resist them.

At this time two battalions of French infantry, which had on the first notice been sent by General Bosquet, joined our right,

and very materially contributed to the successful resistance to the attack, cheering with our men, and charging the enemy down the hill with great loss.

About the same time a determined assault was made on our extreme left, and for a moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the 88th, while the fourth was speedily recaptured by the 77th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Egerton.

In the opposite direction the brigade of guards, under his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, was engaged in a severe conflict.

The enemy, under the cover of thick brushwood, advanced in two heavy bodies, and assaulted with great determination a small redoubt which had been constructed for two guns, but was not armed. The combat was most arduous, and the brigade, after displaying the utmost steadiness and gallantry, was obliged to retire before very superior numbers, until supported by a wing of the 20th regiment of the fourth division, when they again advanced and retook the redoubt.

This ground was afterwards occupied in gallant style by French troops, and the guards speedily reformed in rear of the right flank of the second division.

In the meanwhile Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, with a few companies of the 68th regiment, considering that he might make a strong impression by descending into the valley, and taking the enemy in flank, moved rapidly forward, but, finding the heights above him in full occupation of the Russians, he suddenly discovered that he was entangled with a superior force, and while attempting to withdraw his men, he received a mortal wound, shortly previously to which Brigadier-general Torrens, when leading the 68th, was likewise severely wounded.

Subsequently to this the battle continued with unabated vigour, and with no positive result, the enemy bringing upon our line not only the fire of all their field batteries, but those in front of the works of the place, and the ship guns, till the afternoon, when the symptoms of giving way first became apparent; and shortly after, although the fire did not cease, the retreat became general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the bridge of the Inkermann, and ascending the opposite heights, abandoning on the field of battle five or six thousand dead and wounded, multitudes of the latter having already been

carried off by them. I never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented; but upon this I will not dwell.

Having submitted to your grace this imperfect description of this most severe battle, I have still two duties to discharge, the one most gratifying, the last most painful to my feelings.

I have the greatest satisfaction in drawing your grace's attention to the brilliant conduct of the allied troops. French and English vied with each other in displaying their gallantry and manifesting their zealous devotion to duty, notwithstanding that they had to contend against an infinitely superior force, and were exposed for many hours to a most galling fire.

It should be borne in mind that they have daily, for several weeks, undergone the most constant labour, and that many of them passed the previous night in the trenches.

I will not attempt to enter into the detail of the movements of the French troops, lest I should not state them correctly; but I am proud of the opportunity of bearing testimony to their valour and energetic services, and of paying a tribute of admiration to the distinguished conduct of their immediate commander, General Bosquet; while it is in the highest degree pleasing to me to place upon record my deep sense of the valuable assistance I received from the commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, who was himself on the ground and in constant communication with me, and whose cordial co-operation, on all occasions, I cannot too highly extol.

Your grace will recollect that he was wounded at the Alma. He was again wounded on the 5th, but I should hope that he will not long feel the effects of it.

I will, in a subsequent despatch,* lay before your grace the names of the officers whose services have been brought to my notice. I will not detain the mail for that purpose now; but I cannot delay to report the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, who was unfortunately shot through the arm, but is doing well; of Lieutenant-general his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, who particularly distinguished himself; and of Major-general

* This subsequent despatch is dated November 11th; and however gratifying its contents must be to those officers who are honourably mentioned in it, it is, as may be imagined, altogether destitute of interest to the non-military reader.

Pennefather, in command of the second division, which received the first attack, and gallantly maintained itself, under the greatest difficulties, throughout this protracted conflict; of Major-general Bentinck, who is severely wounded; Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-general Adams, and Brigadier-general Torrens, who are severely wounded; and Brigadier-general Buller, who is also wounded, but not so seriously.

I must likewise express my obligations to Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England, for the excellent disposition he made of his division, and the assistance he rendered to the left of the light division, where Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell was judiciously placed, and effectively supported Major-general Codrington; and I have great pleasure in stating that Brigadier-general Eyre was employed in the important duty of guarding the trenches from any assault from the town.

Lieutenant-general Sir De Laey Evans, who had been obliged, by severe indisposition, to go on board ship a few days previously, left his bed as soon as he received intelligence of the attack, and was promptly at his post; and, though he did not feel well enough to take the command of the division out of the hands of Major-general Pennefather, he did not fail to give him his best advice and assistance.

It is deeply distressing to me to have to submit to your grace the list of the killed, wounded, and missing on this memorable occasion. It is indeed heavy, and very many valuable officers and men have been lost to her majesty's service.

Among the killed your grace will find the names of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir G. Cathcart, Brigadier-general Strangways, and Brigadier-general Goldie.

Of the services of the first it is almost unnecessary to speak. They are known throughout the British empire, and have, within a short space of time, been brought conspicuously before the country by his achievements at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he had only just returned when he was ordered to this army.

By his death her majesty has been deprived of a most devoted servant, an officer of the highest merit, while I personally have to deplore the loss of an attached and faithful friend.

Brigadier-general Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life, and in mature age, throughout a long

service, he maintained the same character.

The mode in which he had conducted the command of the artillery, since it was placed in his hands by the departure through illness of Major-general Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confided to his care.

Brigadier-general Goldie was an officer of considerable promise, and gave great satisfaction to all under whom he has served.

It is difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion as to the actual numbers brought into the field by the enemy. The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of column; but, judging from the numbers that were seen in the plains after they had withdrawn in retreat, I am led to suppose that they could not have been less than 60,000 men. Their loss was excessive, and it is calculated that they left on the field near 5,000 dead, and that their casualties amount in the whole, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, to not less than 15,000.

Your grace will be surprised to learn that the number of British troops actually engaged little exceeded 8,000 men, whilst those of General Bosquet's division only amounted to 6,000, the remaining available French troops on the spot having been kept in reserve.

I ought to mention, that while the enemy was attacking our right, they assailed the left of the French trenches, and actually got into two of their batteries; but they were quickly driven out in the most gallant manner with considerable loss, and hotly pursued to the very walls of Sebastopol.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

The despatch of General Canrobert, addressed to the French minister of war, was as follows:—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

Monsieur le Maréchal,—I have the honour to confirm my telegraphic despatch of the 6th of November, couched in these terms:—

"The Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, and the reserves in the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, yesterday attacked the right of the English position before the place.

"The English army sustained the combat with the most remarkable solidity. I caused it to be supported by a portion of the Bosquet division, which fought with admirable vigour, and by the troops which were the most easily available. The enemy, more numerous than we were, beat a retreat with enormous losses, estimated at from eight to nine thousand men.

"This obstinate struggle lasted the whole of the day. On my left General Forey had, at the same time, to repulse a sortie of the garrison. The troops, energetically led on by him, drove the enemy from the place, with the loss of 1,000 men.

"This brilliant day, which was not finished without loss to the allies, does the greatest honour to our arms."

The action, of which the above telegraphic despatch forms the summary, was most animated and warmly contested.

At the first gunshot the deserters who came to us revealed the real situation of the Russian army in regard to numbers, and enabled us to calculate the reinforcements it had successively received since the battle of the Alma. They are—1st contingent, from the coast of Asia, Kerteh and Kaffa; 2nd, six battalions and detachments of marines from Nicolaieff; 3rd, four battalions of Cossacks from the Black Sea; 4th, a great portion of the army of the Danube; and the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth divisions of infantry forming the fourth corps, commanded by General Dannenberg. These three divisions were transported by express, with their artillery, from Odessa to Simpheropol, in a few days.

Afterwards arrived the grand-dukes Michael and Nicholas, whose presence could not fail to produce great excitement among this army, which forms, with the garrison of Sebastopol, a total of at least 100,000 men.

It was under these circumstances that 45,000 men of this army attacked by surprise the heights of Inkermann, which the English army could not occupy with a sufficient force. Only 6,000 English took part in the action, the rest being engaged in the siege works. They valiantly sustained the attack until the moment when General Bosquet, arriving with a portion of his division, was able to render such assistance as to insure their success. One does not know which to praise the most—the energetic solidity with which our allies, for a long time, faced the storm, or the intelligent vigour which General Bosquet (who led a

portion of the brigades Bourbaki and Antemarne) displayed in attacking the enemy, who rushed upon their right.

The 3rd regiment of Zouaves, under the chiefs of battalion, Montandon and Dubos, supported, in the most striking manner, the ancient reputation of that force. The Algerian riflemen (Colonel de Wimpfen), a battalion of the 7th light (Commander Vaissier), and the 6th of the line (Colonel de Camos), rivalled each other in ardour. Three charges were made with the bayonet, and it was only after the third charge that the enemy surrendered the ground, which was covered with his dead and wounded. The Russian field artillery and artillery of position was much superior in number, and occupied a commanding position. Two horse batteries, commanded by M. de la Boussinière, and a battery of the second division of infantry, commanded by M. Barval (the whole under the orders of Colonel Forgeot), sustained the struggle during the whole day, in conjunction with the English artillery.

The enemy decided upon beating a retreat, leaving more than 3,000 dead, a great number of wounded, a few hundred prisoners, and also several caissons of artillery, in the possession of the allies. His losses, altogether, cannot be estimated at less than from eight to ten thousand men. While these events were being accomplished on the right, about 5,000 men made a vigorous sortie against our attacks to the left, favoured by a thick fog and by ravines which facilitated their approach. The troops on duty in the trench, under the orders of General de la Motterouge, marched upon the enemy, who had already invaded two of our batteries, and repulsed him, killing more than 200 men within the batteries. The general of division, Forey, commanding the siege corps, by rapid and skilful arrangements, arrived with the troops of the fourth division to support the guards of the trenches, and marched himself at the head of the 5th battalion of foot chasseurs. The Russians, beaten down upon the whole of their line, were retreating precipitately upon the place with considerable losses, when General de Lourmel, seeing them fly before him, and urged by a chivalric courage, dashed in pursuit of them up to the walls of the place, where he fell severely wounded. General Forey had much difficulty in withdrawing him from the advanced position to which his brigade had been hurried by excess of bravery. The Aurelle brigade,



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which had taken up an excellent position to the left, protected this retreat, which was effected under the fire of the place with considerable loss. Colonel Niol, of the 26th of the line, who lost his two chiefs of battalion, took the command of the brigade, whose conduct was admirably energetic. The enemy, in this sortie, lost 1,000 men in killed, wounded, or prisoners, and he received a very considerable moral and material check.

The battle of Inkermann, and the combat sustained by the siege corps were glorious for our arms, and have increased the moral power which the allied armies have attained; but we have suffered losses to be deplored. They amount, for the English army, to 2,400 men killed or wounded, among whom are seven generals, three of whom were killed; and, for the French army, to 1,726 killed or wounded. We bitterly lament the loss of General de Lourmel, who died from his wound, and whose brilliant military qualities and conduct in private life seemed to promise future renown. I also have the regret to announce to you the death of Colonel de Camos, of the 6th of the line, killed at the head of his troops at the moment when it engaged with the enemy.

The vigour of the allied troops, subjected to the double trials of a siege, the difficulties of which are without a precedent, and to actions of war which recall the greatest struggles of our military history, cannot be too highly eulogised.

I enclose my order of the day to the army for the battle of the 5th.

Accept, &c.,

CANROBERT, the General-in-chief.

General Canrobert also issued the following general order to the French army:—

Soldiers! you have had another glorious day.

A great portion of the Russian army, favoured by the night and the fog, was able to establish itself, with powerful artillery, upon the heights which form the extreme right of our position. Two English divisions sustained an unequal fight with the invincible solidity which we know to be the characteristic of our allies; while a part of the Bosquet division, conducted by its worthy chief, came up to their support, and rushed upon the enemy with a boldness and intelligence to which I here render forcible homage. Definitively driven back in the valley of the Tchernaya, the enemy left upon the

ground more than 4,000 of his men killed or wounded, and carried away at least as many during the battle.

While these events were in course of accomplishment, the garrison of Sebastopol made a sortie upon the left of our attacks, which afforded to the troops of the siege corps, and particularly to the fourth division, led most vigorously by General Forey, the opportunity of giving the enemy a severe lesson. The troops employed in repelling this sortie gave proof of an energy which much increases the reputation they had already earned by the patience with which they supported the onerous and glorious labours of the siege. I shall have to mention regiments and soldiers of all kinds and of all ranks who prominently distinguished themselves during this day. I shall make them known to France, to the emperor, and to the army. But I was anxious, at the first moment, to thank you in their name, and to tell you that you have just added a voluminous page to the history of this difficult campaign.

CANROBERT, the General-in-chief.

Head-quarters, before Sebastopol,

Nov. 5th, 1854.

The Russian account of this battle, addressed by Prince Mentschikoff to the Emperor Nicholas, and dated November 6th, runs as follows. It will be seen that a defeat is acknowledged by the Russian general:—

Yesterday, at Sebastopol, from the direction of bastion No. 1, there was a sortie, in which the following troops took part. Of the tenth division of infantry, the regiments of Catherinenborg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan; of the eleventh division of infantry, the regiments of Selinghiusk, Yakoutsck, and Okhotsck; of the sixteenth division of infantry, the regiments Vladimir, Souzdal, and Ouglitch; and of the seventeenth division of infantry, the regiments of Boutyrsk, Borodino, and Tarontino. There was as much artillery as could be taken, considering the difficulty of passing the gates. A portion of the troops passed by the Inkermann bridge. The command of the troops was intrusted to the general of infantry Dannenberg, commander of the fourth corps of infantry.

Our first attack upon the heights was very successful. The English fortifications were carried, and eleven of their guns spiked. Unfortunately, in this first movement, the commanders of the troops of the

tenth division, who attacked the intrenchments and the redoubts, were wounded. During this period the French forces arrived to the assistance of the English. The siege artillery of the latter was placed in position on the field of battle, and it was not possible for our field artillery to contend against such an advantage. The superiority in number of the enemy's men armed with carbines occasioned a great loss of horses and men belonging to the artillery, and of officers of infantry. This circumstance did not allow of our finishing, without sacrificing the troops, the redoubts which we had begun to raise during the fight upon the points which the position of the enemy commanded even up to the town of Sebastopol.

The retreat was effected in good order upon Sebastopol and by the bridge of Inkermann, and the dismounted guns were brought back from the field of battle to the place.

The grand-dukes Nicholas Nicholaievitch and Michael Nicholaievitch were in the midst of the terrible fire which prevailed, and set an example of coolness and courage in the fight.

Simultaneously with this sortie the Minsk regiment of infantry, with a light artillery battery, under the command of Major-general of artillery Timofieff, executed another against the French batteries, and spiked fifteen of their guns.

Our loss in dead is not yet exactly known, but the number of wounded extends to 3,500 men and 109 officers. Among the latter are Lieutenant-general Soimonoff, who received a ball through the body and soon died from the wound; major-generals Villebois and Ochterlohne; colonels Alexandroff, commander of the infantry regiment of Catharinenborg, Poustovoitoff, ditto of the infantry regiment of Tomsk, Bibikoff, ditto, commander of the chasseurs of Okhotsek, Baron Delwig, ditto of the infantry of Vladimir, and Vereukine-Scheluta, ditto, commander of the chasseurs of Borodino. Major-general Kischinsky, chief of the artillery, received a contusion from the bursting of a shell; Major-general Prince Mentschikoff, belonging to the suite of your imperial majesty, a contusion in the neck; Colonel Albedinsky, aide-de-camp of your imperial majesty, and Captain Greigh, of the cavalry, my aide-de-camp, a contusion in the head.

General Dannenberg had two horses killed under him, and all the persons by whom he was surrounded were wounded.

The loss of the enemy cannot have been less considerable, and the sortie of General Timofieff cost the French dear; for, while he was pursuing them with formidable masses, they fell under a violent fire of grapeshot from bastion No. 6.

While these movements were being executed, the troops under command of Prince Gortschakoff made a strong demonstration against Kadikoi, and thus kept in inactivity the enemy's detachment at Balaklava.

The news of the battle of Inkermann was received in England with mingled emotions of sorrow and of pride; sorrow for the frightful loss we had sustained, and pride for the heroism of our troops. That event had made a great alteration in our position; we could scarcely be called besiegers, for we also were ourselves besieged. It became a question rather of defence than of aggression. It was evident that we had underrated the strength, resources, and power of dogged resistance of the enemy; and the attention of the allies was rather occupied in considering how they should secure themselves against the enormous armies of the foe, than in prosecuting the siege of Sebastopol. Indeed, for a time, the latter was at a standstill; and neither the allies or the Russians were in a condition to continue the struggle with activity. The cry from the seat of war was, "Help us, or we are overwhelmed!" and both England and France responded to the demand for more men.

After the battle of the Alma, her majesty sent to the British troops information of her approval of their heroic conduct. She was pleased again to do so—and that in warm and earnest language—after the great struggle in the valley of the Inkermann. The following despatch, to which we particularly direct the attention of the reader, was addressed by the English minister of war to Lord Raglan:—

War Department, Nov. 27th, 1854.

My Lord,—I received on the 22nd instant your lordship's despatch of the 8th of this month, communicating the intelligence of the glorious battle of the 5th, in which a determined attack by vastly superior numbers of the enemy was completely repulsed by the unfaltering steadiness and gallantry of the allied armies.

I immediately laid before the queen the details of this important victory, and it is now my grateful duty to express to your lordship her majesty's high appreciation of

the noble exertions of her troops in a conflict which is unsurpassed in the annals of war for persevering valour and chivalrous devotion. The strength and fury of the attacks, repeatedly renewed by fresh columns with a desperation which appeared to be irresistible, were spent in vain against the unbroken lines and the matchless intrepidity of the men they had to encounter. Such attacks could only be repulsed by that cool courage, under circumstances the most adverse, and that confidence of victory which have ever animated the British army.

The banks of the Alma proved that no advantages of position can withstand the impetuous assault of the army under your command. The heights of Inkermann have now shown that the dense columns of an entire army are unable to force the ranks of

less than one-fourth their numbers in the hand-to-hand encounters with the bayonet which characterised this bloody day.

Her majesty has observed with the liveliest feelings of gratification the manner in which the troops of her ally the Emperor of the French came to the aid of the divisions of the British army engaged in this numerically unequal contest. The queen is deeply sensible of the cordial co-operation of the French commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, and the gallant conduct of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet; and her majesty recognises, in the cheers with which the men of both nations encouraged each other in their united charge, proofs of the esteem and admiration mutually engendered by the campaign and the deeds of heroism it has produced.*

* This language is not a mere rhetorical flourish. On the contrary, it is only a faint representation of the hearty cordiality which existed between the French and English soldiers, and extended to the French and English nations. Of this the following interesting letter from a resident in Paris affords conclusive evidence:—

"To the Editor of the Times.

"Sir,—There are few subjects of greater interest to Englishmen, and none of more importance, than the present state of feeling in France as regards the alliance, and the prospects of its duration. As I have opportunities of meeting many classes of Frenchmen, and ascertaining their views, I will, with your permission, send you a few straws to show how the wind blows. Parties in France may be divided into Bunnapartist, Republican, Orleanist, and Legitimist. In the ranks of the first two are to be found the great mass of the people, the army, the shopkeepers, and most of the *bourgeoisie*; with them the alliance and the war are universally popular. The republicans have, since the declaration of war, had the manliness to forget their grievances, and to ally themselves heart and soul with the emperor in defence of the cause protected by their common country and defended by the French and English army. No men more readily express their admiration of the noble conduct of both armies at the Alma and at Inkermann, none are more enthusiastic in praising the heroism of our cavalry at Balaklava; and if their 'wishing could do any good,' Sebastopol would have been in our possession ere now. The hearty cheers with which the blouses greet the red coats when they appear on the stage at the mimic '*bataille d'Alma*' are most refreshing to an Englishman. I was purchasing a cigar a day or two since in a shop on the Boulevards, when a cabman came in to buy tobacco. 'Is it true,' said he, addressing a Frenchman, 'that 8,000 Englishmen kept the field against 45,000 Russians until Bosquet came up, and that in company with our soldiers they charged the enemy and killed 9,000?' 'Yes.' 'Then, although I have always hated the English, and thought them false and perfidious, if an Englishman were now to fall into the Seine, I would jump after and try to save him, though I can't swim a stroke. Here are heroes: why the old guard could never have done

more; and to think they are Englishmen, whom I have been hating all my life! But it is never too late to learn.' Several English officers, wounded at the Alma, lately passed through Paris, and ventured in undress uniform (their only clothes) into the Tuilleries gardens. With shattered bodies and tarnished embroidery they looked as became men who had been fighting for their country. The people pressed round them in all directions, and gave most hearty signs of their sympathy, desiring to shake them by their undamaged hand, for most of them had one arm in a sling. '*Voilà des Anglais, des blessés de l'Alma*,' was heard in all directions, mingled with words of good-fellowship from the men, and of pity from the softer sex. One old man, more practical than the rest, judging from the condition of their uniforms and their honourable scars that they must want money, offered to supply them with anything they required, and was quite grieved that they had no occasion to avail themselves of his generosity. The *Charivari* contains a picture of a highlander standing sentinel at his post with a precipice and the sea immediately at his back. A French soldier and a Tartar peasant regard him from below. 'What folly,' says the Tartar, 'to place a sentry in such a position.' 'There's no danger,' replies the chasseur, '*ces soldats la ne reculent jamais*.' And this is in the *Charivari*, written by some of the most consistent republicans in France, and so long bitter against England and all connected with her! Indeed, nothing can exceed the generous spirit that pervades the mass of Frenchmen, both civilians and military, since the details of the battle of Inkermann have been published. The gallant stand made by 'that astonishing infantry' has received a full meed of justice at their hands, and over and over again I have been met with the remark, 'How proud you should be to be their countryman,' to which I have replied, 'Yes, as you to be the countryman of those who so nobly flew to their assistance.' The *Journal des Débats* and *Siccle, Constitutionnel* and *Patrie*, *Presse* and *Charivari*, vie in admiration of their conduct. The *Assemblée Nationale* is silent, and the *Union*, the organ of the Fusionist party, speaks of the battle of Inkermann as though no Englishman were present thereat. 'How cowardly in the Russians,' say many; 'they always attack the English

The queen desires that your lordship will receive her thanks for your conduct throughout this noble and successful struggle, and that you will take measures for making known her no less warm approval of the services of all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, who have so gloriously won by their blood, freely shed, fresh honours for the army of a country which sympathises as deeply with their privations and exertions as it glories in their victories and exults in their fame; LET NOT ANY PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THOSE RANKS BELIEVE THAT HIS CONDUCT IS UNHEEDED; THE QUEEN THANKS HIM, HIS COUNTRY HONOURS HIM.

Her majesty will anxiously expect the further despatch in which your lordship proposes to name those officers whose services have been especially worthy notice. In the meantime, I am commanded by her majesty to signify her approbation of the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, and her regret that he has been wounded in the action. Her majesty has

force, knowing it is the weakest. However, we should not regret it, as it has shown us of what stuff your army is composed, and how implicitly we can rely upon it.' A veil seems to have passed from their eyes, and the jaundiced hue with which they regarded England and her institutions has been changed to *coulour de rose*. To this feeling, which is all but universal, there are two exceptions,—one in a section of our old friends the Orleanists, the other in a large portion of the Legitimist party. Fortunately, their power is in proportion to their number; but we may now see to demonstration that the Orleanist party sought the English alliance as a means of strengthening a dynasty, and not as a benefit to France. This section of the old *Assemblée Nationale* faction is quite ready to sacrifice country to party, as each person composing it would probably be prepared to betray party for self. They have no sympathy with the successes of the allies, and, though they dare not openly express their hopes, nothing would grieve them more than the fall of Sebastopol. Knowing that success in the Crimea will materially increase the emperor's popularity, while a reverse would damage his government, they forget their position as Frenchmen in their hatred as partisans. They desire no addition to the well-earned laurels of the French army if one wreath be thereby placed on the brow of Louis Napoleon. They dislike the alliance because it has given power to France governed by the emperor, and because Englishmen have sunk all cause of contention in admiration of the loyalty and good faith which have characterised all his dealings with them. They say that it was to England they looked with hope, and now that she has formed an alliance with the emperor, that last hope is broken. There is no place in Europe where their voice can be heard or their sighs uttered, and they are no longer Frenchmen, but Pariahs. They will not believe that Englishmen can be sincere in their alliance with the present ruler of France. I have assured them they were mistaken; that as English-

received with feelings of no ordinary pleasure your lordship's report of the manner in which Lieutenant-general his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge distinguished himself. That one of the illustrious members of her royal house should be associated with the toils and glories of such an army is to the queen a source of great pride and congratulation.

To Major Bentinck, Major-general Codrington,* brigadier-generals Adams, Torrens, and Buller, your lordship will be pleased to convey the queen's sympathy in their wounds, and thanks for their services.

To the other officers named by your lordship I am directed to express her majesty's approbation. The gallant conduct of Lieutenant-general Sir De Lacy Evans has attracted the queen's especial thanks. Weak from a bed of sickness, he rose at the sound of the battle—not to claim his share in prominent command, but to aid with his veteran counsel and assistance the junior officer upon whom, in his absence, had devolved the duty of leading his division.

men we have to thank the emperor for cementing the only true alliance ever formed between the two countries; that we have forgotten all old grievances, and are determined to do all in our power to promote a long continuance of the good feeling which now prevails between the two governments. Frenchmen as a body have no sympathy with their unworthy feeling, which is exceptional, and confined to sections of the Orleanist and Legitimist parties, and the admirers of Russia are only to be met with among those men of letters who have been so remarkably set aside by the man of action. Meanwhile the head of the government pursues the even tenour of his way, and palace, bridge, street, and square spring up and are finished as if by magic. The works of the crystal palace are being pursued with great vigour, and all preparation is being made for the opening in May. The original building being found too small for the treasures it is likely to contain, a gallery has been built along the Seine from the Pont de la Concorde towards the Pont de Jena. This gallery is about three-quarters of a mile long, and, as the sides will be of glass for upwards of ten feet in height, it will make a delightful promenade, with a beautiful view of the river and the hall of the *corps législatif*, the foreign office, &c. Nothing can exceed the busy preparations made in the army of Paris in anticipation of a winter campaign. Every alternate day some thousands of troops—horse, foot, and artillery—meet in the Champ de Mars, force the passage of the Seine by the bridge of Jena, which is defended by a strong *île du pont*, and storm the opposite heights; or they march in heavy order to the plain of St. Maur, near Vincennes, manoeuvre for some hours, and return in the evening. They seem hearty and well, are most anxious for work, and very civil to Englishmen.

"Yours, &c.,

"AN ANGLO-PARISIAN."

* Major-general Codrington was erroneously stated to have been wounded.

Proud of the victory won by her brave army—grateful to those who wear the laurels of this great conflict—the queen is painfully affected by the heavy loss which has been incurred, and deeply sensible of what is owing to the dead. Those illustrious men cannot indeed receive the thanks of their sovereigns, which have so often cheered the soldier in his severest trials; but their blood has not been shed in vain. Laid low in their grave of victory, their names will be cherished for ever by a grateful country, and posterity will look upon the list of officers who have fallen as a proof of the ardent courage and zeal with which they pointed out the path of honour to no less willing followers.

The loss of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Catheart is to the queen and to her people a cause of sorrow which even dims the triumph of this great occasion. His loyalty, his patriotism, and self-devotion were not less conspicuous than his high military reputation. One of a family of warriors, he was an honour to them and an ornament to his profession. Arrived in his native land from a colony to which he had succeeded in restoring peace and contentment, he obeyed, at a moment's notice, the call of duty, and hastened to join that army in which the queen and the country fondly hoped he would have lived to win increased renown.

The death of Brigadier-general Strangways and Brigadier-general Goldie has added to the sorrow which mingled in the rejoicing of this memorable battle.

The queen sympathises in the loss sustained by the families of her officers and soldiers, but her majesty bids them reflect with her, and derive consolation from the thought, that they fell in the sacred cause of justice and in the ranks of a noble army.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

My Lord,—I have received the queen's commands to signify to your lordship her majesty's gracious intention to confer a medal upon all the officers and soldiers of the army who have been engaged in the arduous and brilliant campaign of the Crimea.

This medal will bear on it the word "Crimea," with an appropriate device, a design for which has been ordered to be prepared.

It is also her majesty's desire that clasps, with the names of "Alma" and "Inkermann"

inscribed upon them, shall be accorded to those who have been in either, or both, of those hard-fought battles, and that the same names shall in future be borne on the colours of all the regiments which were engaged on those bloody and glorious days.

Your lordship will be pleased to convey to the army this royal command, an additional proof of her majesty's appreciation of its noble services and her sympathy with its valour and renown.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal the Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

The Emperor of the French also addressed the following congratulatory address to General Canrobert, expressive of his admiration of the conduct of his soldiers in the East:—

Palace of St. Cloud, Nov. 24th.

General,—Your report respecting the victory of Inkermann has excited deep emotion in my mind. Express, in my name, to the army my entire satisfaction with the courage it has displayed, with its energy in supporting fatigues and privations, and its warm cordiality towards our allies. Thank the generals, the officers, and the soldiers for their valiant conduct. Tell them that I warmly sympathise with their misfortunes and the cruel losses they have experienced, and that my constant solicitude shall be directed to the task of softening the bitterness of them. After the brilliant victory of the Alma, I had hoped for a moment that the routed army of the enemy would not so easily have repaired its losses, and that Sebastopol would soon have fallen under our attacks; but the obstinate defence of that town and the reinforcements received by the Russian army have for the moment arrested the course of our success. I approve of the resistance you made to the impatience of the troops who wished to make the assault under circumstances which would have entailed too considerable losses.

The English and French governments direct their serious attention to their army in the East. Already steam-boats are traversing the seas with considerable reinforcements. This increase of assistance will double your forces, and enable you to assume the offensive. A powerful diversion is about to take place in Bessarabia, and I receive the assurance that from day to day in foreign countries public opinion becomes more and

more favourable to us. If Europe should have seen without alarm our eagles, so long banished, displayed with so much *clat*, it is because it knows that we are only fighting for its independence. If France has resumed the position to which she is entitled, and if victory has again attended upon our flags, it is—I declare it with pride—to the patriotism and to the indomitable bravery of the army that I owe it.

I send General de Montebello, one of my aides-de-camp, to convey to the army the rewards which it has so well merited.

In the meantime, general, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

NAPOLEON.

Together with news of the battle of Inkermann came information of another event, in which the allies had suffered more and gained less than was to be expected. This was the partial repulse of a French and English squadron from the Russian settlement of Petropaulovsky, on the peninsula of Kamtschatka.

Petropaulovsky (settlement of St. Peter and St. Paul) may be called the extreme north of Asiatic Russia. It is a station for whalers, and for the Russian fur trade on the confines of Asia and America. Its remoteness from Europe, and its natural obscurity would have protected it sufficiently from the cannon of the allied fleets, but that it had attracted notice as a place of refuge for the Russian squadron in the Pacific. It was known that at the commencement of hostilities, the Russians had three or four ships of war in the Eastern seas, which, if not closely watched, might do considerable injury to our commerce in the Chinese and Australian trade. On this account the British squadron in the Pacific was reinforced by the *Pique*, and Admiral David Price took the command on that station. It was known that two of the Russian ships, the *Aurora* and the *Dwina*, were vessels of war well found and manned, and it was the duty of the French and English ships to co-operate in pursuit of them; capture them, if possible; but if not, render them unfit for service for some time.

On the 17th of May the English force, consisting of the *President*, a fine 50-gun frigate (the admiral's flag-ship), the *Amphitrite*, of 25 guns, and the *Virago*, of 6 guns, left Callao for the Marquesas, in company with a French squadron. The latter consisted of *La Forte*, 60 guns · *Eurydice*, 30;

Artemise, 30; and *Obligado*, 18. The English ships were joined by the *Pique* on the 22nd of July, that vessel having come almost direct from Rio Janeiro to meet the squadron. The latter had previously left the Marquesas for Honolulu. To this place about 300 whalers come every year to refit, and its central position in the ocean makes it a valuable station. During the last thirty years a well-built town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, has sprung up in it. Two or three newspapers are published weekly; a fortnightly communication with San Francisco has been established; and everything bears the air of advancing civilization.

The allied fleet left Honolulu on the 25th of July; on the 30th the *Amphitrite* and *Artemise* were detached for San Francisco; and on the 28th of August, the rest of the vessels arrived within sight of the mountains about Petropaulovsky. A *reconnaissance* of the bay was made by the *Virago*; and on the 29th the fleet sailed up with colours flying, and cast anchor. No sooner was this done than four Russian batteries opened upon the allied vessels. They were the battery on Schakoff Point, on the left of the entrance to the harbour; a battery on the point to the right; an uncovered battery of twelve guns on a tongue of land jutting out into the port near the entrance; and a battery on the peninsula, which protects the city on the west. Behind this battery could be seen the masts of four vessels lying in the bay; one of them was a merchantman, but the others were men-of-war, including (it was afterwards discovered) the *Aurora* and the *Dwina*.

It was evening when the allies were so unexpectedly saluted; but the *Virago* advanced towards the peninsula, and opened a fire upon the Russian batteries. Nothing of importance was done that night, but the next morning decks were cleared for action. The bombardment had just commenced, under the direction of Admiral Price, when a little after one o'clock he went into his cabin and shot himself through the heart! The startling intelligence was instantly communicated to the French admiral, who, with his aide-de-camp and surgeon, went on board the *President*. It was too late; the English commander was dead; the drums therefore beat a retreat, and the preparations for the battle were suspended. The unfortunate admiral was always regarded as a brave man; he had seen much service from 1801 to

1815, and had, during that period, ably discharged the debt of duty which he owed his country. We agree, therefore, with the charitable decision which has been passed upon his conduct—that his mind had given way under a too serious feeling of responsibility, and that the lamentable and unforeseen incident which ended his career at so critical a moment, must be regarded as the result of some human infirmity or sudden visitation beyond all human control.

In consequence of the death of Admiral Price, Captain Sir F. Nicholson, of the *Pique*, became senior officer of the British moiety of the squadron. The engagement was not long delayed, but recommenced on the next morning, the 31st of August. The fire was kept up vigorously both from the ships and from the land. The *Virago* landed a body of troops near the battery on the right, who advanced resolutely upon it, and in spite of a steady fire from the *Aurora*, succeeded in destroying the gun-carriages and spiking the guns. The *Aurora*, however, having landed 200 men to retake the battery, the party from the *Virago* retired and re-embarked in good order. In the course of the day the Russian guns were silenced, but the enemy repaired their works during the night.

The following day the body of Admiral Price was taken by the *Virago* to the bay of Tarinski, where it was interred. While there the vessel picked up three American sailors, who had deserted from whalers, and who communicated what was supposed to be important topographical information respecting Petropaulovsky. When the *Virago* rejoined the fleet, a council of war was held on board the *Forte*, and it was decided to make another attack the next day, the 4th of September. Accordingly, a body of 700 seamen of both nations, including 176 picked carabiniers, headed by Captain Burridge and Captain de la Grandiere, were landed from the *Virago* early in the morning, on the low part of the peninsula. This was accomplished in safety about eight o'clock, notwithstanding a fire from the battery, which was, however, replied to from the ships.

The spot for landing was selected under the directions of one of the American sailors, who represented the environs of the town as quite easy of access. Either from accident, or through treachery, he led the allies into a thick bush of underwood and brambles, which not only placed great difficulties in the way of their progress, but also afforded the Russian sharpshooters, who lay

concealed in the bushes, a secure and almost impenetrable shelter, from which they shot dead every man of whom they caught a glance. The sailors fought like madmen, but their efforts were of little avail against a hidden and a sheltered foe. Captain C. A. Parker fell dead while charging with the English marines; two French officers also perished. The struggle was seen to be of so disadvantageous a nature, that an order to retire and re-embark was given. The command was obeyed, slowly and in good order, but not before the English had lost about 120 men in killed and wounded, and the French a similar number. A party of the troops, while retracing their steps, lost their way and found themselves suddenly brought to a stand by a precipice about seventy feet deep. Deadly volleys were being poured in upon them in the rear, and they had no alternative but to leap down the precipice or run the risk of being shot. Of several who did brave that tremendous leap, some were killed and others maimed. One object of the expedition was obtained, notwithstanding its generally unfortunate result: one of the batteries was evacuated, many of the artillerymen left dead upon their guns, and the cannon spiked.

The Russian ship *Aurora* was also much injured—so much so, as to be condemned to inaction during the winter. A Russian vessel, laden with provisions and munitions of war for the garrison, and having several military officers on board, was captured and burnt after the removal of the cargo and the crew. A Russian schooner of about 100 tons burden, laden with stores, and the *Avatscha*, a small coaster, also fell into the hands of the allies. Though the latter failed in their attempt on Petropaulovsky, the subjects of the czar by no means came off scathless. Impossible as it was to form an estimate of their loss in killed and wounded, it was conjectured to have been greater than that of the allies. This must be attributed to the bombardment, during which many Russians were said to have been cut in two by the balls from the ships. The Muscovites displayed great bravery and devotion to their duty. At one sentinel no less than sixty rifle shots were fired; but nothing could overcome his stoicism, and he continued his walk up and down the ramparts of the fort on which he was stationed without even turning his head either to the right or left. The poor fellow escaped unhurt, as he thoroughly deserved to do.

On the 7th of September the allied fleet sailed away from the bleak shore of Petropaulovsky. The news of the failure to destroy the fortifications there reaching England, as it did, about the same time as the particulars of the battle of Inkermann arrived, created perhaps more sensation than it deserved. In some places notes of foreboding were uttered, as if the power and dignity of England had been weighed in the balance of time and been found wanting. This was to take a timid and unworthy view of her character, her resources, and her perseverance. England is what she is in spite of many petty failures and some great ones. She can afford a failure, without injuring her position or sullyng her name. No nation can so order its goings that success shall ever wait upon its footsteps, and victory and glory be its constant attendants. Inkermann, though scarcely a victory, shed a flood of military glory upon the radiant arms of England, which it would take a thousand such petty misfortunes as those of Petropaulovsky permanently to obscure.

In closing this chapter we must not forget that we left our Baltic fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, in the neighbourhood of the Aland Isles. As the winter approached, the greatest part proceeded to Kiel in Denmark. There it remained until the receipt

of intelligence from Captain R. Watson, who commanded the blockading squadron in the Gulf of Finland, that the Russian fleet was frozen in, and therefore subject to a natural blockade, which rendered ours unnecessary until the return of spring broke up the ice and set the captive Russian vessels free. Great secrecy was preserved as to the precise period at which the entire fleet would leave the territories of the enemy.

A correspondent, writing from Kiel on the 29th of November, says—"That the powerful fleet which assembled in the Baltic should return home without having effected something more than the destruction of Bomarsund, is a circumstance to be deplored, and will be unsatisfactory to the majority of the English nation, who naturally anticipated that it would have achieved more important deeds. Nevertheless, it returns home gradually for the winter season; two by two the ships composing it are dispatched from this harbour; and when the whole of them shall have arrived in their own waters, will it be greeted with that enthusiastic feeling with which it was honoured on its departure for the Baltic in March of the present year? Probably not; yet the service it has done has been productive of some good results, and ought to be appreciated."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTERS FROM THE CAMP, CHIEFLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF INKERMANN; TERRIFIC STORM IN THE BLACK SEA; LOSS OF THE PRINCE, OTHER TRANSPORTS, AND VESSELS OF WAR; RESULTS OF THE STORM IN THE ALLIED CAMPS.

We return to our interesting selection of letters illustrative of the war, and written by those actually engaged in its terrible struggles, and its still more terrible demands on their capability of endurance. Our own opinion of the interest and value of these communications we have already expressed. A few additional observations concerning them, from the pen of a writer in one of our leading journals, will not be read without interest. Alluding to these letters, he observes: "The graphic and life-like character of the narratives contained, the circumstantial fidelity of the descriptions, and

the insight afforded into the daily doings of that army on which the eyes of Europe are fixed, were amply sufficient to attract even a desultory reader; nor do we doubt but that this correspondence has become familiar to most households in the kingdom. There is one point, however, which calls, we think, for more especial remark. Many, indeed most, of the letters referred to, were written by non-commissioned officers or private soldiers; that is to say, by men originally taken from the lower grades of society, and hitherto considered as rather unfavourable representatives of the class from which they

sprang. In times past it used to be plainly asserted, that the worst man made the best soldier; and, though that reproach upon the profession of arms has long been retracted, there are probably still persons who think that dispositions of a reckless, irregular, lawless, or somewhat immoral turn, are those among which the recruiting sergeant finds his best account. We can only say, however, that such persuasions should have been most effectually confuted by the letters to which we allude. Every one must have been impressed with the evidence thus supplied of the character of the British soldier. It is really quite impossible that any men, in any profession of life, could have written in a better spirit, with a more unaffected sincerity, or with a more entire absence of unbecoming sentiment."

The first was from an officer to his brother, a day or two before the battle of Inkermann, in which the writer perished. He was shot through the head while leading and cheering on his men to a charge against the enemy, and died instantly:—

Heights of Sebastopol, Nov. 2nd.

The *Times'* correspondent writes most truthfully, and you may always depend on what he says. His whole time is spent in riding about and picking up information. There is a wonderful difference between the life of "Our own Correspondent" and a man who has to be shot at in the trenches, or on outlying picket, about twenty-eight hours out of every forty-eight—for that, owing to the utter insufficiency of our force, has been, of late, the average of our work. If you could see us, you would see the faces of our men worn down with disease and almost incessant hard work. No other class of men in this world could have behaved as they have done, and all without a murmur. Every one, however, is thoroughly tired out with it. The cold at night is something to read of, but certainly not to be experienced, if possible to be avoided. The night before last I had the pleasure of trying it, without even my tent over my head. It was my first night on picket since we have had frost. However, it is of no use complaining, though I candidly confess I dread the winter for our men. We have no warm clothing. What would I not give now for my buffalo robe, or even a sensible blanket! Never mind—cheer, boys, cheer! If we return, how heartily we shall enjoy our after-life, whatever it may be, after this! As for the siege, we fire at their batteries and they

fire at ours, if anything, a little faster. We stand a chance of being shot every day, and lead the most miserable life possible. Every day we are told that, in three or four more days, we are to storm the place, but now I never believe a word I hear. I suppose people in England are disappointed that we have not taken it yet; but if you saw the guns that are day and night sending their messengers of death among us, you would not so much marvel, although I for one, and very many good soldiers in the army—our own general (Cathcart) among the number—think we should have carried the place by a *coup de main* the day we took up position. Great would have been the sacrifice of life, but I doubt much if we do not lose very far more when we do carry it, to say nothing of the thousands lost in the meantime. That we must eventually carry the place by assault no one for one moment doubts, and the enemy have had more than a month to prepare a fearful reception for us, and obtain reinforcements of thousands, which are now hovering round us. The last news, which I have got from good authority—as every one does—is, that the French are to be ready on Saturday, on which night we are to attack, and need I say take, this stronghold? That we shall take it you need not doubt, but many, very many brave fellows, will be the cost of the victory. Depend upon it, if I survive I will write to you directly I have a chance; if I do not, my dearest brother, know for sure that I fell where I should—at the head of my company.

I could write to you for ever, but I am very tired, and know not what the night may bring forth. I may be in the trenches, or under the walls of Sebastopol on outlying picket. I am not fit for either, but as I said I was well enough to go into the field yesterday, I must take duty to-day. I am stronger than I was, and to-day had some soup and a glass of port wine. I find the greatest inconvenience from cramps in my stomach, which sometimes are extremely painful. Several of our fellows are so bad, that they are obliged to be sent on board ship. I am very thankful I am not worse. I can assure you that you little know what we have gone through in this campaign, and how bravely our men bear all.

The next letter contains a partial description of the battle of Inkermann, from the pen of an officer of the 49th regiment of foot:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

Before this can reach you, no doubt you will have heard of the tremendous struggle we had on the 5th, and you will be all anxiety to hear of me. I would I could send you intelligence of myself as quickly as rumour flies. I will not enter into particulars of the battle, excepting such as concern myself, for I know they will prove the most interesting to you, my dear parents, and the newspapers will contain full accounts of the day.

On the morning of the 4th, about half-past four o'clock, I went on picket with my company, and such a day and night we had! the rain falling nearly the whole time; besides this, I felt ill, tired, and done up before I went on, and had I had a subaltern to my company should not have gone at all, as I had been suffering a good deal from diarrhoea and overwork. However, as I did not wish to throw the duty on another officer, I went. I mention all this to show you that it was not with any feelings of pleasure that at daybreak on the 5th, when I had marched half-way back to camp, and was speculating on a good breakfast and a few hours' sleep, I heard the fire of musketry from near the ground I had just left, and found, on moving to an eminence, that the alarm was given, and that a general action was about to commence. I immediately made my men disembarass themselves of their packs, &c., and look to their arms, many of which were so wet that they could not subsequently be fired, and were cast aside for others taken from the dead and wounded. Soon after my regiment moved up to where I was, and I joined them. By this time the enemy had made good their footing on the hills, where the pickets rested, and had got their batteries into play. There was a heavy mist, and that, together with the brushwood, prevented our seeing the enemy. Our artillery did not act in consequence on the advancing columns moving upon us from all sides. While in line, and before moving forward, poor Arthur Armstrong, our adjutant, was killed by a round shot. Shortly after Major Dalton, when he advanced to the left with some companies, was shot by a Russian not five yards off. Some say that he was a wounded man, and that our men bayoneted him the next moment. I did not see him fall. Colonel Herbert, our quartermaster-general, directed me to take the three right companies into a small intrenched work on the

right. I did so, and shortly after, finding that our men were being driven in rapidly, I gave the word "Advance!" to my men, and over we went across the embankment, and, with a wild hurrah, and rapid firing, drove back a large Russian column that was close upon us, but which did not fancy coming to the bayonet. My men behaved nobly, and were the means of rallying the troops previously retreating. The action was one consisting of many fights, for no sooner had one Russian column been driven back than a fresh one was discovered on either flank, and thus we were frequently nearly cut off, and greatly outnumbered. As to keeping any formation or together, it was out of the question in the thick bush we were fighting in. My men were quickly scattered, and I found myself with men of all corps who had afterwards come up. I saw another column advancing on our left flank. I tried to get the men to move to the left, but one voice could do but little in the din that was then going on. We, however, moved towards the left and centre of our position with as many men as we could get, and there we encountered a large column, with two others in its rear in support. Here the fire was fearful. I distinctly saw four Russian batteries, some of them siege guns, playing upon us from different hills. The shot from our own artillery was also passing close over our heads, and bullets were flying wholesale. I doubt if there ever was a heavier fire than we were exposed to at this spot. Fresh columns of the enemy pressing, not only to our front, but on our flanks also, we began to retire. I, in common with other officers, did all in my power to make the men stand, but failed. Regiments were mixed, and commanding-officers mostly shot. It was a bitter moment, and I anxiously looked at the crest of the hill towards our camp to see what supports were there. I saw what I took for Turks, and on approaching nearer was delighted to find they were French—one regiment formed in line. We retired slowly in rear of the French, and there re-formed line two deep with men of all corps. The Russians advanced, I should say, to within twenty paces of the French, and were received with a murderous fire. Although the French fire was so effective their line wavered. What a moment was that! Had they retired the Russians would have been into our camps, we should have been driven to our ships, and the siege raised. That was happily

averted. The French officers ran about encouraging their men; the English officers also shouted encouragement; and our men (not above three companies), at the example of their officers, raised a loud hurrah. The French drummers beat the *pas de charge*, and their bugles sounded the advance. We all then charged, and drove the Russian columns rapidly before us. Up to this time our artillery had not, I think, done much; but now became, with the French, more effective. This was, I think, the worst part of the day; but the battle was far from over, and kept on raging furiously until about five o'clock in the evening; we then returned to camp—and tired I was, and hungry too, for I had not broken my fast: excitement had kept me going.

When I got back, poor Major Dalton sent for me; he was going fast, and told me his last wishes: the ball had passed through his intestines and caused him much agony, which he bore nobly; he died two hours after; we buried him yesterday, at his own request, by the side of poor Major Powell. I had the melancholy task of writing to his wife this morning; she is residing on the Bosphorus.

Few commanding-officers ever make themselves so loved by both officers and men as did Dalton, in so short a time—a fine gallant soldier, and my best friend, after Powell. Armstrong, too! another brave young fellow.

Both the brigadier-general and his brother are wounded, but I am glad to say not seriously; they are gone with the rest of the wounded to Scutari.

I walked over the battle-field yesterday, and more particularly that part where I had been the previous day. What slaughter and what horrors! I hear the English loss is greater than at the Alma—2,400. Our division suffered greatly, being the first engaged. In our brigade the three commanding-officers were killed; in our regiment we had two officers killed and one wounded; forty of other ranks killed, and 107 wounded—150 casualties. In fact, every third man was hit, for I do not suppose we had more than 450 in the field.

I have not heard what the French loss is, but suspect it to be trivial in comparison, as we had borne the brunt of the battle before they came up. The Russian loss must be tremendous; General Canrobert estimates it at about 20,000. We have about 2,000 prisoners, and the number of dead is fearful.

The troops we had to contend with were partly reinforcements lately arrived. What atrocities they committed! They bayoneted our wounded whenever they came across them. Our men's feelings were aroused, and I doubt their giving any quarter in future. I saved a Russian's life that day by warding off a thrust made by one of the 57th as he lay on the ground wounded. I did not at the time know how the Russians had behaved to our wounded, or I perhaps should not have blamed the man. General Evans was not present at the commencement of the action; he has been ill and shaken by a fall from his horse. He is again gone on board ship. We hope he will soon rejoin us. Our tents were riddled by balls and shells. In the next tent to mine a shell pitched right into Dewar's portmanteau, bursting inside. I have some trophies of the day—a brace of pistols and a medal for the Hungarian campaign. I enclose the last, and will send the former at the first opportunity.

Another partial aspect of the battle is presented in the following communication from a non-commissioned officer of the Scots fusilier guards to his family:—

Dear Father and Mother,—I take this opportunity of writing to you, hoping you are both in good health, as, I am happy to say, thank God, this leaves me quite well at present.

I received your kind and welcome letter, and it gave me great comfort, for I am sorry to have to inform you that your old corps has had another severe cutting up—in fact, much worse than the last. We have had another general engagement on the 5th of November. Well shall I remember that day. I ought never to forget the goodness of God in bringing me off the ground safe, and without a scratch.

And now I will endeavour to give you an account, as far as I am able, of the battle; but I must tell you that on the night preceding the battle it was very foggy, and the morning was misty. The Russians availed themselves of it. A strong force, about 40,000 men (we are informed), under the command of General Osten-Sacken, from Odessa, with numerous artillery, got possession of some heights, and when the mist cleared away opened fire, drove in the outlying pickets, and got possession of the hills overlooking the second division tents. It was about a quarter-past six, A.M. When the

firing commenced I was just up, and saw the second division falling in. Some men were killed in front of their tents. We fell in anyhow. We had only six companies—two on picket; the grenadier guards, five companies, and I believe, the Coldstream guards, seven companies. The brigade of highlanders are guarding Balaklava; the second division is encamped on our right. We went up, and a fearful sight it was in going through the second division encampment; the shells were bursting over our heads, and the cannon-balls rolling through us, knocking down tents, and poor *bât-horses* were knocked to pieces by them. We were, of course, all taken by surprise, finding the enemy being so near, and had gained possession of a redoubt; and the Duke of Cambridge, with only the guards and two companies of the 46th regiment, said, "You must drive them out of it." Well, then, they were only twenty yards from us, and we were firing at each other. The pioneers and drummers, with the stretchers, were told to find the best shelter they could, and so I myself, with our drum-major, were lying down behind a small bush, and we both expected every moment to be shot, the bullets actually passing within a few inches of our heads, and breaking off the branches over us as we lay there. Well, they succeeded in driving the Russians out of the place, and got them down the hill, when they were ordered to retire. They retired, and the Russians came up with redoubled strength, and completely surrounded us; the Russians took possession of the redoubt. The duke said, "They must come out of it again." The Russians cheered, as also did the guards. Things now looked desperate, as we had no support, except the Almighty, and He defended the right. At it they went, and for half-an-hour things seemed to favour the enemy. We were all surrounded—no getting out. The grenadier guards nearly lost their colours; they had only about forty men to defend them. We gave another cheer, and out of the redoubt they went again, and the grenadier guards managed to keep their colours. We drove them out at the point of the bayonet down the hill. The guards were ordered to retire again, but would not, and, in fact, could not; if they had got down this steep hill, they could not have got back again well. The brave French came up to our assistance, and kept them at bay while we retired and got our ammunition completed, and then the brigade of guards were formed into one regi-

ment of six companies, and at it we went again, and by this time, plenty of assistance coming to us, we managed to do them, but at a great loss to us. Officers behaved bravely. The Coldstreams had eight officers killed on the field; the grenadiers three officers. Only picture to yourself eleven officers being buried at one place and time. There was not a dry eye at the funeral. We had Colonel Walker wounded in three places. Colonel Blair died, and was buried to-day. He only joined three weeks ago. He was shot in the breast. Our adjutant, Captain Drummond, Captain Gipps, Colonel F. Seymour, and Mr. Elkington were all wounded. Colonel Ridley and Colonel Dalrymple left us to-day sick. We have scarcely any officers now left. We had two sergeants, four corporals, and thirty-one privates killed on the field, and eleven have died since of their wounds. We sent away sixty-one wounded yesterday and twenty-nine to-day to Balaklava. Yesterday we broke the battalion up into six companies, and we have about six men that are too bad to be removed—in fact, there are numbers more that have slight scratches. We have only three regular pay-sergeants now that we brought from England with us. In fact, we have had a regular cutting up. The Russian loss is estimated here at about 15,000 men killed and wounded, and a great number of prisoners taken. The Russians made a sortie on the left as well as the right, and the French actually drove them into the town, and were in possession of the town for a short time, but were short of ammunition and were obliged to leave, much against our wish; but we must not complain. We will be able to take the place in a short time now, I expect. There has been a council of war held out here all the day yesterday, and all the sick are to be conveyed away as soon as possible; and I expect that this week the storming will take place. We have got scaling ladders all ready, and the men seem desperate; they want to do the business, if they are able. The French only want the word of command to charge, when there must be an awful slaughter. The enemy took three of our guns; they stabbed the sergeant of the guns in seventeen places; but the guns were taken again, and we never lost any more guns. Our poor fellows that we buried to-day were stabbed in six or seven places in their bodies. We buried forty-one to-day in the field, and an awful affair it was. How we all escaped God only knows. Lord Raglan was wounded in the arm; generals

Bentinck, Adams, and Brown, and General Canrobert, all wounded. General Cathcart and Colonel Seymour, his aide-de-camp, were killed. In fact, the staff suffered very much. The Duke of Cambridge was shot through the sleeve of his cloak, but he is a lucky lot, in the midst of it all. He led us nobly to the charge, and seemed in high spirits; and I am sure he gave us a fine specimen of what family he belongs to; he will make a fine commander-in-chief. We had twelve hours' hard fighting. I came home after carrying five wounded men on my shoulders through woods, and shot and shell flying in all directions. In fact, the first man we carried away we would drop down as well as we could and turn on our backs, and the shells bursting over us; then we would get up and run. Perhaps we would get five yards, when a round shot would come; and then, when it went past, we would go on. Then a shell would come, and down we would go again. Poor fellow, he knew how we were situated, and he did not complain, though his thigh was broken in two places; and it was amputated next day; we had seven men had their legs taken off, and a drummer had his arm amputated. The grenadiers, and more especially the Coldstreams, have suffered severely.

The brigade of guards now would not muster one regiment. After I had had some supper and helped myself to a drop of rum, I went and helped the doctor to dress the wounds of the men—an awful sight to see; but I can stand anything now—I am as hard as a flint. I have some of the poor fellows' blood on my hands now, and I am sure you cannot form any idea of a field of battle without you actually see for yourself. If I am spared to come home, you will never believe my stories. Drummer Anderson died of cholera two days before I received your letter.

And now, my dear father and mother, I must now conclude, and I have reason to thank God that I am spared to write this; I have taken the first opportunity of letting you know. The papers, no doubt, will give us praise for our conduct; but, whatever you may read, be assured whatever I have stated here is the truth as it happened.

The following extract of a letter, dated November 6th, is from the pen of a French officer of rank:—

From the camp of observation where we were stationed we heard the uninterrupted

din of this bloody struggle. Our impatience, our anxiety were intense, when about half-past six o'clock we learned that the victory was ours, and that the Russians were driven back on the Tchernaya. But at what a cost of human life! The English and French saw on the field of battle more than 1,500 of their comrades killed or wounded. The Russians covered the field of battle, and if you wanted to advance a step it was impossible to do so without walking over heaps of carcasses. The artillery paid no attention to such impediments, and passed through or over them. Our volleys first, and then our bayonet charges caused all this carnage. The Russians left on that field more than 4,000 dead, and, with the prisoners and the wounded picked up, their loss is more than 10,000. It was a great battle, a grand victory. We were only about 12,000 to more than 40,000 of the enemy. The field of battle is a terrible sight to look upon. The ground is literally strewn with carcasses. One ravine is filled with the dead. An English battery, which had been surprised by the Russians, is covered all over with their dead bodies; and those places where the bayonet charges were delivered are marked by dead bodies pierced through and through in various places with that weapon. Where the musketry was close the bodies of those who fell exhibit very large wounds; for where the *mêlée* did not take place it was at point-blank. In a word, the battle of Inkermann was a prodigy of energy and heroism which surpasses even the glorious deeds of Alma. The Russians attacked us in four divisions of about 10,000 each. When one was beaten back, another came on. Ours, ever the same, undismayed and firm, combated these four divisions. Our battalions rushed with impetuosity on the whole of that army. If they recoiled an inch before those fresh masses disclosed by the broken line of the defeated column, the charge was beaten, and they returned to the combat. The colonel of the 6th of the line, on foot at the head of his gallant regiment, attracted the attention of all in that fearful *mêlée*, in which he met so glorious a death. With us the moral force of the army is in great measure personal, and where each individual brings with him his own intelligence, the combined force is enormous. There is no physical force superior to moral force where there is action. The Russians, on the contrary, are ignorant soldiers; they go whither they are conducted,

and as no one of them appreciates or understands his part, no one has that force, and no one resists. This is why we were conquerors at the Alma when we were on the offensive, and this is why we are also conquerors at Inkermann when we were on the defensive. The present victory will do us much good; it will do so to our army at large, which will henceforth count on itself under all circumstances. The arrival of the two sons of the czar had, it is said, decided that attack. They brought up with them a division from the Danube, with some battalions of another division. They had ordered the attack for the morning immediately following their arrival. Generals Mentchikoff and Dannenberg were with them. I hope they have by this learned to appreciate the valour of the allied troops. It is to the presence of the princes that the boldness of the attack and the vigour of the resistance are to be attributed, but as yet the justice of our cause has triumphed over fanaticism.

Returning to the letters of our own countrymen, we insert the following, from an officer of the 20th regiment:—

Heights above Sebastopol, Nov. 6th.

As we fought another battle yesterday, and the telegraphic accounts will reach you first, all the good people in England must be anxious to hear of or from their friends and relations. At daylight yesterday the Russians attacked our lines and drove in the pickets of the second division, after which they succeeded in gaining a footing on the heights and got their guns up. At this time we were marched over to support the other divisions, and after that I can tell little more of it than what I was actually concerned in. Our first orders were that only those of the regiment who had been in bed all night were to go out, but it was soon evident that we wanted all we could muster. I and some others, with about 200 men, had just come in from being twenty-four hours in the trenches, during the most of which it rained, and I was just getting warm in bed when we heard the bugles sound the assembly. We were marched over to where the fighting was going on, and were told to advance immediately and support the guards, who were skirmishing in front, and to drive the Russians down the hill. The ground was covered with scrubby oaks from four to six feet high, among which the enemy were crouched down, and firing at our people.

As soon as we came on to support the guards the Russians began to make the best of their way down the hill, and our men to chase them down. We killed numbers of them, and, as we had no orders to halt, we continued keeping along the hill-side, about half-way down, and firing at the retreating enemy. I then heard the bugle sound to retire, and set about trying to get the men back—no such easy matter, as by this time, from several regiments having been sent after each other, they were all mixed up. I set about getting up the hill and making my way back to where we had come from along with officers and men of other regiments, when we found that the Russians on the hill had got above us, and cut us off from our own people. I got up to within ten yards of where I could see a line of heads among the brushwood and behind some stones, and blazing away at us as fast as they could. Our soldiers returned their fire, but were at a disadvantage from being exposed at such a short distance. At this time Sir George Cathcart rode up within a few steps of where I stood, but I heard no order given, and began to have visions of being shot through the head or going prisoner into Sebastopol, as we could scarcely muster a company, and the enemy had a large force above us; some called out to charge them, but at the same time saw it was of no use. They stopped firing at us and began to stone us, as it seemed to me with very large stones; but I don't now understand what it could be, as one struck a man just in front of where I stood, knocked his head to pieces, and sent him back with such force as to knock over the man behind him. I saw that something was clearing the way in that line, and stepped aside, so as to give it a chance of passing me, and had scarcely done so when an officer who came into my place was killed at my elbow. I then saw we could do nothing where we were, and thought of trying to make my way to the left, which was our direction, without ascending the hill. Some men I found doing the same, when we found that the enemy had come down a little in front of us, and they peppered us at a pretty rate; how any one escaped in such firing is wonderful. As soon as I found that we were cut off a second time, I turned more down the hill, and we succeeded in clearing them by about a dozen yards, and then made the best of our way to the left, keeping along the hill-side, as the Russians were all along

the hill above us, and, by good luck, got back to our own people. I thank God for my escape, as there was no officer that I knew even by sight who was present where we were intercepted that escaped except myself. Sir George Cathcart and his aide-de-camp, and Major Wynne, of the 68th, and some others, all lost their lives there. I had not more than one or two men of my own company with or near me, but there was no such thing as companies or order. However, here I am without a scratch, and much reason to be thankful, as our loss has been severe. The regiment went into action under 500 strong, and our loss has been 171 of all ranks, killed, wounded, and missing. Poor Dowling, one of our lieutenants, was killed, and six other officers wounded; I am happy to say that none of them have lost limbs, or are considered in danger. The siege of Sebastopol does not progress very rapidly, but the French are making approaches pretty near the town. We are not able to advance our batteries, from the nature of the ground. We should be much the better for a good reinforcement of troops, as our army is diminishing in numbers. We hear of 26,000 French being on their way from Marseilles to join us. In writing of the battle of yesterday I forgot to say that it lasted till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we had regained all our ground, and have now set about intrenching the lines. My letter is all about fighting, and I suppose you see enough of that in the papers, but we have no great variety here. Hoping to see the end of this business before long, and that I may see all my friends in health, believe me, &c.

The next is from a private soldier of the 63rd regiment:—

Camp, off Sebastopol, Nov. 6th.

My dear Mother,—I had expected that I should have heard from you before this time. I can tell you that us people out here think a great deal of getting a letter from any of our friends, more, I dare say, than what we did when we were at home. I cannot tell you the reason of it properly, unless it is that we are in a great deal more danger, for we are fighting every day, some days more than others, but I think the 5th of November will be recollected by a great many. I am sure that it will be by me for a long time. We were turned out about six o'clock in the morning. The Russians were making their way out of Sebastopol. We had to drive

them back. We marched up to the place where they were in thousands. When we got there they were beating some of our other regiments back. Our regiment and the 21st formed line. We then charged them, and we did it most gloriously. We routed thousands; and, as fast as we could run and load our pieces, so fast they fell, for we could not miss them, they were so thick. We chased them for the best part of a mile past their own intrenchment; and close up to that, in the thick of the whole of it, fell poor Mr. Clutterbuck, who was carrying the queen's colour and cheering the men on. I think the last words that he said were "Come on, 63rd!" when he received a shot right through the neck, which killed him instantly. He died gloriously. I never saw a braver man than him in the field that day, although it is with sorrow that I have to record his death. I was by his side the whole of the time; it was between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 5th that he received his death wound. As for myself, thank God, I did not so much as receive a scratch the whole of the day. After the fight was over I went to him, and got his remains carried into the camp. I took a small piece of his hair, which I send to you to give over to his respected friends. His disconsolate father may well be proud of having such a son, for he fought and died bravely, with the queen's colour of the 63rd regiment in his hand. I send my kind love to his father, brothers, and sisters. It is with a sorrowful heart that I send this letter. Poor Mr. Clutterbuck was not the only one that fell that day. We lost our colonel, Swiney, killed in the field. Lieutenant Curtois died as soon as he was brought to the camp. As for the men killed and wounded, it is a great many; we do not know properly yet how many, but it is a great deal. As for the Russians, they caught it in no mistake, for they lost thousands. The battle of the Alma was nothing to be compared to the fight on the 5th. It lasted from six in the morning till four or five in the evening, we firing on them as hard as we could; but I think they were glad to retire into Sebastopol in the evening. I forgot to tell you that we lost General Cathcart, Colonel Seymour, adjutant-general, besides other brave officers. Mr. Clutterbuck was laid by the side of them. I am very sorry to inform you that Corporal Lovett was wounded severely on the top of his head. I cannot say whether he will get over it or not. I send my kind love to Mrs. Lovett and her

daughter, and if anything happens to her son I will let her know by the first opportunity. Be sure and answer this letter by the first opportunity, and direct to me, "G. Evans, light company, 63rd, army serving in Russia or elsewhere," for fear of mistakes. Give my kind love to my dear wife, son, and daughter. I hope they are quite well, and doing well. I hope that God will spare me, so that we may live many happy days together yet. Let me know is she living with my mother yet. I must now conclude, with kind love to father and mother, sister and brother, and to all inquiring friends.

I remain, your affectionate son,
GEORGE EVANS.

From an artillery officer:—

Sebastopol, Nov. 6th, half-past 12, A.M.

You will all in old England hear of the desperate battle fought before Sebastopol yesterday, and I sit down to give you a line to say that, through God's most special mercy, I have escaped unhurt, although in the very thick of it from nine, A.M., till five, P.M., and was during that time exposed to the most awful storm of shot and shell that can be imagined.

Lord Raglan ordered the siege train off duty in the trenches to bring up and place in position two heavy 18-pounders; this we did, and worked them all day with excellent effect. We contrived to bring most of the fire of the Russian artillery upon us, and lost many men at our guns. The enemy were repulsed again and again, and at length retired into Sebastopol. Their loss must be awful; such a sight as their killed and wounded I never saw, lying so thick I could hardly steer my horse through them.

November 7th.

We buried our old general (Strangways) to-day; he is deeply regretted as a most kind old man. Poor dear Townsend was also buried; I regret and grieve much for him. I rode and walked for an hour to-day among the dead and wounded Russians; we have not yet had time to remove those of the enemy's wounded who are unable to walk. I did not go from any vain curiosity, but to take my canteen full of good rum and water, and a haversack full of biscuit to the poor suffering wretches. It would break your heart to see or think of half what I have seen yesterday and to-day. I held my wooden canteen to the lips of Russians wounded and dying, in every stage of pitiable human suffering. Some tried to

kiss my feet, and crossing themselves, took off their caps, pointed to heaven, and blessed me in their nuncouth tongue. I responded by also looking upwards, and pronouncing the only words I found we had in common, "Christian," and the name of our blessed Saviour. My eyes fill with tears as I write. I am sorry to say they give no quarter to our wounded; such are their orders. Poor ignorant fauatics! their leaders tell them we are devils in human shape, that on our side we give no quarter, and are fighting against God and the emperor.

The following is a copy of a letter received from an officer in the second division:—

Camp, over Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

I have such wonderful matter to write about that I must begin like a journal, in order to give you an idea of the dreadful 5th of November, when we had "gunpowder plot" in quite a new style. The 4th had been wet and dark the whole day, and the arms were piled in the open air, as they always are in camp, and, of course, wet through, when it was my lot to go on outlying picket with my company the next morning, at five, A.M. I happened to be nearly junior, and so I stayed with the reserve under the field-officer of the day. About an hour after we had been on we heard firing from our advanced pickets, and soon after the word was passed to "Stand to our arms, for the enemy were coming in force." I was sent on to support the advance, and on trying the muskets, to my horror, I found that only about fifteen out of the company would go off, and out of those fifteen only about six men would follow me to the front. However, there was nothing to be done but push to the front, and I soon joined the advanced picket, which I found in much the same state, with regard to the arms, as my own. We retired gradually before them, as they were coming on in masses of columns, supported with a very powerful artillery, and soon had most desperate work, almost hand-to-hand, in the thick brushwood, with the guns playing on us in a most fearful way, and ours answering them over our heads, while we were firing musketry into each other at between fifteen and thirty paces distance, now and then charging and driving them back, and then driven back by superior numbers again. The French and nearly every regiment of English got all mixed up in one mass, which kept on ad-

vancing and retiring as we gained or lost the advantage. We had luckily built a loose stone wall along the front of our position, which we could manage to hold against an enormous force. The allies were five times driven back quite to the crest of our position; but we every time drove the enemy back and followed them up. After a long time our people got some 18-pound battery guns into position, by which we were enabled to knock about their artillery a good deal, and at last they were everywhere driven back. Our poor division, as usual, bore the brunt of it, and our loss was 720 odd killed and wounded. The enemy are said to have brought 52,000 men, according to the prisoners, and something frightful in artillery. The shot, shell, and bullets were coming about us like hail, and I certainly thought my time was come, but, thank God, I escaped without a scratch. The battle lasted from about half-past five or six, A.M., till four, P.M., and was a constant succession of reverse and success on both sides. The brigades of the division are so much cut up that they talk of making regiments of them. Our brigade would not make more than a strong regiment, it is so much reduced.

I must conclude this very "mild" account of a terribly hard action, by saying I was so tired and done that I could scarcely move, and I am not very much better now, as I was on out-picket again last night, and was on the advanced post, where it is dangerous to sleep.

The following letter is from an officer in the royal artillery:—

Camp, near Sebastopol, Nov. 7th.

I had purposed to-night sitting down and writing you a long letter, inasmuch as the post goes out early to-morrow. I had just entered my tent when I heard the everlasting "turn out" sounded all through the camp; so I dressed myself, and before getting on my horse wrote a few hurried lines, which I had intended sending to-morrow morning. Had you received it you must have looked upon the production as an actual curiosity; but I am happy to say that it was only a false alarm, and I have returned at last to finish a long letter. As you most probably have seen by the newspapers, the day before yesterday (November 5th) was to all of us a most exciting day. We had a general engagement with the Russians, and our loss was very far greater

than it was at the battle of the Alma. I shall try and give you an account of my proceedings individually. November 5th, at daybreak, we heard the alarm, and, starting up from our beds, we were very soon under way. We advanced through several camps, consisting now of only the untenanted tents of many regiments, as they had turned out, having no horses or guns to look after. Upon our left we heard the roll and saw the smoke of our field artillery, and we went on until arriving at a spot, where, I may say, in all the sincerity of truth, the Minié balls flew about us like bailstones—an old simile, no doubt, but yet, never mind. Our poor major (Townsend) had his horse shot under him, and I had my mare wounded in two places by Minié balls as we still advanced (neither animal being disabled) up a gentle slope; but had not got very far, the shot and shell falling thick all around us, when we met part of an infantry regiment retiring, overpowered by numbers. The crest of the hill was covered with smoke, and the entire ground there thickly clothed with brushwood, through which we, with the greatest difficulty, moved the guns. Suddenly, the smoke cleared away, and we discovered the Russian infantry in great force within ten yards of us. I shall never forget the aspect of those fellows, dressed in their long gray coats and flat glazed caps, firing most deliberately at our poor gunners, and picking them down like so many crows. We at this time were under a very heavy fire of shot and shell. Major Townsend saw at once the critical position of the guns, and most wisely gave the order to retire, as we were quite unsupported—but too late; the enemy's skirmishers had come up to the guns. However, five out of the six escaped; and one of our men, seeing the last, as was then supposed, certain to be taken, judiciously spiked it. The gun belonged to a division of our battery, to which was attached young Miller, one of our lieutenants; and poor Major Townsend, turning round his horse, seeing what was likely to occur, cried out, "You won't disgrace me." The words were hardly out of his mouth when a shell burst in among us, and one unfortunate fragment struck him on the head, and literally crushed it to pieces, of course killing him immediately. Miller drew his sword, and single-handed galloped his horse towards the gun, riding down one and cutting down a second Russian. He alone turned aside a dozen of the enemy, and we recovered the gun. Was not

this a most plucky thing to do? He returned with his gun, without having received even a scratch. Our poor fellows were dreadfully knocked about. We had twenty-three killed and wounded. We now retired beyond the hill, and, as I was walking my horse along, one of the officers of the horse artillery rode up to me and told me that the general was wounded. I, with him, immediately turned off, and found poor General Strangways lying on the ground, with his left leg shattered to atoms. He asked me who I was; and when I told him, said, "Now, remember, I die the death of a soldier." He was bleeding profusely, and I put a tourniquet on his leg, and got four of our men to carry him on a stretcher to the rear. He died very shortly, and never recovered the shock of the injury. I now returned to the battery, but before I arrived was again called on to see General Goldie, whom I found most fatally wounded. Leaving him, as nothing could be done in his case, I cantered up the hill on my way to the battery, and had the red stripe on my trousers torn away by a shell, but most providentially I escaped unhurt. When I got to the battery I never saw anything like its condition. We had left our camp in the morning in the most complete order, but now how different!—our gallant head was gone, and many of our men and horses killed and wounded. I now heard of General Cathcart's death, and that of his aide-de-camp; likewise, that General Torrens and his aide-de-camp were wounded. The sight of the field was most fearful—far worse than that of Alma. We were now ordered to the rear, and the action still continued in the front. As to the termination of the battle, if you wish to know it look to the newspapers. Suffice to say we, of course, conquered. To-night there is something said of a storm of Sebastopol. I hope so; it may finish all for the winter. I must now conclude by saying I am quite well, and truly thankful for my fortunate escape. I saw E—, of the guards. He was slightly wounded in the foot, but nothing of any consequence.

The following interesting letter was from a sergeant in the 77th regiment:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 6th.

My dear Brother,—It is with feelings of the sincerest gratitude to an Almighty and merciful God that I am so long spared to write you these few lines. I owe much,

doubtless, to your prayers and those of your dear little ones, which I hope they will continue to offer to the Lord of mercy for me. Yesterday (Sunday), the 5th of November, was an awful day, and terribly so to the Russians. They advanced before daylight, and, under cover of the darkness, almost up to our lines before our pickets observed them. They attacked our right flank from the rear; of course, it was our most assailable point. Our poor picket fired on them, and kept them at bay for awhile, but, poor fellows, they were soon cut up. The firing of musketry is our alarm by day or night. The light division makes use of no bugle sounds. We turned out in an instant, being always dressed, and the whole division, led by General Brown, moved on smartly to our right, to relieve our second division, who were forced to bear the brunt against the whole Russian army; the foot artillery were also briskly on the spot and took position on the hills, from which place they told terribly on the enemy. About seven o'clock, A.M. (it might be a little more) our regiment drove up in line on the extreme left; the ground was thickly covered with brushwood, and there was a pretty thick fog, which prevented our seeing a powerful force of about 3,000 men, who almost completely surrounded our poor devoted regiment. We had only four companies of the regiment present at the engagement; the remainder were on picket, guarding the batteries and trenches we made round Sebastopol. Our four companies did not amount to over 300 men. General Buller exclaimed—"My God, we are surrounded!" He ordered a volley to be fired into them, and charged them with the bayonet, which was done in excellent style, and, together with charging, we cheered wildly and routed the cowardly Russians in disorder and confusion, inflicting a terrible chastisement on them in their flight. This piece of brilliant service saved the whole of our left flank from being turned, and being placed *hors de combat*. Our artillery secured that point for the remainder of the day. These, my dear brother, were awful moments. I knew not the moment I should fall, probably never to rise; but God protected me, and the guardianship of his Holy Mother shielded me in these trying dangers. Among those who were killed about this time was Captain Nicholson, of my company—one of the nicest gentlemen in the British army (he

leaves a wife and child to lament his loss: some scoundrel took a ring off his finger; this piece of paltry robbery has caused much pain in the regiment); and Mark Casteaux, whose relations are all, I believe, living in Galway. I am grieved for poor Mark, and particularly for his poor wife and two children, who are at the dépôt, and little know of their irreparable loss; if you are acquainted with any of his friends, be so good as to let them know. The engagement commenced between four and five o'clock, A.M., and continued with terrible energy until about five o'clock, P.M. Language fails me in attempting to describe to you this awful day: the enemy were to be seen, on the following day, in large heaps of killed and wounded. O, what a scene of carnage! Men, horses, guns, soldiers, waggons—all forming sickening heaps, on which I will not longer dwell. The number of the enemy is variously reported. I place but little confidence in camp reports; however, some say they numbered 50,000 infantry, and General England is reported to have said they had 100,000 men against us. This might be true, but I doubt it. In my opinion our force—that is, French and English—did not exceed 25,000 men of all arms. The loss of the allies I cannot state. I dare say it is pretty considerable; the 77th had nineteen killed and thirty-six wounded. We had, of course, only four companies in the field. The enemy, in killed and wounded, cannot be less than 8,000; probably much more. This is the fourth time they have attacked us from the rear, and were each time repulsed with great slaughter. Our French comrades fought bravely; they show little mercy to the Russians: nothing can exceed the cordiality of the friendship that exists between us every day in the camp, coming, as they say, to see "*Mon comrade Anglais*;" both armies detest the Turks; and now more than before, as, through their negligence and cowardice, they let themselves be surprised, and very nearly lost Balaklava. Some of their officers are, or were, tried by court-martial for this affair, and the whole Turkish force was brought alongside of us. They were under arms, looking on during the battle, but would not be permitted to fire a shot or give any assistance. They are this day assisting to bury the dead, the only duty they are fit for. We are still hammering at the walls of Sebastopol; this is the twenty-first day. I cannot say when we

will change the form of attack. We had General Brown twice wounded; generals Cathcart, Strangways, and Adams, killed; the latter, I believe, died of his wounds. There are some colonels killed and wounded—in fact, officers of all ranks, but I cannot at present say how many. We expect to have another battle, but we will keep battering the fortress, and wait their attack. I answered your letter announcing Mrs. Connor's departure about ten days since; let me know if you received it. I will be thankful if you will send me in an envelope the first account of this great battle that is published. Cut it out of the newspaper, and send it *via* France. Any letters or papers not sent this way are uncertain in their arrival, being a month, six weeks, and sometimes more, before arriving. Should the Almighty God spare me, I will write again when anything of importance occurs. Thanks be to Almighty God, I continue to enjoy good health. Diarrhœa and bowel complaint carry off a great many of the men. We came out 1,000 strong, now we scarcely number 600 men; indeed, they are so much debilitated, that when the amputation of a leg or an arm takes place, which is frequently done, in seven cases out of ten the patient dies from exhaustion.

J. CONNOR, sergeant, 77th regiment.

The following letter was from a surgeon in the camp before Sebastopol:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 8th.

Again I have to tell of the hard-fought battle-field, and of my preservation from its dangers. Praised be God, He has sheltered me once more under the protection of His guardian arm, so continually outstretched to save and defend me from all danger. Ere you receive this, the newspapers will have given you the intimation of the battle just fought, and of our success therein. Since the commencement of the campaign we have been thrice engaged in actual battle; and that of Inkermann has truly been terrible and sanguinary. Our gallant foe seems determined, at least on land, to test our strength, although by this time he must be well satisfied that English shot and steel are irresistible in opposition.

At about daybreak of the 5th the enemy was reported to be moving against us, the first intimation of which was the usual desultory firing from the English advanced pickets. Faneying for a while it was but an affair of outposts, I determined on lying

quietly and snugly in my tent for awhile; but had no sooner so determined than the booming of our field guns (of which a small number are always "ready," near to our most exposed position) warned me that it was desirable to turn out, the more so as there was heard in the distance a steady roll of musketry. The alarm was general through the whole allied camp, when, throwing aside slumber and blanket too, and without regarding my toilet (being at all times ready attired for action), I was quickly in the saddle, waiting my turn for duty.

In comparatively a short time our outposts were driven in, when column after column of the enemy came pouring over the hills which separate our lines from theirs. Soon all was bustle, though order prevailed intact, and quick as thought our troops were face to face with their adversaries. The advance of the enemy was so rapid we were taken entirely by surprise, so well had they planned and directed the attack, since their advanced troops were upon our very camp ere sufficient force could be brought up to oppose them. This latter, however, was soon remedied, for on came the artillery at a gallop, and were speedily followed by the infantry, who quickly formed, and were seen crowding the side and crest of the hill, when the fight soon wore the aspect of a real battle. My services were soon in requisition, when I made, as I thought, convenient arrangements for the wounded, but which I was compelled to abandon in the course of an hour, from the circumstance of solid shot and live shell falling thickly around me, so as to render my position anything but agreeable. I now fell back on my own camp, where, having a tent and all things handy, I established as comfortable a hospital as could be wished, and where I was soon in requisition by a host of applicants of all ranks, who had been sent to the rear for surgical aid. I was soon, however, again compelled to beat a retreat, the Russians having advanced their battalions into such a position that they regularly enfiladed our whole camp. It was well for the inmates of the tents that they had abandoned them so speedily, for the shells of the enemy blew them into shreds in a short time. The battle continued for hours, and we had been contending against five times our number, yet, happily, without our adversary obtaining command of our position, or most probably I should have a different tale to relate than the one

I am at the present moment so agreeably engaged in. As it was, the Russian columns were so strong and numerous, and, moreover, they fought so bravely and so well, that the issue at one period of the day was doubtful, for they charged our guns up to their very mouths, and, what is more, they rushed in and spiked some two or three of them, and bayoneted our gunners who were opposed to them. This arose in consequence of our force being so weak that we could not detach a sufficient number of infantry to protect the artillery, and, as the place where the battle happened was a hill-side, covered with thick stunted brushwood, we could not "limber-up" and retire before they were among us. Their triumph, however, was but of short duration, for, on a regiment or two moving up, our brave gunners dashed in again, and had the good fortune to recover their guns without other aid than their own. This one fact will show how fiercely raged the battle, for when the enemy came to such close quarters as to get into hand-to-hand encounters with artillery, you can imagine that the "dogs of war" seemed indeed to be let loose, and that the "demon of strife" strode triumphantly along, gloating over the carnage his nature exults in. Dreadful indeed was the fight; far more severe than that of the Alma.

Our loss has been very sad; three general officers killed, and three others wounded; of other officers, thirty-two killed and seventy-nine wounded, so that 100 will not cover our loss. Our entire loss we can yet hardly estimate, though it is reported that 3,000 of our army are *hors de combat*. The whole of the English force engaged numbered 11,000, that of the French 6,000, of whom they lost about 600; but my own opinion is that both these latter numbers are magnified.

The strength of the Russians is supposed to have been 55,000, and, from the dead which strew the field, I should say there are, at the least, five of them to one of ours. Our proportion of loss of course exceeds that of the French, for they did not come up until a great deal of the hardest fighting had been done. They are gallant fellows, and right trusty friends they have proved themselves in the fight. As far as I can judge, we were in action about eight or nine hours, when we succeeded in driving our brave enemy from the field he had so dearly claimed as his own. We obtained a great number of prisoners, some ammunition wag-

gons, as also a vast amount of muskets, swords, &c.

Fighting is certainly most exciting work, but then the result—how dreadful! and how sickening the contemplation of the battle-field, although there is even a fascination—if I may so speak—in it, which curiously disposes one to examine it in all its dread details. There were to be seen hundreds of slain and wounded strewn the ground; where, in places, they were lying in heaps—English, French, and Russians—all slumbering in the friendship of death!

On the day following the battle, after taking care that my own men were properly provided for, I volunteered my services to the wounded Russians, when, having selected many of the most urgent cases, I was employed from morn to eve in relieving, as far as lay in my power, the sad sufferings of the maimed. It would appear strange to be told that extensive surgical operations, after most serious wounds received in battle, afforded mitigation from pain; but so it is; for how tranquil are those who at the moment have lost their limbs under the surgeon's knife, in comparison to what they were when lying unassisted and unneared for in their wounded condition! Very many of the poor fellows manifested the greatest gratitude for the services I rendered them, seizing my hands and covering them with kisses, and, by their upward looks, implored the blessing of heaven on their benefactor. Alas! little do they know of the Englishman's heart, if they think he would do other than befriending those in suffering, whose miseries had been occasioned solely by him when pursuing the stern dictates of duty.

From information derived from the prisoners, we found that a large portion of the force we had been engaged with had only arrived the day previously from Silistria, and that they had been two months on their march from the principalities. In regard to the progress of the siege, it goes on but slowly, but, no doubt, surely. You ask me whether a certain amount of apprehension comes over one in going into action. Most certainly there does, and I believe the very bravest man who lives experiences such, although, of course, in different degrees; all that sort of thing soon wears off, when once the mind is employed, and you are prevented from dwelling upon the danger you are exposed to. He must, however, be a heartless being indeed, who can unmoved behold without awe the dread reality of war

—but I much question whether such a mortal exists. In answer to your inquiry respecting the locality of the surgeon in action, I may remark that, when there is only one attached to the battery, he is not expected to keep close up; but so soon as he sees the position it has taken, he should make arrangements as to where the wounded shall be brought, as well as where he is himself to be found. When the enemy is in force, it would be hard to say where one place was safer than another, since a variety of circumstances may alter the state of things, and hence it happens (unless a position be taken up at a most inconvenient and unreasonable distance from the great scene of operations), the surgeon cannot be said to be free from danger. Wherever duty calls him, there is his right position; yet let me entreat you to have no fear on my account, rather believing that the Almighty is continually mindful of those of his creatures who, with lively faith, wait on his providence for protection in the hour of trial and of danger.

The following is an extract of a letter from Sebastopol, dated November 6th, written by an officer of the 41st regiment, relative to the death of Lieutenant-colonel George Carpenter:—

Our poor colonel was shot in the thigh, and when down a Russian shot him in the back, clubbed his musket, and struck him on the mouth. These Russians are more barbarous than the Burmese, and it is but little quarter our men will give them the next time they meet, for they all vow a deadly vengeance, and it is not to be wondered at. But to the poor colonel. I saw death in his face when he was brought in at half-past twelve, and I told him I feared he would fight no more. He was perfectly resigned, and said he had made his peace with his Maker, and bade me tell his wife and son they were his last thoughts; thanked me for my kindness to him and attention to the sick; and from that time till his death, fifteen hours after, he thought and spoke only of his poor men. We buried him this morning. Poor old man! no one ever on a bed of down died a calmer death. I was not with him at the time, I am sorry to say; but he had some porter, and then said to his servant, "Cochrane, cover my head—I am going to sleep;" shook him by the hand, and wished him good-bye. A few minutes after he looked at him, and he was gone. At this time I went in and found him lying

on his side, with his hands in an attitude of prayer, his countenance calm and placid as a child's. I mourn him most sincerely, for we had lately been very much together, and were great friends. Cochrane's tears mingled with mine over his corpse, and all regret their gallant leader. I knew him sufficiently to appreciate his character; he was a fearless soldier and a kind-hearted man, and I am proud to have been considered by him as his friend.

It seemed as if the allies were to experience almost every variety of disaster in their expedition to the Crimea, and their siege of the terrible fortress of Sebastopol. Sickness, pestilence, battle, surprises, want of the necessaries and decencies of life; continued exposures to the bitterness of the weather, including cold, wet, and slush; and, though last not least, the spirits of the men often broken by deferred hopes ending continually in disappointment.

We have now to relate a calamity which, though of a different kind, fell almost as heavily upon the allies as the losses at Inkermann. There, at least, men died heroically, and in the arms of victory: in this disaster, brave men perished uselessly, and with them there sank into the raging sea treasures of enormous value—treasures which, under the circumstances, were beyond all price. About six o'clock on the morning of the 14th of November, the fleets and the camps were visited by one of those sudden and tremendous storms to which the Black Sea is subject. The tempest first swept over Constantinople, causing much damage to the loftier buildings, and hurling down three minarets of the mosque of Sultan Achmed. It then roared over the surging sea, and drove our vessels upon the rocky shore of the Crimea. The part of the coast near Balaklava is lined by rocks of the wildest description, some of which rise 700 feet above the sea. Such was the force of the waves that dashed against these rugged cliffs, that the spray actually overtopped them. Strong ships were torn from their anchorage, and men were disabled and blinded by the furious wind. Language is scarcely adequate to describe the horrors of this calamity, which smote both ships and camps like a shock of thunderbolts!

The hurricane blew home, or towards the land, and with such fury, that the oldest sailors said they had never before

been in such danger. At eight o'clock the ships began dragging at their anchors, and iron cables snapped like bands of rotten tow. Many crews, amid the mad howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, were occupied in cutting away the masts of their ships, as a last and only hope of preservation. Those who neglected this precaution were the earliest victims to the demon storm. Thirty British and French vessels were wrecked, and half as many dismasted at Balaklava, and eighteen wrecked or dismasted at the mouth of the Katcha.

The first ship lost at Balaklava was the *Progress*, which was dashed upon the rocks shortly after nine o'clock. The doomed vessel immediately opened, and then fell into a thousand pieces. Many of the crew found an instant grave beneath the surging sea, and the remainder clinging to the sharp cliff, managed to draw themselves beyond the reach of the next wave, which otherwise would have hurled them back to destruction. The bark *Wanderer* was the next sacrifice. The irresistible sea hurled her against the rocks, and left her a mere mass of broken wreck, amidst which were human figures struggling desperately for life in the sea of foam. A Maltese brig was then driven on the fatal shore, and beaten into innumerable fragments. The *Resolute* and the *Kenilworth*—the former having on board 900 tons of gunpowder—shared the same fate, and were totally lost. The noble transport screw steamer, the *Prince*, a new vessel, of 2,700 tons, which had lately arrived, bringing with it the 46th regiment, all the winter clothing for the troops engaged in the siege, vast quantities of provisions, hospital stores, and ammunition, next met her fate. The loss of this splendid ship and the stores it contained—(valued at the enormous sum of £500,000; though Mr. Sidney Herbert declared in parliament that this was a gross exaggeration, and said he believed the value of the cargo to be not more than £185,000)—was a terrible calamity. With her was swallowed, to a considerable extent, the means of succouring our sick and wounded men at Scutari; the means of sustaining our suffering troops during the winter; and also the means of efficiently carrying on the siege. Fortunately the 46th regiment had been landed, but the crew and the stores remained on board. On the arrival of the *Prince* at Balaklava, the whole of her cable, from not being properly clinched, ran out while she

was attempting to anchor. By some mismanagement, a second cable shared the same fate.* The vessel then steamed out while a third cable was got up from the hold, and with this she was brought-to, though with a smaller anchor than those she had lost. This answered until the morning of the 14th, when it proved utterly unable to hold the vessel. The crew cut away her masts and put on her steam: the attempt to escape from the fury of the storm was in vain; the wreck of the mizen-mast fouled the screw, and the noble ship became helpless. She approached the rocks, topped an enormous wave, and was dashed on the cliffs with such violence, that in about ten minutes there was scarcely a piece of her a yard long remaining. "She might," said a witness of the dreadful scene, "almost be said to go to powder." Of her unhappy crew of 150 men, only six were saved; of her cargo everything was lost. Unhappily, the medical stores, sent out to supply the deficiencies so justly and so loudly complained of, could not be landed at Scutari, because, by a strange negligence, they were stowed away beneath mountains of shot and shell.

Shortly after the destruction of the *Prince*, the *Kenilworth* and the *Rip Van Winkle* both grounded and went to pieces, and every one on board each of these ill-fated vessels perished. The *Wild Wave*, also, was shattered against the rocks, but, fortunately, her crew had deserted her before the gale reached its height, and had arrived safely in harbour. The *Marquis* and the *Mary Anne* were lost, and all on board perished. The *Pultowa* reached the harbour, but in a dismantled and sinking condition. The storm began to abate about noon, and in another hour had subsided considerably. Assistance was then rendered to the unhappy creatures who had survived the dangers of that dreadful morning, and were clinging desperately to the sharp rocks, and vainly striving to scale the heights. The officers and crews of the merchant vessels rendered most effective assistance, and succeeded in saving about fifty persons. The crews of the *Gertrude* and the *Tonning* displayed much humanity and courage in their exertions on the heights. Mr. Rivers, mate of the latter vessel, was swung down by a

rope as far as its length would permit, and alighted on a ledge of rock. Tying a small keg of rum, with which he was provided, to another rope, he lowered it into a cave in which the wretched mariners had taken refuge. It is needless to say how welcome was the cheering liquor to those drenched, chilled, and suffering men. Most of them were rescued that day, and the remainder the next. All were more or less bruised and exhausted.

Though the storm ceased in the afternoon, the sea still ran high, and the ships which had been spared presented a melancholy appearance. Most of them were dismantled or otherwise injured, except the *Vulcan*, which rode out the storm in safety. "No words," said a spectator, "can render justice to the fearful power of the wind. Old sea-captains, who have grown gray in their profession, state that never, save in the China seas, have they encountered so terrible a foe. That it was no customary storm was proved by the fact of trees of many years growth, standing on the quay, being laid low in with the ground. The spray was hurled over the topmasts of the vessels in the harbour, and fell like rain far up on the heights. Boats that touched the shore were overturned, and blown along the quay with great rapidity. In the town (of Balaklava) the roofs of the houses were blown off, and tiles were flying about like autumn leaves. Verandahs were torn away by the wind, which forced in whole panes of glass. At the post-office, a whole window-frame was carried off to a distance of above 200 yards, and, strange to say, was picked up uninjured."

The greater number of the allied vessels were stationed in the anchorage off the Katcha. There, five British transports—the *Pyrenees*, the *Ganges*, the *Tyrone*, the *Lord Raglan*, and the *Rodsley*—were totally lost, together with nine others, French and Turkish. The British transports were all first-class ships, and worth upwards of £15,000 a-piece. Her majesty's ship the *Sampson* fell foul of the transports *Pyrenees* and *Ganges*, and was dismantled by the concussion. "In ten minutes," wrote an officer from on board one of her majesty's vessels, "they cleared from her, and there lay the bold, defiant little *Sampson*, shorn of all her beauty, with not an inch of anything standing except her funnels, her masts having all gone with one awful crash and fallen inboard. Her bowsprit was also broken short off, and

* It was afterwards denied that the cables were not properly clinched, and asserted that the loss of the vessel was attributed to their being snapped by the violence of the storm.

she was left a complete wreck." The Turkish admiral lost two of his masts, and three French line-of-battle ships their rudders. Some damage was also done to the *London*. The Cossacks, ever at hand, soon discovered the disaster of the allies, and came to the shore to profit by it. In a few hours an officer of distinction arrived from Sebastopol in a carriage drawn by four grays. To his presence is doubtless to be attributed the comparatively humane treatment the shipwrecked mariners experienced from the masters of the cliffs, who might easily have destroyed them all had they been so disposed. The Russian officers, influenced, let us hope, by generous motives, came to the top of the cliffs, and raising their hats to the sufferers on board the ships, beckoned them to come on shore. Feelings of distrust, however, induced the seamen to decline the invitation.

The day after the storm, though the sea still ran very high, Commander Franklyn, the agent of transports, put off in a boat and reached the admiral's ship in safety. Captain Mitchell, of the *Queen*, requested and obtained permission to send assistance to the wrecks. A boat from the *Britannia* put off for the same purpose, but was nearly lost in the attempt. At the same time, an officer and boat's crew from the *Ville de Paris*, who nobly endeavoured to aid their compatriots, were driven on shore and made prisoners by the Russians. On Wednesday evening about forty or fifty men and two soldiers' wives were rescued from the wrecks and taken on board the *Queen*. The barbarous Cossacks on the beach, seeing a part of their expected booty slipping through their fingers, fired on the retreating boats, and a seaman was killed, the bullet which struck him having first passed through the bonnet of one of the women. The same evening the Cossacks fired a sharp volley upon a wreck to which twenty or thirty struggling wretches were desperately clinging. On Thursday morning great numbers of men were saved, and the number of lives lost off the Katcha were comparatively few. The men-of-war in this place rode out the storm with but trifling damage. This was attributed to their making periodical and careful scrutiny of their cables. The shore off the Katcha presented a melancholy appearance; it was strewn in every direction with fragments of wreck, casks, spars, and the bruised bodies of men and horses. Here and there, also, were to be seen prowling

parties of Cossacks searching for plunder. These wretches afterwards brought field-pieces to the coast and fired upon the wrecks. This was replied to by the *Firebrand* and the *Sampson*, who, whenever a group of eight or ten Cossacks were seen together, sent shot or shell amongst them, scattering them with amazing rapidity. A drosky, with two Russian gentlemen in it, drove down to the beach and came alongside a transport. They spoke to the crew with great civility, and, through the medium of a Swedish boy who understood what they said, invited them to come on shore. "We are," said they, "Christians, like yourselves, and we have hearts as well as Englishmen. Don't be drowned. Come on shore, and we'll treat you well." "What do they say?" inquired the mate of the boy. The latter immediately interpreted the Russian invitation. "Just tell them," continued the mariner, "to go to —, and be off out of that, or I'll make them." The Russians ceased their solicitations and went back to Sebastopol.

Eupatoria was regarded as a more dangerous anchorage than either Balaklava or the Katcha, and the results of the storm there were extremely disastrous. The following day sixteen wrecks were lying upon the sandy beach. The French line-of-battle ship, *Henri IV.*, a noble three-decker, was also wrecked there. While stranded on the shore the captain was compelled to fire upon a body of Cossacks, who advanced at full gallop to lay hands on the men of his wherry, which was left on shore and could not be got afloat. When the storm had subsided the Russians came galloping over the crest of the hill just outside the town, thinking they would find the batteries deserted and the men employed in assisting the wrecked mariners. The remorseless enemy brought up fourteen pieces of artillery, and opened fire at about a thousand yards from the batteries. They had miscalculated; their fire was returned with much spirit, and, after an hours cannonading, they were compelled to retire.

The following account of the wreck of the *Henri IV.* is by the Abbé Bertrand, chaplain to the unfortunate vessel:—

"Our magnificent ship was wrecked on the 14th, at six o'clock in the evening. The tempest commenced at seven in the morning, and, in spite of all our care, our activity, and our energy, we had to yield to its violence. Since our arrival in the bay of Eupa-

toria we had two anchors thrown out, because the approach of winter was felt, and it was necessary to guard against the bad weather. When the hurricane came on, the captain had out a third anchor and a fourth. We thought we should be able to resist. Alas, no! The *Henri IV.* was destined to share the fate of several other vessels that were hourly broken to pieces on the coast. What a terrible spectacle! The sea was furious, and bellowed so as to prevent us from hearing each other, and the ship groaned beneath the blows she received from it. The whole of the furniture was flung from one part to the other with the rapidity of a railroad. I had remained in the captain's cabin after breakfast, and while he was on the quarter-deck in order to direct the movements of the vessel, every article in the room was flung from one side to another, and for my own part I was near losing my senses. We resisted for a good while; though two of our chains had broken, we held on with two, and the wind began to calm down. But what a sad thing it was to see the beach, on which a dozen merchant vessels had been just dashed to pieces. Alas! such also was the fate reserved for us. About half-past five o'clock the captain and I were about to sit down to dinner, when all of a sudden we felt a shock, and a man rushed in and cried out, 'Captain, the two last chains have just been broken.' 'The two chains broken!' the captain said; 'impossible!' He went up on deck again, which he had only left five minutes before. It was but too true—the ship was on her beam-ends. There was no further hope; the sea and the wind were too violent for us to hope to get out to sea. We had only to resign ourselves to our fate. All that was left for us was to be thrown on that part of the coast where the bottom was sandy. You cannot have an idea of the anguish we all felt, expecting every moment the first shock when the ship touched the ground. We did feel the first shock, the second, the third, and yet the good ship held out. We were aground, but we knew not at what distance from the shore, as we were in darkness. The weather continued awful. At last the day dawned, and we found ourselves at 200 metres from the shore, and our ship had not a single drop of water in her hold. At some yards from us a Turkish vessel had been wrecked at eleven o'clock at night, three hours after us. She drove on a bank, which threw her on her side, and we saw the whole of the crew clinging to the

masts and shrouds, not being able to remain on the deck, which was completely under water. At last after a night passed in indescribable anguish, fearing each moment that the ship was breaking asunder, the day dawned, and we found ourselves so near land that, in the event of any great accident occurring, it would not be difficult to save ourselves. Fortunately, the ship is new, five years having scarcely elapsed since she was launched. We shall all be saved, as well as the stores. We are, however, on the enemy's coast, and the Cossacks, who crowded down to us in the morning, have been received with musketry. I do not think they will return in haste. Oh! that Sebastopol were once taken! Perhaps we are to remain here until the ship is got off, and she is so noble and so beautiful a vessel that it would be a pity to abandon her. For the present, however, we have nothing to fear."

The following is a list of the steam and sailing transports lost, &c., in the Black Sea during the gale of the 14th of November:—

Off Balaklava.—No. 107, the *Prince* (screw steamer), totally lost—one midshipman and seven men saved; No. 5, *Resolute* (ship), totally lost—magazine ship; No. 40, *Kenilworth* (ship), totally lost—empty horse-transport; No. 63, *Wild Wave* (ship), totally lost—one man saved; No. 82, *Rip Van Winkle* (ship), totally lost—empty horse-transport.

Off the Katcha.—No. 1, the *Pyrenees* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 20, *Ganges* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 37, *Rodsley* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 57, *Tyrone* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 89, *Lord Raglan* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport.

Off Eupatoria.—No. 3, *Her Majesty* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 53, *Asia* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 55, *Glendalough* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 61, *Harbinger* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport; No. 81, *Georgiana* (ship), wrecked—empty horse-transport.

Other wrecks and casualties at Balaklava.—No. 73, the *Melbourne* (steam-ship), lost her fore and mainmast; No. 2, *Mercia* (ship), dismantled; No. 16, *Lady Valiant* (ship), dismantled; No. 19, *Caduceus* (ship), dismantled; No. 21, *Pride of the Ocean* (ship), dismantled; No. 45, *Medora* (ship), dismantled; No. 88, *Sir R. Sale* (ship), dismantled; *Progress* (bark), totally lost—a

commissariat hired ship, with hay and barley; *Wanderer* (bark), totally lost—ditto with oats; *Pultowa* (bark), totally lost—ditto with biscuit; Maltese merchant brig totally lost.

The estimated loss of life in the crews at Balaklava is about 300 in number; at Eupatoria and off the Katcha the crews were mostly saved. The shipping and steamers at Balaklava have suffered considerably from collision.

We have now to record the effects of the hurricane on the allied camps near Sebastopol. To do so briefly would be unsatisfactory; to do so at length would be impossible without drawing largely upon the account by Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*. We will therefore extract his picturesque and highly interesting account, which deserves a position in some more permanent place than the columns of a newspaper:—

"For about an hour I had been in a listless state between waking and sleeping, listening to the pelting of the rain against the fluttering canvas of the tent, or dodging the streams of water which flowed underneath it, saturating our blankets and collecting on the macintosh sheets in pools. The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, had become gradually swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common, and by the flapping of the tents as they rocked more violently beneath its force. Gradually the sides of the canvas, which were tucked in under big stones to secure them, began to rise and flutter, permitting the wind to enter playfully and drive before it sheets of rain right into one's face; the pegs began to indicate painful indecision and want of firmness of purpose. The glimpses afforded of the state of affairs outside, by the lifting of the tent walls, were little calculated to produce a spirit of resignation to the fate which threatened our frail shelter. The ground had lost its character of solidity, and pools of mud marked the horse and cattle tracks in front of the tents. Mud, and nothing but mud, flying before the wind and drifting as though it were rain, covered the face of the earth as far as it was visible. Meantime the storm fiend was coming, terrible and strong as when he smote the bark of the Ancient Mariner. At every fresh blast the pole of the tent played and bent like a salmon rod; the canvas tugged at the ropes to pull them up, and the pegs yielded gently. A start-

ling crack! I looked at my companions, who seemed determined to shut out all sound and sense by piling as much clothes as they could collect over their heads. A roar of wind, and the pole bent till the fatal 'crack' was heard again. 'Get up, doctor! up with you; E—, the tent is coming down!' The doctor rose from beneath his *tumulus* of clothes. Now, if there was anything in which the doctor put confidence more than another, it was his tent-pole. There was a decided bend in the middle of it; but he used to argue, on sound anatomical, mathematical, and physical principles, that the bend was a decided improvement, and he believed that no power of Æolus could ever shake it. He looked at the pole blandly, as he looks at all things, put his hand out, and shook it. 'Why, man,' said he reproachfully, 'it's all right—that pole would stand for ever,' and then he crouched down, and burrowed under his bedclothes. Scarcely had he given the last convulsive heave of the blankets which indicates perfect comfort and satisfaction, when a harsh screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached, struck us with horror. As it passed along we heard the snapping of tent-poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came, 'a mighty and a strong wind;' the pole broke off short in the middle, as if it were glass, and in an instant we were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat us about the head with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, I struggled for the door. Such a sight as met the eye! The whole headquarters' camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter. Three marquees alone had stood against the blast—General Esteourt's, Sir John Burgoyne's, and Major Pakenham's. The general had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind; and the major shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent had been the marquee of Captain De Morel, aide-de-camp to the adjutant-general, Esteourt. It lay fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvas seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening be-

neath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shapes, tossing wildly about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it, and squattered through the mud to the butts. Dr. Hall's tent, close at hand, was levelled; and the principal medical officer of the British army might be seen, in an unusual state of perturbation, seeking for his garments ere he took to flight. Brigadier Estcourt, with mien for once disturbed, held on, as sailors say, 'like grim death to a backstay,' by one of the shrouds of his marquee. Captain Chetwode, in drawers and shirt, was tearing through the rain and through the dirt, like a maniac, after a cap which he fancied was his own, and which he found, after a desperate run, was his sergeant's. The air was filled with blankets, hats, great-coats, little coats, and even tables and chairs! Macintoshes, quilts, Indian-rubber tubs, bedclothes, sheets of tent canvas went whirling, like leaves in a gale, towards Sebastopol. The shingle roofs of the outhouses were torn away and scattered over the camp, and a portion of the roof of Lord Raglan's house was carried off to join them. The barns and commissariat sheds were laid bare at once. As instances of the force of the wind I may mention that large arabas, or waggons, which stood close to us, were overturned; that men and horses were knocked down and rolled over and over; that the ambulance waggons were turned topsy-turvy; and that a large and heavy table in Captain Chetwode's tent was lifted off the ground, whirled round and round, till the leaf flew off; and then came to mother earth deprived of a leg and seriously injured. The marines and rifles on the cliffs over Balaklava lost tents, clothes—everything; the storm tore them away over the face of the rock, and hurled them across the bay, and the men had to cling to the earth with all their might to avoid the same fate. But the scene which occurred here must be described separately. It forms a terrible picture; and the account of it, whenever it may be written, will form the most appalling chapter in the history of maritime disasters.

"Looking over towards the hill occupied by the second division, we could see that the blast had there been of equal violence.

The ridges, the plains, and undulating tracts between the ravines, so lately smiling in the autumn sun, with row after row of neat white tents, now lay bare and desolate, the surface turned into sticky mud as black as ink, and the discoloured canvas rolled up in heaps all over it. Right before us the camp of the *chasseurs d'Afrique* presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d'abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. The face of the country was covered with horses, which had torn away from the pickets. Nearly one-half of our cavalry horses broke loose. The French, flying for shelter, swarmed across the plains in all directions, seeking for the lee of old walls or banks for protection from the blast. Our men, more sullen and resolute, stood in front of their levelled tents, while wind and rain tore over them, or collected in groups before their late camps. Woe betide the Russians, had they come on that day; for, fiercer than the storm, and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions. The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, 'Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries and be done with it than stand here to be beaten by the storm.' One regiment alone is said to have presented some instances of an unsoldierlike and disorderly disposition, and that is one some of whose officers have lately been much before the public. A few young recruits, fresh from the comforts of home, felt severely such a rude initiation into the realities of the profession, and seemed to think they could not be expected to go into the trenches in this bad weather; but they were soon shamed out of their unwillingness by the spirit of their comrades. Not to digress too much, and to return to the pleasant *coup d'œil* before us this morning, let the reader imagine the bleakest common in all England, the wettest bog in all Ireland, or the dreariest muir in all Scotland, overhung by leaden skies, black as ink and lashed by a tornado, sleet, snow, pelting drizzle, and rain—a few broken stone walls and roofless huts dotting it here and there, roads turned into torrents of mud or water across it, and then let him think of the condition in which men and horses must have been placed in such a spot on a November morning, suddenly deprived of their frail covering, and exposed to bitter

cold and wet, with empty stomachs, and not the remotest prospect of obtaining food or shelter till the storm ceased. Think of the men in the trenches, the covering parties, the patrols, and outlying pickets and sentries, who had passed the night in storm and darkness, and who returned to their camp only to find fires out and tents destroyed. These were men who dared not turn their backs for a moment, who could not blink their eyes, on whose vigilance the safety of our position depended, and many of whom had been for eight or ten hours in the rain and cold. These are trials which demand the exercise of the soldier's highest qualities. A benighted sportsman caught in a highland storm thinks no misery can exceed his own, as fagged, and drenched, and hungry he plods along the hill-side, and stumbles about in the dark towards some uncertain light; but he has no enemy worse than the wind and rain to face, and in the first hut he reaches repose and comfort await him. Our officers and soldiers, after a day like this, had to descend to the trenches again at night to look out for a crafty foe, to labour in the mire and ditches of the works—what fortitude and high courage to do all this without a murmur, and to bear such privations and hardships with unflinching resolution! But, meantime—for one's own experience gives the best idea of the sufferings of others—our tent is down; one by one we struggle out into the mud, and leave behind us all our little household gods, to fly before a pitiless blast which nearly carries us away to the side of a broken stone wall, behind which are cowering Zouaves, *chasseurs d'Afrique*, ambulance men, hussars, infantry men, officers, and horses. Major Blane, in a state of distress, is seen staggering from the ruins of his marquee, under a press of great-coat, across the camp, and bearing up for the shelter of Major Pakenham's hut. We hear that the hospital tents are all down, and that the sick have had to share the fate of the healthiest and most robust. On turning towards the ridge on which the large and imposing wooden structures built by the French for hospitals and storehouses were erected, a few scattered planks alone met the eye. The wounded of the 5th of November, who, to the number of several hundred, were in these buildings, had to bear the inclemency of the weather as well as they could. Several succumbed to its effects. In every direction fresh scenes

of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown down from the 'pile' by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan's, and found there partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, over-turned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons. Nearer to us hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan's house, with the smoke of its fires steaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was indeed 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' Our generals' marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell-tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the *Agamemnon*, off Kamiesch Bay; Sir De Lacy Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the *Sanspareil*, in Balaklava. General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the *Caradoc*, at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the *Retribution*, off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller—in fact, all the generals, and colonels, and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private. The only persons whose tents weathered the gale, as far as I could hear, were Mr. Romaine, deputy judge-advocate-general; Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, royal artillery; and Captain Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework. They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter he there received. While all this writing is going on, pray never lose

sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal-fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics, for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that all this time the storm is raging with increased violence, and that from half-past six o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp, with the fury of Azraël, vexing and buffeting every living thing and tearing to pieces all things inanimate. Now and then a cruel gleam of sunshine absolutely shot out of a rift in the walls of clouds and rendered the misery of the scene more striking. Gathered up as we were under the old wall, we could not but think with anxious hearts of our fleet at sea—of our transports off Balaklava and the Katcha—of the men in the trenches and on picket. Alas! we had too much reason for our anxiety.

“Towards ten o'clock matters were looking more hopeless and cheerless than ever, when a welcome invitation came through the storm for us to go over to the shelter of a well-protected tent. Our first duty was to aid the owner in securing the pole with ‘a fish’ of stout spars. Then we aided in passing out a stay from the top of the pole to the wall in front, and in a short time afterwards a cup of warm tea was set before each of us, provided by some inscrutable chymistry; and, with excellent ration biscuit and some butter, a delicious meal, as much needed as it was quite unexpected, was made by my friends and myself, embittered only by the ever-recurring reflection, ‘God help us, what will become of the poor fellows in the trenches and on the hill!’ And there we sat, thinking and talking of the soldiers and of the fleet, for hour after hour, while the wind and rain blew and fell, and gradually awakening to the full sense of the calamity with which Providence was pleased to visit us. But badly off as our men were, we knew that the Russians in the valley and up the hills must be far more miserable. At the best of times their black bread and rakce make a sorry meal. Our soldiers were tolerably certain of good biscuit, a bit of salt pork, and a double ration of excellent rum, and their coats and clothes are far stouter and more durable than those of the Muscovites. Towards twelve o'clock the wind, which had been blowing from the south-west, chopped round more to the west and became much colder. Sleet fell first, and then came a snowstorm, which clothed the desolate landscape in

white, till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud. The mountain ranges ‘assumed their winter garb.’ French soldiers, in great depression of spirits, flocked about our head-quarters and displayed their stock of sorrows to us. Their tents were all down and blown away—no chance of recovering them; their bread was ‘*tout mouillé et gâté*,’ their rations gone to the dogs. The African soldiers seemed particularly miserable. Poor fellows! several of them were found dead next morning outside the lines of our cavalry camp. We lost several men also. In the light division four men were ‘starved to death’ by the cold. Two men in the 7th fusiliers, one man in the 33rd, and one man of the 2nd battalion rifle brigade, were found dead. Two more of the same division have died since, and I fear nearly an equal number have perished in each of the other divisions. About forty of our horses also died from the cold and wet, and many will never recover that fatal day and night. But the day was going by, and there was no prospect of any abatement of the storm. At two o'clock, however, the wind went down a little, and the intervals between the blasts of the gale became more frequent and longer. We took advantage of one of these halcyon moments to trudge away to the wreck of the tent, and, having borrowed another pole, with the aid of a few men we got it up all muddy and filthy, and secured it as far as possible for the night; but it was evident that no dependence could be placed on its protection, and the floor was a mass of dirt and puddle, and the bed and clothes dripping wet. I mention my own tent only, because what was done in one case was done in others, and towards evening there were many tents repitched along the lines of our camps, though they were but sorry resting-places. Although the tents stood, they flapped about so much and admitted such quantities of snow, rain, and filth from outside, that it was quite out of the question to sleep in them. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to us that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan’s escort of the 8th hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of outhouses, nearly foundered in big horse-holes, bore sharp up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable. What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching

over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were closely packed some thirty or forty horses and ponies, shivering with cold and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners, and Frenchmen of all arms and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof and through chinks in the mud walls and window holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest unmistakable stable—‘improved’ by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their own miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospital marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our men were kind to them, as they are always to the distressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate. A staff officer, dripping with rain, came in to see if he could get any shelter for draughts of the 33rd and 41st regiments which had just been landed at Kamiesch, but he soon ascertained the hopelessness of his mission so far as our quarters were concerned. The men were packed into another shed ‘like herrings in a barrel.’ Having told us, ‘There is terrible news from Balaklava; seven vessels lost, and a number on shore at the Katcha,’ and thus made us more gloomy than ever, the officer went on his way, as well as he could, to look after his draughts. In the course of an hour an orderly was sent off to Balaklava with despatches from head-quarters, but, after being absent for three-quarters of an hour, the man returned fatigued and beaten, to say he could not get his horse to face the storm. In fact, it would have been all but impossible for man or beast to make headway through the hurricane. We sat in the dark till night

set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelp of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighings of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and, as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor, covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful gray mare who had strong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep in spite of a dispute between an Irish sergeant of hussars and a Yorkshire corporal of dragoons as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horseflesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants. Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awoken by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard, and, after a time, the report of a rolling fire of musketry came down on the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length and breadth through a crevice in a window-shutter. It was evident there was a sortie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half-an-hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning we heard that the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns. It is said that the French actually got into a part of the Russian lines in chasing their troops back, and spiked some of the guns within an earthwork battery.”





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